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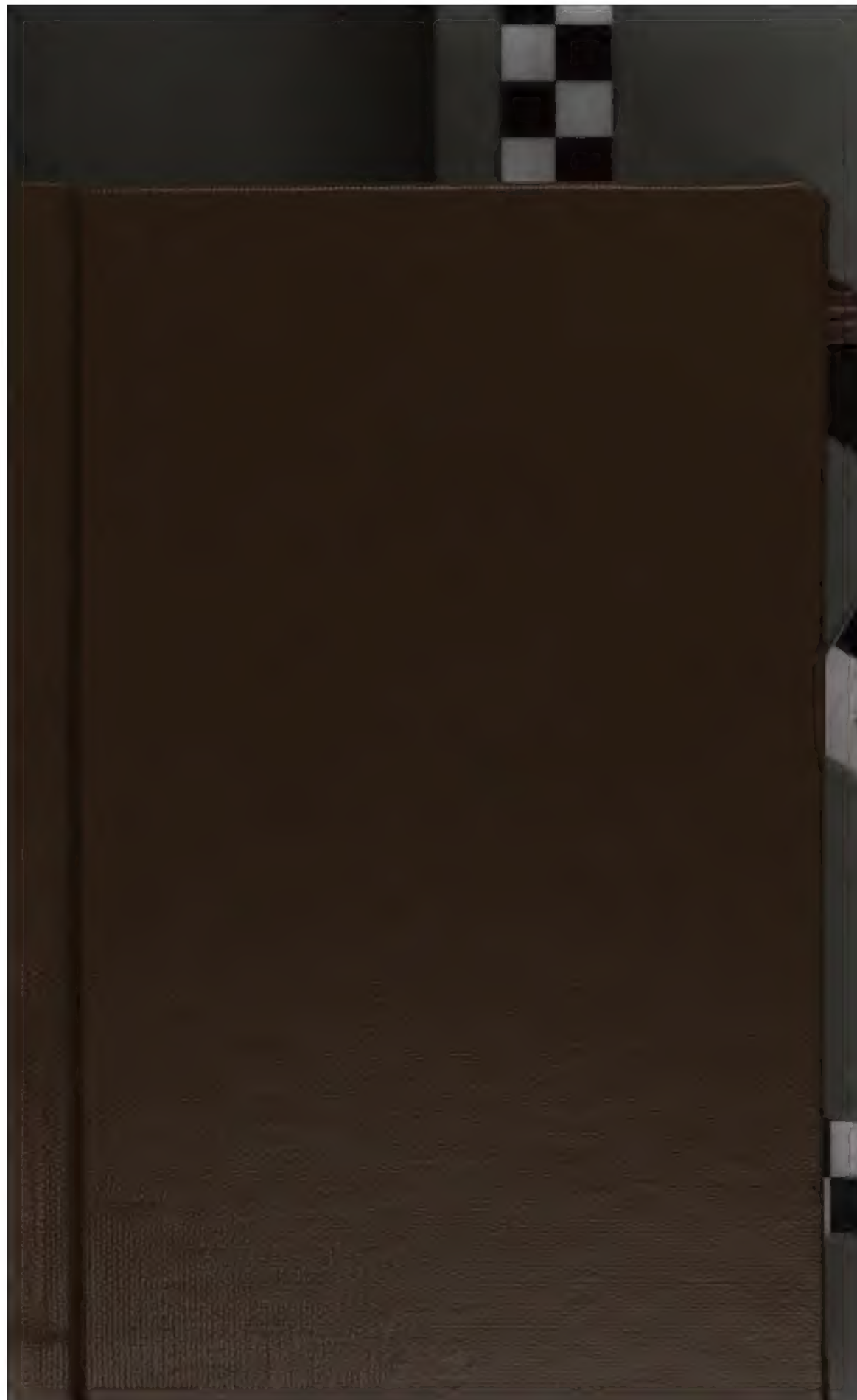
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VOL. 183.

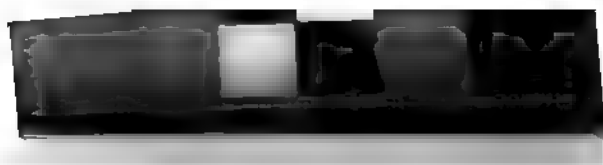
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S., Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty.* Transcribed from the Shorthand Manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A., late Fellow and President of the College. With Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited, with Additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vols. 1-6. London, 1893-1895.
2. *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in.* By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London, 1880.
3. *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S.* Edited from the original MSS. at Wotton by William Bray, F.A.S. A New Edition, in Four Volumes. Corrected, revised, and enlarged. London, 1889.

IT is not surprising that the elder D'Israeli should have included a paper on Diaries among the 'Curiosities of Literature.' Such a subject was peculiarly fitted to call into play the varied knowledge and to exercise the critical judgment of this 'most entertaining and searching writer'; and nowhere are the charms of autobiography, its historical value and its psychological interest, more effectively displayed than in the pages of that remarkable miscellany. The whole field of personal memoirs up to the times of the author is explored, and even those who have given most attention to this branch of literature can hardly fail to find here fresh illustrations of its philosophical attractions, as well as references to unsuspected sources of information. The first series of the 'Curiosities,' begun in 1791, was not completed until 1817. The learned compiler may then well have supposed that this subject, if not exhausted, had at any rate been treated after a comprehensive survey of its most striking features. If so, he was promptly disilluminated.

disillusioned. Within the next few years, two diaries were published, each of which was destined to take a leading and a lasting place among the works which describe for us the social life and habits of bygone ages.

The manuscripts of both diaries were drawn, after more than a century had elapsed since they were written, from the dusty obscurity of libraries. There the one had lain entirely unnoticed, while the other was only known and valued by a private and limited circle. Both now engaged the close attention of accomplished editors, and enlisted, on their appearance, the critical services of the ablest reviewers of the age. In the literary world they at once attracted notice, and among general readers rapidly gained a popularity which every year has steadily increased. Thus it is that while the works of the royal and noble authors, the historians, divines, *savants*, courtiers, and politicians mentioned by D'Israeli—even those of that 'age of diaries,' as he justly calls it, the seventeenth century—repose for the most part in dignified neglect upon the shelves of public libraries, or are sought from the booksellers to enrich the private collections of the curious, those of the gay and garrulous Pepys and his 'most worthy' friend John Evelyn have passed into successive editions, adapted not only for the wealthiest purchasers and most discriminating students, but also for those who can only possess themselves of valuable works by the aid of popular impressions. Half-a-crown or less spent at a railway bookstall or stationer's shop will now procure the *Memoirs* of either, exhaustively indexed, and elucidated with the annotations of their original editors. The complete 'Kalendarium' of Evelyn can be obtained for a shilling, while Pepys' more diverting, if not more interesting, diary is to be had in separate parts for an even smaller sum. Diminutive booklets of 'Gleanings' and 'Pepys into Pepys' likewise attest his established popularity; while a companion to the diary, named at the head of this article, has also appeared, which by its light and lively style, and its author's easy mastery of his materials, is calculated to attract yet another generation of readers to the study of the fascinating pages of the vivacious Samuel Pepys, and to kindle a desire for an extended acquaintance with 'the world he lived in.'

The circumstances in which the two diaries were first introduced into public notice were favourable to their success. 'After much solicitation from many persons,' Lady Evelyn, widow of the diarist's great grandson, consented to the publication of the two MS. volumes which had been preserved since the writer's death in the Library at Wotton, where, it is said, they
had

had narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of a housemaid who was purloining the yellow sheets to light her fires. They were committed to the editorial care of Mr. William Bray, Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, who brought out the first edition in 1818. Mr. Bray derived special assistance from Mr. William Upcott of the London Institution, and it was under the superintendence of the latter gentleman, 'whose interest in the publication of this delightful book continued unabated until his death,' that the improved edition of 1827 was produced, the whole work being printed with great accuracy from the original MS. In 1850 John Forster incorporated the results of Mr. Upcott's latest labours in a new edition, of which successive reprints appeared under the same supervision. The last was published in 1858, with footnotes and numerous illustrations, in Bohn's Illustrated Library. This excellent edition, the latest revision of which was completed in 1887, has never been superseded, and leaves little to be desired.

The circumstances are now generally known which brought Mr. Pepys before the world in a different guise from that of 'a person of universal worth,' combining 'the severest morality of a philosopher, and all the polite accomplishments of a gentleman,' who, 'discharging his duty to his prince and country with a religious application and perfect integrity, feared no one, courted no one, neglected his own fortune,'—so Collier, his contemporary, described him. Under the terms of his will, the collection of books on which he had spent the care of forty years came in 1724, on the death of his nephew and heir, Mr. John Jackson, into the possession of Magdalene College, Cambridge, the diarist's *Alma Mater*. There the three thousand volumes found a permanent home in the new buildings of the College (to the erection of which Pepys had contributed), the room containing them still bearing the inscription 'Bibliotheca Pepysiana,' on its front in the second court. Amongst the miscellaneous treasures of this collection were six small volumes, neatly and closely written in cypher, the whole comprising over three thousand pages. These had attracted little if any attention until, shortly after the appearance of Evelyn's diary, the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, Master of the College, showed them to his uncle, Lord Grenville. That statesman, recognising the character as a shorthand, recommended that some one should be sought, who 'for the lure of gain' would devote a few months to the transcription of the whole MS., and promised to give him the benefit of his own knowledge of shorthand to assist him in the commencement of the undertaking. In accordance with this advice a

including abundant references to the persons, places, customs, events, literature, and plays which bring before our eyes the real life of the Restoration era.

Mr Wheatley produces everything that his predecessor disavowed as 'tedious' or 'unfit for publication,' with the exception of a few passages which, as he plaintively protests, in fear of being reproached with 'an unnecessary squeamishness,' 'cannot possibly be printed.' The apology in our judgment is quite unequalled for. In fact the inclusion in this edition, for the first time, of many coarse, indecent, and disgusting entries, disgraceful to the diarist, and quite devoid of any legitimate interest, literary, moral, or psychological, seems rather to require an explanation, the necessity for which does not seem to have occurred to the accomplished editor. It cannot be maintained that the character of Pepys would be incompletely portrayed if these odious passages were left out. His weaker side was always apparent; and if the extent of his moral aberrations and obliquities may have been underrated, still the publication of such entries as are here obtruded to the eye of every reader cannot be considered either necessary or important for a just judgment of the man. That he recorded them in his private notebooks, revealed, be it remembered, by means of a rare cypher, further complicated by the use of dummy letters and a strange jargon of Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish, can be no excuse for their promiscuous diffusion more than two centuries after he made the last entry in the diary, expressing in its closing sentences his confidence in the secrecy of his cypher, and his promise in future, in dictating it to his 'people,' 'to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know.' There can be no sufficient reason advanced to justify this new treatment of revelations which are in no sense confessions. It is true that Pepys wrote his diary solely for his own satisfaction, and with no idea that it would ever be scanned by any eyes except his own. On the last day of 1664 he writes, 'This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books, and to tear up all that I found either boyish, or not worth keeping, or not fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly.' Mr. Wheatley himself truly remarks: 'Other men have written diaries and confessions, but they have been intended either for the public or at least for a small circle of friends to see. This diary was only intended for the owner's eye. He wrote it in secret; and when he unguardedly told William Coventry in the Tower that he kept a diary, he was sorry for the indiscretion immediately afterwards. It is only fair to bear in mind that very few could bear the

the accusing witness of such a truthful record of thoughts as well as actions as is here.'

The insertion of these objectionable entries serves no useful purpose. It must, as we think, seriously restrict the circulation of an otherwise excellent edition of a diary which must always be valued as an entertaining picture of the manners and chief personages of an exceptionally interesting period. The volumes are produced in a most attractive style, admirably printed, tastefully bound, and enriched with well-engraved portraits and other illustrations. A considerable amount of new matter has been incorporated with the notes of Lord Braybrooke and his coadjutors, which the present editor has wisely decided to supplement rather than attempt to supersede. Six of the eight volumes promised have now appeared, bringing the reader to that epoch of national disaster, the summer of 1667. The concluding volumes, we may hope, will be furnished with a complete index to the entire work, and also some valuable appendices, for which there would seem to be ample scope.

It is now time to turn from the history to the contents of the two diaries, in order to examine the sources of their widespread and well-established repute. Autobiography, whether in the form of continuous Memoirs, in which the personal fortunes of the narrator are interwoven with the history of his times, or as enshrined in the daily chronicle of his movements, and of the talk of the 'Change and the coffee-house, the market or the Court, became a favourite employment in the seventeenth century. Conscious, perhaps, that they were living in a period of rare social and political interest, men of thought and observation felt a pleasure in recording their impressions of occurrences which, if noticed at all in the 'Newesbooke' or the 'Gazette,' would certainly not be reflected there with either the fulness or the fidelity to all phases of contemporary feeling which have established the influence of the periodical literature of our own day. A great variety of such diaries and memoirs have been preserved. They repose for the most part on the shelves of libraries or of secondhand book-shops in their original editions. Some still remain in manuscript, either in private keeping or among the records of museums. A few have been reprinted by antiquarian societies or enterprising publishers in our own retrospective age. Two only, the volumes before us, have achieved universal fame, and appeared in those cheap editions which proclaim an undisputed acceptance. The Memorials of Clarendon and Whitelocke, Kennett and Burnet, Luttrell and Welwood, are now rarely consulted, except by the students of history. The diaries of Arch-
bishop

bishop Laud and Bishop Lake, the autobiographies of Bishop Hall and Bishop Patrick, of Edmund Calamy and Richard Baxter, are chiefly of ecclesiastical interest. The curious may turn to the pages of Aubrey and Ashmole, Hearn and Thoresby, or to the almost forgotten remains of Bishop Cartwright and Dean Granville, the diaries of Thomas Rugge and Henry Teonge, of Worthington and Ward; but the interest of these appeals only to a limited class of readers. Few sigh for the loss of the diaries of Coke and Camden; as few are those who study the *Memoirs* left us by Sir Symonds D'Ewes and Lord Anglesey, Henry Earl of Clarendon, and the Duke of Shrewsbury. Even the piquant reminiscences of Sir John Reresby and Count Anthony Hamilton are rarely to be met with. The very different fortune which has befallen the journals of Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, enabling them to claim the undisputed title of *the diarists* of their age, is surely a phenomenon worthy of examination.

Differing as they did in many respects, not less in temperament and education than in their habits of life and social surroundings, the two men are linked together by one common characteristic, an unbounded curiosity. Each had the Athenian craving for 'some new thing,' happily accompanied by a peculiar facility in recording the information which rewarded their untiring inquisitiveness. With Pepys the curiosity was chiefly that of the gossip and the quidnunc; with Evelyn, who was above all things a virtuoso and philosophic observer, it took a more dignified form. As Pepys pushed his way into greater social importance, one mark of which was his admission into the privileged circle of the Royal Society, his interest in literary rarities and scientific experiments perceptibly increased. Evelyn on the other hand, whose opportunities of social observation were exceptional, was by no means averse to taking the measure of his acquaintances in a kindly way. Another link between the two men was their devotion to the public service, and this it was that laid the foundation of a connection between them which ripened in due course into a life-long intimacy.

The account of their first meeting is related by Pepys. During the autumn of 1665 the great Plague was raging in London, and the Clerk of the Acts found it advisable to remove his household to Woolwich, remaining himself at his post in the Navy Office, until the business of the Admiralty was temporarily transferred to Greenwich, when he joined Mrs. Pepys at the lodgings which he had taken for her. This migration continued only for a few months; but the interval was sufficient to establish friendly relations between the vivacious official and the
accomplished

accomplished owner of Sayes Court, 'a most beautiful place and lovely noble ground' at Deptford, of whose cultivated tastes Pepys must have often heard in the course of his frequent visits to the Dockyard. Mr. Evelyn was away from home when Pepys, who had lately become a member of 'our Society,' was first taken to Sayes Court by some of its leading members, Lord Brouncker, Sir Robert Murray, Dean Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke. They met, however, a few months later, at the house of Captain Cocke, whom Pepys had long known as 'a man of great observation and repute,' and who was at this time closely associated with Evelyn in a Commission for the care of the sick and wounded and of prisoners, established on the declaration of war with Holland about a year before. Another of the Commissioners, Sir William Doyly, a Norfolk M.P. and Squire of Shotesham in that county, being present, the talk naturally turned to the disorders of the times.

'Full of discourse of the neglect of our Masters, the great officers of State, about all business, and especially that of money; having now some thousands of prisoners, kept to no purpose at a great charge, and no money provided almost for the doing of it. We fell to talk largely of the want of some persons understanding to look after businesses, but all goes to rack. "For," says Captain Cocke, "my Lord Treasurer he minds his ease, and lets things go how they will; if he can have his 8,000*l.* per annum and a game at l'ombre, he is well. My Lord Chancellor he minds getting of money and nothing else; and my Lord Ashley will rob the Devil and the Alier, but he will get money if it is to be got."

Bad news from the fleet also put this party of patriots into 'a great melancholy': this, however, was corrected next day by 'an expresse' from Mr. Coventry to the trusted Clerk of the Acts, reporting the capture by Lord Sandwich, Pepys' patron and kinsman, of several very good Dutch prizes, including two of their East Indian ships. All kinds of news in Pepys' possession were apt to fly apace, and this soon found its way to the Captain's, where it found the company of the previous evening reinforced by Sir John Minnes, an old seaman, who is described in the diary in terms more amusing than complimentary, Lord Brouncker, the President of the Royal Society, and Mrs. Williams, an imperious lady who was in the habit of attending that philosopher upon all occasions. Pepys, unconscious of the disgrace which this business was to bring upon his patron, thus records the satisfaction of the party:—

'The receipt of this news did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy that it surprised us. Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a kind of mirth that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours

hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all do almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius), that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life, and Sir J. Minnes' mirth too to see himself outdone was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night.'

A week later the two diarists met in a more restrained mood. Pepys, missing the Captain, went on to Mr. Evelyn, 'where much company, and thence in his coach with him to the Duke of Albemarle by Lambeth,' having on the way 'most excellent discourse with Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning, wherein I found him a very fine gentleman.' The author of *Sylva* and *Sculptura* was now of high repute as a scholar and a man of general culture, greatly considered in learned and refined society, and in much favour at Court. The Merry Monarch, whom he had loyally served in the evil days of 'Unkingship,' and to whose restoration he had materially contributed by some bold and well-timed pamphlets; the Quern-mother, to whom, while disliking her designs, he was careful not to give umbrage, and the Duke of York, had all visited his 'poor villa,' as he records with proud humility, examined his curiosities, and admired his famous garden. He notes how 'His Majesty, viewing the gardens and even every room of the house, was pleased to take a small refreshment'; how 'the Prince caused him to sit down with him covered at the same table'; and how Henrietta Maria, 'with the Earl of St. Albans and many great ladies and persons, condescended to accept of a collation, was exceedingly pleased, and stayed till very late in the evening.' Here also he had entertained the all-powerful Chancellor and his lady, 'his purse and mace borne before him' ('They had been,' he remarks, 'our old acquaintance in exile, and indeed this greate person had ever been my friend'), Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and many of the great lords, learned divines, renowned scholars, and fair women of the time. In spite, however, of his very different position in society, he took to the shrewd and versatile tailor's son, whose methodical habits, love of novelty, and devotion to the business of the nation were in accord with his own disposition, and who, while lamenting the improprieties of Whitehall, concealed from general notice the gross laxity of his own conduct.

A few days after their drive Pepys was favoured with a
copy

copy of Mr. Evelyn's translation of Gabriel Naudrus' work 'Concerning Libraries,' accompanied, no doubt, with a letter full of the kind expressions and formal compliments with which his published correspondence abounds. 'Directions for gathering a Library' must have been very much in the way of the founder of the unique collection treasured so carefully at Cambridge. Nevertheless, Mr. Pepys, who pronounced some of the plays of Shakespeare 'silly,' 'insipid,' and 'ridiculous,' and who failed, after repeated efforts, 'to discover where the wit lies' in 'Hudibras,' was still a tyro in the school of letters, and found the book above his reach. 'The dedicatory Epistle to my Lord Chancellor' he was, however, able to appreciate as 'a very fine piece,' and he took occasion at once to pay a call at Sayes Court, 'to discourse of our confounded business of prisoners, and sick and wounded seamen, wherein we are so much put out of order. And here he showed me his gardens, which are for variety of evergreens and hedge of holly the finest things that I ever saw in my life. Thence in his coach to Greenwich, and there to my office, all the way having fine discourse of trees and the nature of vegetables.' The acquaintance of so well-informed and polished a gentleman was an opportunity to be improved. So Mr. Pepys seems to have thought, for not long after he made another visit to his accomplished neighbour. Mr. Evelyn now unlocked many treasures of art and nature for his entertainment, reading to him 'very much of his discourse he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage, which will be a most noble and pleasant piece, also part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He also read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendent, though one or two pretty epigrams. In fine a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness, but he may well be so, being a man so much above others.' From this time the name of 'my good friend Mr. Evelyn,' 'a most excellent humoured man, and mighty knowing,' 'a most ingenious and worthy person, and the more I know him the more I love him,' recurs repeatedly in the pages of Pepys. Sometimes the two 'walk together in the garden at Sayes Court with mighty pleasure'; or meet at the booksellers', at a public dinner, or in the galleries of the Palace, and exchange reflections, generally on 'the vanity and vices of the Court,' and the present posture of affairs.

It is observable that Evelyn makes no mention of Pepys till 1669, the year in which the latter's diary was brought to a premature close, and then the notice is but slight. They
had,

had, however, exchanged friendly letters on more than one occasion, and two years later he records having entertained at dinner 'Mr. Surveyor Dr. Christopher Wren and Mr. Pepys, Clerk of the Acts, two extraordinary ingenious and knowing persons, and other friends.' Henceforth the tie between them is being constantly strengthened. During the Protestant scare of 1679, suspicion fell on Pepys, owing to his long association with the Duke of York, and he was imprisoned in the Tower on an absurd charge. There Evelyn, always a steadfast friend in adversity, twice visited and dined with him. The same mark of confidence he repeated when, during the factions of the Revolution, Pepys once again became a victim to political rancour and was confined to the Gate House. An interesting account is given in Evelyn's diary of a journey which he and Pepys made together to Portsmouth, on the occasion of a visit paid by James II. to the Dockyard shortly after his accession. It was to Evelyn that Pepys confided, a fortnight after this, the story of Charles's secret perversion to Romanism, communicated to the latter by the new King. It was for Pepys, 'on his long and earnest request,' that the well-known portrait of the author of *'Selva'* in his seventieth year was painted by Kneller, 'in his most masterly manner,' as its subject complacently observed. In the later pages of the *'Kalendarium'* there are frequent notices of dinners at Mr. Pepys' house in York Buildings; and after the retirement of the meritorious Secretary to spend his closing years in a suburban retreat, the two virtuosos, true to the tastes which first brought them together, forty years before, meet there for the last time. 'I went,' writes Evelyn, 'to visit Mr. Pepys at Clapham, where he has a very noble and wonderfully well-furnished house, especially with Indian and Chinese curiosities. The offices and gardens well accommodated for pleasure and retirement.' (Oct. 23, 1700.)

After this date the entries now become few and far between, and we soon come upon the following notice:—

'This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the more considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts, and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When King James went out of England he laid down his office, and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he liv'd at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hower, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweete place, where he enjoy'd the fruite of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally belov'd, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skil'd in music, a very great cherisher of learned men, of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection

collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he publish'd of an Account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he called it; but how far advanc'd, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he return'd with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me complement mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hinder'd me from doing him this last office.

Some three pages more bring us to the last and characteristic entry made in the unbroken chronicle of over seventy years. It consists of notes (for some unexplained reason not transcribed by the editors of the diary) of the sermons heard that day (February 3rd, 1706) in London, 'in the new erected Church of Trinity in Conduit Street,' which Mr. Evelyn was in the habit of attending when at his house in Dover Street. On the 27th of the same month, and in his eighty-sixth year, he gently passed away, 'full of days, riches, and honour,' and was buried in the parish church of Wotton, where he had succeeded to the family estate on the death of his elder brother, George Evelyn, about six years before.

Pepys also had made, to use the language of the time, 'a most religious end,' as testified by Dr. Hickey, the learned Dean of Worcester, who, having visited him during his last illness, officiated at his interment by the side of his wife and brother at St. Olave's, Crutched Friars. In that church, as all readers of the diary will remember, Pepys had been a frequent attendant during the long period of his service at the Navy Office. On the day after the funeral, the Dean wrote to Dr. Charlett, Master of University College, Oxford, and a friend of the deceased, in the following terms:—

'The greatness of his behaviour in his long and sharp tryall before his death was in every respect answerable to his great life, and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it or a more lively faith of everything that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time, but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administration of it. Twice I gave him the Absolution of the Church, which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort; and I never attended any sick or dying person that dyed with so much Christian greatnesse of mind or a more lively sense of immortality,

or

or so much fortitude and patience in so long and sharp a tryall, or greater resignation to the will, which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the Wisdom of God; and I doubt not but that he is now a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, *Mens cuiusque* is est *quæpiet*.

Such was the close of Pepys' fortunate life, a close in many respects like that of Evelyn. In the biographical dictionaries of the last century both are alike described as very ingenious and worthy gentlemen, masters of some branches of knowledge and curious in all, patrons of learned and charitable institutions, men of high moral worth and unimpeachable connections, hospitable and sociable, benevolent and pious. But biographical notices, while serving many useful purposes, are no more to be relied on than epitaphs or complimentary addresses as faithful portraits of character, or presentments of a career. In the case of such a man as Pepys they are especially inadequate. The contradictions and inconsistencies which strike every reader of the diary are not more glaring than the contrast between its author, as there depicted by himself, and the dignified old gentleman interred nearly half a century later, 'in a very honourable and solemn manner,' in that same church where he had so often spent the hours of worship in staring into pretty faces, and fidgeting, if not slumbering, during the 'unnecessary' sermons of that 'lazy fat priest,' the Rev. Daniel Milles, 'as cunning a fellow as any of his coat.' The fact is that Pepys at this period, though approaching middle life, was in many respects as unformed as a schoolboy, and one charm of the diary lies in the study which it affords of his mental and moral as well as his social evolution. Even when it closes, however, in his thirty-eighth year, we feel that the process and the picture are still imperfect, nor dare we trust to the correspondence of his later life as a sufficient index of the inner mind and heart of the writer. The calm days of Evelyn are indeed 'linked each to each' by the 'natural piety' which, combined with the ennobling influences of his home and education, enabled him to hold an even course amid severe personal trials and unexampled political commotions. But the principles and conduct of Pepys are continually pitching and tossing on the successive currents of his immediate circumstances and transitory impressions. Discouraging with Evelyn, he is a stern moralist; listening to the complaints of Jack Cole, Will Swan, or Mr. Blackburne, his Puritan leanings become accentuated; on other occasions his morality and his Puritanism are quiescent. The strongest purpose perceptible during this period is a determination to enjoy himself, limited by an
equally

equally intense desire to make money and to cut a figure in the world. Amid the conflicts between the promptings of passion and the dictates of prudence which distract his mind, little room is left for the operation of motives which are not purely selfish. As life advanced, it is to be hoped that the 'foolish noise' of his prime subsided, and that the realization of the success he longed for cleared the way for the growth of nobler aspirations. Such would indeed seem to have been the case; and seeing that he has himself enabled us to fill in the shadows wanting in the posthumous estimates of his 'great life' and 'universal worth,' we may be content to accept the latter as, on the whole, fair representations of what Pepys became when his protracted education was complete.

It would be interesting to know whether 'the Nestor of the Navy,' in his 'Paradisian Clapham,' condescended to recall the humble and struggling circumstances among which the diary opens in his attic in Axe Yard. Having enjoyed the dignity of being President of the Royal Society, Master of the Trinity House and of the Clothworkers Company, a Burgess of Parliament, the correspondent of Universities, and the confidant of two kings, would it have shocked him to be reminded of the days when he 'had not one coal of fire in the house, it being very hard frosty weather'? or how, after hilarious evenings with Muddiman, Luellin, Will Symons and Jack Price, at the innumerable taverns which they frequented, he arose next day with his 'head in a sad taking through last night's debauch'? Perhaps it was fortunate that his companion in retirement, the faithful 'Will' of the diary, now become William Hewer, Esq., late M.P., Commissioner of the Navy and Treasurer for Tangier, may have had his own reasons for treating the incidents of that period with a wise reserve. It could not be agreeable to him to remember for instance the 'sound lesson' which he received from Mr. Pepys 'for forbearing to give the respect due to a master and mistress,' and the chiding he received 'for refusing to go to church with the maids, telling his mistress that he would not be made a slave of.' Had not such considerations sealed his lips, he could have revived many stirring scenes in the domestic history of the establishment in Seething Lane: how his master had given the boy, Will Wayneman, an 'extreme' beating for letting off fireworks in the house; how, finding the cloth crumpled, he 'grew angry and flung the trenchers about the room in a mighty heat,' kicked 'Luce the cookmoyde,' and on another occasion 'took a broom and basted the girl.' The disciplinary methods of Mr. Pepys are so frequently illustrated in the diary that one example may perhaps be permitted here:—

'Hearing

Hearing from my wife and the maids complaints made of the boy, called him up, and with my whip did whip him till I was not able to stir, and yet I could not make him confess any of the lies that he sayd he was guilty of. At last, not willing to let him go away a scoundrel, I took him in task again, and pulled off his frock to his shirt, and whipped him till he did confess that he did drink the money, which he had denied, and pulled a pink, and above all did lay a candlestick upon the ground in his chamber, which he had denied this quarter of a year. I confess that it is one of the greatest pleasures that ever I met with, that such a little boy as he could possibly be able to suffer half so much as he did to maintain a lie. I think I must be forced to put him away. So to bed with my arm very weary.'

Even Mrs. Pepys, we are ashamed to say, came in for occasional blows and kicks, as well as very offensive names, when her lord and master was put out, or in a suspicious frame of mind. That penniless young beauty, however, was not slow to avail herself of her 'right of reply,' and possessed in her tongue a weapon of precision which she knew how to use in moments of exceptional provocation. Her pretence that she had become a Roman Catholic put Pepys into great perturbation of mind; but the cruellest thrusts were those in which his lady ('Cui canas dedit Somersetia, Patrem e preclara familia de St. Michel Andegavia, Matrem e nobili stirpe Clifodorum Cumbria,' as proudly set forth on her monument) made concise but pointed references to his sartorial connexions and antecedents, whereby the indignant 'Elizabetha' in more than one sense may be said *rem acu tetigisse*. The sting of the retort lay in its accuracy. Pepys was in fact a fair specimen of the *bourgeoisie* of his day. In spite of his education at a public school and a university, and some respectable family connexions, the spirit of the *parvenu* crops out repeatedly in the diary. When the poor clerk, drawing a precarious salary of 50*l*., was chosen by Sir E. Montagu to attend him to Holland as his secretary in the spring of 1660, he notes: 'Went to the Admiralty, where it is a strange thing how I am already courted by people.' His boon companions treating him on this appointment at the Pope's Head tavern, he remarks, 'Strange how these people do now promise me anything; I pray God to keep me from being proud or too much lifted up thereby.' On another occasion, dining with the officers on board the 'Speaker,' he is 'not a little contented to see how I am made a fellow to the best commanders in the fleet.' The restored Princes being very affable on their release from the indignities of a long exile, he is able to record this gratifying fact: 'The Duke of York called me Pepys by name.'

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One of his letters, from an old enemy, is superscribed S. P., Esq., 'at which, God knows, I was not a little proud.' When his 'sister Pail' comes to help in the house in place of a servant, he is pleased that the wages should be kept in the family, but observes, 'I do not let her sit down at table with me.' His new office afforded him many opportunities of obliging others while he enriched himself, of which he was not slow to take advantage. This caused him to be 'respected and honoured by all people'; and rejoicing at this, he adds, 'I find that I begin to know how to receive so much reverence, which at the beginning I could not tell how to do.' The same vulgar self-congratulation appears in the following remark: 'My wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that.' By the middle of 1662 he finds himself 'by God's blessing (and also, it would seem, from a not very scrupulous readiness to receive fees from contractors and applicants for employment) 'a very rising man.' He is pleased to hear that he has 'the name of a good-natured man,' and avows his great object to be to increase his 'good name and esteem in the world, and get money, which sweetens all things.' With this end, finding excessive conviviality and playgoing inimical to success in business, he resolves, in the words of Johnson, to 'restrain his volatility with rows.' In the following year he ventures to mingle in the throng at Whitehall, 'where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them.' He is naturally embarrassed at times on meeting with the comrades of less prosperous days, but pleased to see old associates standing while he sits at a committee. Poor Will Symons, who had often seen him 'foxed' amid the most undignified surroundings, and who might at this very time have surprised him in still more discreditable situations, is made to feel that he now belongs to quite a different 'set' from that in which moves prosperous Mr. Pepys.

'Up and down to Westminster, thinking to have spent a little time with Sarah at the Swan, or Mrs. Martin, but was disappointed in both, so walked the greatest part of the way home, when comes Mr. Symons, my old acquaintance, to dine with me, and I made myself as good company as I could to him; but he was mighty impertinent methought too yet, and thereby I see the difference between myself now and what it was heretofore, when I reckoned him a very brave fellow.'

Pepys is always posing for effect, and cannot appreciate simplicity. When he finds it in exalted circles, he is surprised

if

if not disgusted. It 'lessened his esteem of the King,' as he passed in his barge during a heavy shower, 'that he should not be able to command the rain.' He observes with amazed delight the Duke of York 'play with his little girl like an ordinary private father of a child'; and how his father-in-law, Clarendon, when the little Dukes of Cambridge and Kendal were ill, 'did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, but "How do the children?" which methought was mighty great, and like a great man and grandfather.' He is deeply impressed with the awfulness of high station. Some verses of Lord Mordaunt are 'sorry things, only a lord made them.' 'To have a nobleman's mouth open against a man may do a man hurt.' He is ashamed to be seen in a hackney-coach or in the eighteen-penny boxes at the theatre. Had Pepys lived in our own day, we feel sure that he would have studiously avoided omnibuses and third-class compartments.

The facts that Pepys was to a great extent a self-made man, and that such a rise is unfavourable to a calm judgment of events, detract largely from the historical value of the diary. This information was picked up in all kinds of quarters, and is often inaccurate and unreliable. He jots down, shrewdly enough, his impressions of those with whom he is thrown, and of men of his own class and calibre his opinion was sagacious; but he could never have drawn such sketches as Evelyn has left us of the character of Clifford and of Osborne, the rise of Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Joseph Williamson, or the genius of youngling Gibbons, Wren, and Petty. Nor was his a nature likely to penetrate the inner motives of men or to invite their closer confidence. The rulers of the Navy relied much upon him in Admiralty business, and he was charged with some delicate commissions in the family circle of his patron. But it may be questioned whether Lord Sandwich, to whom he was so closely bound, could have poured out his heart to Pepys as he did to Evelyn, on the eve of the battle in which he had determined to retrieve, at the cost of life, a reputation for courage which had been unjustly assailed. Pepys' first impression of the restored king on board the 'Naxos,' as 'a very sober man,' may serve as a specimen of many similar estimates of character, easily formed and as readily altered, according to the mood of the moment. Even of his pleasing and consistent portrait of Sir William Coventry, as an uncorrupt and independent statesman, we cannot feel sure that it is not coloured by personal feelings, conveyed to us as it is through the medium of a disinterested less clear than clever, when we remember how differently the motives and actions of the Secretary appeared to

others of his contemporaries, men of far higher character than Mr. Pepys and of much wider and more reliable information.

It has been remarked by those who have studied the diarist most carefully that he had no imagination. We fear that it must be admitted also that he had but little heart. Good-natured, kindly disposed, and affectionate in a superficial way, he was rarely touched with deep emotion. It set him 'weeping heartily' to hear that his mother had died with the name of her 'poor Sam' upon her lips, but this outburst of feeling is not untouched by his inherent selfishness. He was fond of his wife, proud of her gentle birth and good looks, and had 'mighty content' in her when he was not musing on the charms of Deb and Knipp, Mrs. Lane and a score of other sirens, but he was mean and faithless in his treatment of her, and bullied her when she remonstrated. His conduct towards his own family, his associates at the Navy Office, and his superiors was regulated by a peculiar code of prudential philosophy. Whatever the practice of the times may have allowed, it is impossible to deny that his eagerness for money made him stoop to dirty, not to say dishonest, methods of obtaining it. There is ample proof that Pepys enriched himself at the expense of the national interests; and though undoubtedly he was a reformer of abuses in the departments which came under his control, a gross laxity, where his own fortunes were concerned, is laid bare not only in his journal, but also in the report of the shortcomings of the Navy Office during the Dutch War, made some years after by the Commissioners of Accounts and still preserved in the British Museum.*

'Our diarist,' wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1825, 'must not be too severely judged. He lived in a time when the worst examples abounded, a time of Court intrigue and State revolution, when nothing was certain for a moment, and when all who were possessed of any opportunity to make profit used it with the most shameless avidity, lest the golden minutes should pass away unimproved.'

But the plea cannot excuse such downright dishonesty as is now exposed to view in the hitherto unpublished pages of Pepys. It might, perhaps, cover his sharp practice in extracting fees and encouraging presents from those who in various ways were brought into official connection with him. It might even

* The contemporary pamphlets, 'Hue and Cry after P — and H —', and 'Plain Truth, or a Piece of Discourse between P — and H —' are now clearly shown to expose the suspicion commonly entertained, that Pepys and his associates were making large profits by very questionable means.

excuse such an expedient as that which is mentioned in the very beginning of the diary:—

'Met at the Dog tavern Capt. Philip Holland, with whom I advised how to make some advantage of my Lord's going to sea, which he told me might be by having of five or six servants entered on board, and I to give them what wages I please, and so their pay to be mine.' (March 8, 1659-60.)

Subsequent entries, however, disclose a course of speculation which it is impossible to extenuate, and which sufficiently explain the anxiety, so often confessed by the Clerk of the Acts, to keep all eyes from his accounts. When, for example, during the Dutch War, the Committee of Parliament appointed to enquire into the administration of the Navy Office, desired to examine his books, this put him 'into a mighty fear and trouble.'

'When come home I to Sir W. Pen's to his boy, for my book, and there find he hath it not, but delivered it to the doore-keeper of the Committee for me. This, added to my former disquiet, made me stark mad, considering all the nakedness of the office lay open in papers within those covers. I could not tell in the world what to do, but was mad on all sides, and that which made me worse, Captain Cocke was there, and he did so swear and curse at the boy that told me' (Oct. 2, 1666.)

The Captain's perturbation is explained by various dealings with Pepys, previously recorded in the diary; but this alarm did not deter him from making a present of 100*l*, two months later, to the Clerk of the Acts, for his services in 'obtaining a bargain of hemp' for him. 'We must arine,' writes Pepys, about this time, 'to have our accounts examined, which I am sorry for; it will bring great trouble to me, and shaune upon the Office'; adding, impenitently, in the next sentence, 'My head full this morning how to carry on Captain Cocke's bargain of hemp.' A *douceur* of the same amount, brought to Pepys, 'being all alone' (Sept. 14, 1664), by Sir W. Warren, for his 'service and friendship in his present great contract of masts, he expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done,' led to many similar transactions with this 'miracle of cunning and forecast in his business.' While the enquiry was still impending, the diarist continued to pursue the unworthy courses to which he had been long habituated. 'After supper (Nov. 14, 1666), James Houblon and another brother took me aside and to talk of some businesses of their own, where I am to serve them and will.' 'D. Gawden do give me a good cordiall this morning' (Feb. 4, 1666-7), 'by telling me that he do give

me five of the eight hundred pounds on his account remaining in my hands to myself, for the service I do him in my victualling business.' Such entries throw much light on the motives of the diarist, in 'looking over and burning all the unnecessary letters, which I have had on my file for four or five years backward, which I intend to do quite through all my papers, that I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping, and fit to be seen, if I should miscarry.' Sometimes indeed he could refuse a tempting offer, for we read (Feb. 5, 1666-7):—

'This morning, before I went to the office, there come to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flagmakers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than 100*l.* in gold, but I do wholly refuse it, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it in my power to say I had refused their offer.'

But a resolve, due to motives so Pepysian, will hardly retrieve the diarist's character for incorruptibility. His unblushing rapacity stands out for the first time in its full proportions, in the volumes before us. The incriminating entries occur for the most part in the account of Pepys' 'daily work in the office,' which even Mr. Bright discarded as 'tedious.' One element of hope as to the improvement of his principles existed in the frequent prickings of a sensitive if ill-enlightened conscience. He is constantly ashamed of his misdoings; and the vows and fines by which he repressed his excessive addiction to wine, the theatres, and promiscuous kissing, which have excited so much merriment, were, though amusing enough, honest, and on the whole successful efforts at self-correction. He seems, indeed, to have steadily advanced in moral as in intellectual worth. The loss of his wife at the age of twenty-nine, his impaired eyesight, the unjust treatment which removed him for awhile in 1673 from the post which he had filled with rare efficiency and zeal, and all the experience and discipline of an eventful life, were alike calculated to mellow and purify his nature. Correspondence can never be so true an index to character as a secret diary; but there certainly appears in his later letters, as in the notices of his contemporaries, the image of a far more estimable as well as more polished gentleman, than the coarse-minded and roystering gallant, whose portrait is bequeathed to us on the canvas of Hays, and still more accurately delineated in the touches of his own self-accusing hand.

It is needless to dilate on the unique value which Pepys' graphic

graphic pages possess as depicting the life and manners of the age of the Restoration. In them we possess materials for its social delineation which no historian could be inclined to disregard. The diarist was always on the move, opened every door through which he could gain admittance, listened to the talk of every circle, and set down all that he observed and heard. As we read, the old London which the fire swept away rises from its ruins, as well as the more stately city which so speedily replaced it. We see the river alive with traffic (nervous people dreading the almost inevitable drenching as they 'shoot the bridge'), and feel almost as though present in person at the yacht races, pleasure trips to Greenwich or 'Moreclacke,' and the sumptuous water-pageants which are so picturesquely described. The great palaces of the town and its ancient churches reappear in their splendour; we are jostled along the narrow streets, with their quaint signs, and pick our way about the dirty squares.* The life of the Court and the City, the resorts of the learned, the haunts of the loungers, the excitement on 'Change, the civic functions, the royal masques and balls, the 'revels' at the Inns of Court, the festive dinners, the promenade in the parks and public walks, the recreations in the Mall, the diversions of Fox Hall and Mulberry Garden, the savage sports of the Cockpit and of Southwark Fair, the cruel sights at Tyburn and at Temple Bar, the pillory in Cheapside, the duels and street brawls, the accessories of the restored theatre, the humours of 'Fops' Corner' and of Fleet Alley, Slingsby's Lottery, Lely's studio, and Nell Gwynne's dressing-room, all move before us in living tints on the canvas of this marvellous panorama. We can watch our forefathers at church and market, notice their 'company manners,' and follow them into the privacy of their homes. The customs of Twelfth Night, May Morning, and St. Valentine's Day assume a fresh interest when we see how they were observed by our hapless ancestors who had yet to learn that time was money. We watch the hackney-coaches ply their slow course over the stones, mark the gleam of the link which escorts belated banqueters home at night, and are roused by the monotonous call with which the sleepy watchman breaks the dull silence of the dawn. Strange as is the setting of the picture, it is striking to observe the substantial identity of

* I find with the Commissioners about reforming the buildings and streets of London, we ordered the paving of the way from St. James North, which had been the ancient site of the Haymarket about 1740, and agreed upon the plan to be printed and published for the better keeping the streets clean. (Excerpt from Diary, July 31, 1662.)

the characters, interests, and moods portrayed with those of our own time. We feel that there is indeed 'nothing new under the sun.' Impoverished landlords, bankrupt tenants, prolonged agricultural depression, unequal taxation, murmurs of disaffection to the British connection from Ireland and the colonies, conflicts between the two Houses, all-night sittings of the Commons, election cries of 'Reformation and Reducement,' the affectation by the gentler sex of masculine habits, society scandals, and sensational horrors in low life,—these all have a place in the diary, and excited just the same passions as similar incidents do at the present day, and will do two hundred years hence if the world shall last so long.

A similar interest, derived from its picture of his social environment, belongs to Evelyn's diary, but the main sources of its attraction are of a different kind. The entries were made at longer intervals, and not unfrequently revised. He probably expected that his journal would be read by a limited circle, and took no means for the concealment of his memoranda from any who might care to look over them. Less detailed and pictorial than the light gossip of Pepys, their interest is great for those who can appreciate the varied accomplishments, extensive information, and discriminating judgment which distinguished their author, not less than the elevation of his character and his constancy in noble aims.

To appreciate the value of Evelyn's opinions of men and things, not only must his advantages of birth and training and the consistent purity of his conduct be considered, but also his extensive commerce with the world. From the time that the death of his excellent parents left him, 'when he most stood in need of their counsel and assistance, in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw,' until seventy-five years later, when he was laid beside them in the 'dormitory' at Wotton, he had watched events with vigilant and anxious eyes in an age of extraordinary revolutions. He had hastened 'with horse and armes' to the Battle of Brentford in the autumn of 1642, and survived to take part in the public celebration of the victory at Blenheim. In his twenty-first year he was present at the trial in Westminster Hall, as 'a spectator and auditor, of the greatest malice and the greatest innocence that ever met before so illustrious an assembly,' and beheld 'on Tower Hill the fatal stroke which sever'd the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earle of Strafford.' During the seventy years that followed he recorded many great State Trials (up to the acquittal of Lord Somers in 1701); ending, many of them, in public
executions

executions not less iniquitous. With all the leading statesmen of five reigns, from Charles I. to Anne, he was on terms of familiarity. The faithful 'malignant' who had shared the distresses of the Church, and suffered confinement for daring to take part in her services in a private house, 'the Church being reduced to a chamber and a conventicle, so sharp was the persecution,' had the happiness to 'see Jerusalem in prosperity' in those early days of the eighteenth century, in which she attained, as has been truly said, her highest point of influence, and to take part in the establishment of Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and of Christian Knowledge, according to her principles, in remote regions of the globe. He had studied at Oxford when 'the University was exceedingly regular under the exact discipline of William Lawd, Abp. of Canterbury, then Chancellor,' and discoursed on theological questions with Ussher and Taylor, and, continuing on terms of intimacy with four Primates in succession, united with the last, Archbishop Tenison, in encouraging the budding promise of Clarke and Bentley.

Evelyn's taste and opportunities for travel greatly exceeded those of Pepys. He had seen all that was most noticeable in France and Italy, Switzerland and the Netherlands, and probably enjoyed a more extensive knowledge of his own country than any of his contemporaries. Tourists will find the diary a delightful companion, for there are few places of interest or art treasures extant in his time which he has not described. Walpole in a striking passage described 'his intelligence and philosophy' as 'inexhaustible,' and his prolonged life as 'a course of enquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence.' To the Royal Society, of which he was from the first a most prominent and devoted member, he rendered important services. At his University, which he loved to revisit, he was invariably welcomed with every mark of high consideration. Like his father, 'a studious decliner of honours and titles,' he never laid himself out for political employment, but served his country unobtrusively in many onerous and important commissions. That he was no time-server is abundantly clear from his steadfastness to his friends in times of trouble, and his courageous refusal, when a Commissioner of the Privy Seal, to affix that instrument to documents of unconstitutional or objectionable import. Knowledge of the world and the advantages of his education had made him tolerant and sympathetic in his judgment of others, and he could recognise the virtues of men such as Arlington and Clifford, Clarendon and Henry Howard, while deploring the mistakes into which they fell. With all his friends

Evelyn's

Evelyn's influence was exerted for their good. He was at home everywhere. Quiet and studious in his own tastes, he could be agreeable and even gay in society, with a peculiar happiness in adapting himself to his surroundings. Welcome in every circle, he was, as Walpole happily remarked, 'the neighbour of the Gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him.' His attachment to the Church of England was as intelligent as it was intense. In more than one crisis he rendered her invaluable service, at great personal risk, and there has probably never existed a layman with a deeper and clearer comprehension of her distinctive principles. Charming as was his conversation, a profound sense of religion was the ruling principle of his actions, and coloured all his judgment of events. The diary thus describes the rejoicings at the Restoration:—

'May 29, 1660. -This day his Majestic Charles the Second came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen yeares. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strow'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in the afternoone till 9 at night.

'I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a Restoration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever scene in this Nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.'

In the same spirit, during the troublous times which shortly followed, he deplores the neglect of an unequalled opportunity:—

'October 10, 1666. -This day was order'd a generall fast thro' the Nation, to humble us on the late dreadfull conflagration, adted to the plague and warr, the most dismall judgments that could be inflicted, but which indeede we highly deserv'd for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute Court, profane and abominable lives, under such dispensations of God's continu'd favour as in restoring Church, Prince, and People from our late intestine calamities, of which we were altogether unmindfull, even to astonishment. This made me resolve to go to our parish assemble, where

our Doctor preached on the 19 Luke 41, piously applying it to the occasion. After which was a collection for the distress'd looters in the late fire.

Just twenty years later, after reading at Mr. Pepys' house some papers 'written by the late King's hand, containing several arguments contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England,' which had been communicated to Pepys by James II., Evelyn thus describes his emotions:—

October 2, 1685.—These were the papers I saw and read. This nice and curious passage I thought fit to set down. Tho' all the arguments and objections were altogether weak, and have a thousand times been answer'd by our Divines; they are such as their Priests insinuate among their proselytes, as if nothing were Catholic but the Church of Rome, no salvation out of that, no reformation sufferable, bottoming all their errors on St. Peter's successors' unerrable dictatorship, but proving nothing with any reason, or taking notice of any objection which could be made against it. Here all was taken for granted, and upon it a resolution and preference implied. I was heartily sorry to see all this, tho' it was no other than was to be suspected, by his late Majesty's too great indifference, neglect, and course of life, that he had been perverted, and for secular respects only profess'd to be of another belief, and thereby giving great advantage to our adversaries, both the Court and generally the youth and great persons of the Nation becoming dissolute and highly profane. God was incens'd to make his reign very troublesome and unprosperous by wars, plagues, fires, loss of reputation, by an universal neglect of the publick for the love of a voluptuous and sensual life, which a vicious Court had brought into credit. I think of it with sorrow and pity when I consider of how good and debonaire a nature that unhappy Prince was, and what opportunities he had to have made himselfe the most renown'd King that ever sway'd the British scepter, had he ben firm to that Church for which his martyr'd and blessed father suffer'd; and had he ben gratefull to Almighty God, who so miraculously restor'd him, with so excellent a Religion; had he endeavour'd to owne and propagate it as he should have don. . . . The emissaries and instruments of the Church of Rome will never rest till they have crush'd the Church of England, as knowing that alone to be able to cope with them, and that they can never answer her fairly, but lie abundantly open to the irresistable force of her arguments, antiquity and purity of her doctrine, so that albeit it may move God, for the punishment of a Nation so unworthy, to eclipse again the profession of her here, and darkness and superstition prevail, I am most confident the doctrine of the Church of England will never be extinguish'd, but remain visible, if not eminent, to the consummation of the world. I have innumerable reasons that confirm me in this opinion, which I forbear to mention here.

One

One of the lighter traits which set off in pleasing relief the natural seriousness of Evelyn's temperament and studies must not be forgotten, his appreciation of female society. A peculiar power of sympathy and the confidence which his goodness inspired drew friends to his side; he was the depositary of their closest secrets, and it was to him that they turned in hours of perplexity or distress. Not a few of these belonged to the fair sex, and there are no pages in the diary more delightful than those in which he describes his admiration, which was quite Johnsonian, of their amiable qualities. Among these were Lady Sunderland and Lady Mordaunt, and 'that most religious and virtuous lady' the second Countess of Clarendon. Another was Mrs. Howard. His description of the 'journey of adventures and knight-errantry' on which he accompanied this widowed lady and her two daughters in the summer of 1675 to Northampton Assizes, being concerned for them as trustee in a trial, is delightful reading. Mr. Evelyn on this occasion proved himself an accomplished matchmaker.

'In this journey went part of the way Mr. Ja. Graham (since Privy Purse to the Duke), a young gentleman exceedingly in love with Mrs. Dorothy Howard, one of the Mayds of Honour in our Company. I could not but pitty them both, the mother not much favouring it. This lady was not onely a greate beauty, but a most virtuous and excellent creature, and worthy to have her wife to the best of men. My advice was required, and I spake to the advantage of the young gentleman, more out of pitty than that she deserved no better match, for tho' he was a gentleman of a good family, yet there was greate inequality.'

On similar occasions Evelyn sometimes withheld his approval and good offices, but three years later we find him again supporting the character of the good fairy, and, curiously enough, in the same domestic circle.

'I was all this week composing matters between old Mrs. Howard and Sir Gabriel Sylvins, upon his long and earnest addresses to Mrs. Anne, her second daughter, Mayd of Honor to the Queene. My friend Mrs. Godolphin (who exceedingly lov'd the young lady) was most industrious in it, out of pitty to the languishing knight; so as tho' there were greate differences in their yeares, it was at last effected, and they were married the 13th in Hen. 7th's Chapell by the Bishop of Rochester, there being, besides my wife and Mrs. Graham, her sister, Mrs. Godolphin, and very few more. We dined at the old lady's, and suppd at Mr. Graham's at St. James's.'

Both unions, it should be added, proved by their endoring happiness, which he was privileged to witness, the wisdom of Mr. Evelyn's kind and timely intervention.

Our

Our diarist had abundant opportunities of taking a near view of the celebrated Beauties of the Court, but he by no means shared Mr. Pepys' tenderness for their shortcomings. Lady Castlemaine, at whose 'smocks and linnen petticoats, laced with rich lace at the bottom,' it did the latter good to gaze as they hung in the Privy garden at Whitehall, he curtly denounces as 'a curse of our nation.' Louise de Querouaille, 'that famous beauty, but in my opinion of a childish, simple, and baby face,' was staying at Euston, shortly after her arrival in England in the autumn of 1671, when Arlington entertained the King there, and Evelyn was of the party. He had good reason, during this visit, for considering her an 'unhappy creature.' 'Pretty, witty Nell,'—that 'bold merry slut,' as Pepys describes her—is in his eyes only 'an impudent comedian.' 'Cattell of that sort' have no attraction for him. In that corrupt circle, however, there was one whom he 'infinitely esteemed for her many and extraordinary virtues,'—'that excellent creature Mrs. Blague,' one of the maids of honour, married in her twenty-fifth year to his friend Sidney Godolphin, but carried off a year later 'to the unexpressible affliction of her dear husband and all her relations, but of none in the world more than myself, who lost the most excellent and inestimable friend that ever lived; for wit, beauty, good nature, fidelity, discretion, and all accomplishments, the most incomparable person, too blessed a creature to converse with mortals, fitted as she was by a most holy life to be received into the mansions above.' Her *Lite*, written by him some years after her death, presents an engaging picture of mingled sweetness and devotion.

Among the many charming ladies introduced to us in the diary, none is more amiable than his own wife, the best portrait of whom is to be found in her own letters, a collection of which is printed in the last volume of Mr. Bohn's edition of 'Evelyn.' To these has been prefixed an account of her many excellences by her friend Dr. Bohun, afterwards Rector of Wotton, who had been tutor to her son. It is clearly not the language of panegyric in which he represents her as 'the best daughter and wife, the most tender mother and desirable neighbour and friend in all parts of her life.' Married to Evelyn in Paris (where her father, Sir Richard Browne, that staunch Churchman and loyalist, was English Ambassador) at the early age of thirteen, and left there by him, 'being very young, under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother,' until, five years later, the times permitted her to join him at Deptford, she was 'happy in his love and friendship' for close on fifty-nine years, surviving him until

1709.

1709. Being left in her seventy-first year (to use her own words) by God's providence a disconsolate widow, she paid in the very month of her decease a striking tribute to his love and care, 'such as might become a father, a lover, a friend, a husband, for instruction, tenderness, affection, and fidelity to the last moment of his life.' This 'obligation,' she adds, 'I mention with a gratitude to his memory ever dear to me; and I must not omit to own the sense I have of my parents' care and goodness in placing me in such worthy hands.'

The charm of Mary Evelyn's character, as described by Dr. Bohun, is confirmed by the letters which are still preserved, in which the sweetness of her disposition is illustrated not less clearly than the vigour and delicacy of her mental powers. The whole series is delightful reading, worthy to be ranked with the Letters of Dorothy Osborne, which have been lately given to the world. Her idea of the true *role* of woman is as pleasing as her confession of the qualities which chiefly called forth her admiration in the sterner sex. The mild wisdom and affectionate disposition which made Evelyn's home a centre of light and loving-kindness, are still apparent in the engaging portrait by Nanteuill, painted in her early youth. Cowley paid no insincere compliment when he closed his often-quoted ode to his friend with a happy reference to Mary Evelyn:—

'Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best;
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet,
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.'

- ART. II.—1. *The History of the Jews.* Vol. V. By Prof. H. Graetz. Revised English Translation. London, 1892.
2. *Napoleon I. et les Israélites.* Par l'Abbé Joseph Lémann. Paris, 1894.
3. *La France Juive.* Par Édouard Drumont. 142^e Édition. Paris, 1892.
4. *Children of the Ghetto.* By I. Zangwill. Third Edition. London, 1893.
5. *Deutsche Geschichte im XIX. Jahrhundert.* Von Heinrich von Treitschke. Bande IV.-V. Leipzig, 1889-94. And other Works.
6. *Sozial-politischer Briefwechsel.* Zwischen M. Bakounin und A. I. Herten. Stuttgart, 1895.
7. *Israel among the Nations.* By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by F. Hellmann. London and New York, 1895.

NEVER, perhaps, during his long exile, had the Wandering Jew, that outcast among the nations, sunk so low as at the middle of the last century. His prophets were dumb. His sweet singers mumbled Cabbalistic jargon. His wise men had ceased, or, like Spinoza and Luzzatto, had fallen under the curse which he was ever ready to pour out on all who studied the philosophy of the Gentiles. The noble Spanish Sephardim, once his pride, were practising their rites beneath a cloak of New Christian conformity; and, as Marranos despised or suspected on all hands, they could not hope to see springing from their stock an Ibn Gebirol, or a Jehuda Halevi. The Hebrew money-dealer, doctor of medicine, astrologist, spy, buckster, and usurer in retail, belonged to the red-haired, light-skinned, unwashed, and altogether foul Ashkenazim. These swarmed in Poland, spread far and wide over Germany, and sent their outriders, like an advance-guard, into Alsace and Lorraine. Hated by the people among whom they dwelt, eating the bread and drinking the water of affliction, they were also rent into factions by the strange Oriental wranglings and disputes on questions of ritual which continually arose. The greater number were slaves of Talmud and Rabbi; the energetic few were led into a wilderness of delusions by their Messianic dreams. Last of the Divine Pretenders, Sabbatai Zevi had thrown the Jewish world into confusion as far back as the year of fatal memories, 1666. He died a renegade from Israel; but belief in his godship did not die with him. In 1750, the tribes of the Covenant were still discussing Sabbatai's avatar. False brethren, such as the unscrupulous Frank, created a thousand troubles in Eastern Europe. Fanatics or impostors, adepts in
magic

magic and the 'Zohar,' followed in the track of Jonathan Eibenschutz. Enthusiasts raving about amulets and talismans, rebels to the paramount tradition, though untinged with Christian principles and often mere lunatics, the Chassidim, perplexed the synagogue of the Four Nations. It could not cut them off with the sword, and was too ignorant to answer their sophistries. The tragic figure of Ahasuerus, commanding even in his rags, had become a jest to Voltaire, an offence to all that passed by the way. It must have seemed to the philosopher, if any such existed capable of looking at the situation of Europe as a whole, that Judaism and Christianity were lying on one common death-bed. Yet a little while, and both would have succumbed to the spirit of free enquiry, to the humanitarian gospel now preached from every house-top.

Not so, in spite of the new enlightenment, was the play to proceed. When the curtain rose in 1789 for a fresh act, how astonished would Voltaire have been, or Diderot, or Frederick II., could they have beheld the personages who were to perform conspicuous parts in the drama of the nineteenth century. Once again, as if the Middle Ages had returned, Jew and Christian—Semite and Aryan, if we choose to call them by race-names—were to stand face to face, contending for the empire of the world. And the Jew might date the hour of his resurrection from that miserable time when his heart and brain were confused with quarrels, as childish as ignoble, concerning magic trinkets and the wardrobe of a deceased impostor.

For, in 1728, Moses Mendelssohn was born at Dessau. In 1778, Lessing had nearly finished the composition of 'Nathan der Weise,' which was to serve as an epithalamium, or great spousal song, of the wedding now to be celebrated between Prince Israel and modern culture. Mendelssohn, the crooked, uncouth, ugly, stammering dwarf,—'a hound, with the face of a hound,' as Heine might have called him, in pity no less than in scorn,—had within him the lightsome genius, the lofty aspirations, of Plato, the son of Ariston. He was appointed to lead his people out of the house of bondage,—must we add satirically, into a land not their own? And Ephraim Lessing—no Jew, but a free-thinker that had broken many a lance with Bible-Protestants, urging them to study the letter in the light of the spirit—had become the Aaron, the articulate-speaking voice of this Platonizing Moses. Revolution was, indeed, shaking the pillars of the synagogue and the altar of the Church to their very foundation.

But the ancient political system stood firm; and who could shake that? If the hunchback of Dessau had power given him

to smite Rabbinism with a deadly stroke,—if the parson's son of Kamentz was almost to make an end of dull pedantic Lutheranism,—there was a third, at once, like these, low-born but of irresistible vehemence and demonic energy, Rousseau, the plebeian from Geneva, who had the task assigned him to clear an arena in which they might display their qualities for good and for evil. Mendelssohn, the morning-star of a new time for his people, sank below the horizon in 1786. Three years later, the States-General opened at Versailles. And on Sept. 27, 1791, the Jews were emancipated in France. It was, says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, their Fourteenth of July.

Free they had thus become, thanks to Grégoire, Mirabeau, and Cerfbeer; but not equal to their fellow-citizens, and not like them. 'Can a people be born in one day?' asks their historian, Graetz, quoting the sacred volume. Can they, in one day, put off the character which two thousand years of isolation have stamped upon them? we will ask in turn. Here was an Eastern tribe, dwelling alone, and not to be counted among the nations. It was made distinct from them in its very flesh, by ordinances concerning food and raiment, by an all-encompassing ritual, by a strange language and a still stranger discipline of its daily acts,—above all, by the anathema which forbade intermarrying with any but those of the clan;—how could it become French and European by a stroke of law? Only the light Gaulish mind, enamoured of system and disregarding history, could imagine a transformation so miraculous. 'Two things,' M. Taine has observed, 'the modern man never repudiates; they are conscience and honour—this of feudal, and that of Christian origin.' M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the apologist of Semites, does not shrink from replying that the modern Jew has little sense of either. 'His character falls below his intellect,' says this experienced traveller among the Hebrew communities; and bred up to repulsive or demoralizing trades, his soul, like the dyer's hand, is subdued to what it works in. But from 1789 onwards the rhetoric of an empty abstract Liberalism filled the air. It was reverberated in thunder by the mouths of Napoleon's artillery throughout Europe. And a fourth name, that of the Little Corporal, must be added to those other three, if we would comprehend how Michelet's prophecy has moved on to its fulfilment, and 'from bullet to buffet, from stripe to stripe, the Jews are mounting up,—even to the throne of the world.'

That, without controversy, is the situation, be the issue what it may. When Napoleon, exasperated by the evidence laid before him that Semitic usurers were eating up Alsace, resolved on calling the Great Sanhedrin at Paris in 1807, he fancied, quite

quite after the mind of Rousseau, that liberty would draw with it fraternity, and the tribe become absorbed in the nation. Why should not the Jews grow into loyal French citizens, if they were dealt with on the principles of the Rights of Man? Their religion? He was no enemy to their religion. As in Egypt he had professed a deep veneration for Mohammed,—as in France he had set up the Church on its feet, and taken to himself the sceptre of Charlemagne,—so to the Jews returning from captivity Bonaparte was willing to be a new Cyrus. He would establish the Talmud, give the discredited Rabbis a place and power which they had not hitherto enjoyed in the West, and ratify their judicial sentences, but on condition. The Law of Israel must bow to the Code Napoléon; mixed marriages between Jews and Gentiles must be encouraged; and the young Hebrews who slunk away from conscription must furnish the *chair à canon*, for which Cyrus had an ever-growing demand. Such were the terms of his Concordat. It was entrusted to Count Molé, the Emperor's military Vicar-General, who came down on the mother's side from old Samuel Bernard, famous under Louis XIV. And this rather truculent person had it before the Secret Committee, by whose hands the puppets of the Great Sanhedrin were to be moved.

Napoleon had a piercing eye, but his education was imperfect, and in the byways of Jewish life and history he had never travelled. Cyrus might propose a bargain which seemed to him fair and equitable; the elders of Israel had other views. Little in hand, they were eager to becloud him with the incense of Oriental flatteries. They did not shrink from applying to his Christian Majesty the sacred verses in which they would have hailed the Messiah. Their adulation went beyond all bounds, but their astuteness was equal to it. Napoleon, writing out the decrees of the Synod beforehand, with many a presumptuous syllable, had prescribed the answers they must give to his questions. Did they look on the French as their brethren? Would they be loyal to the Jerusalem which they had found in France? Were they willing to practise honourable trades, to give up usury, and to intermarry with the sons and daughters of the nation? To all these demands, save the last, they returned *obedient answers*. Yes, their principle was *fraternity*; their resolution, *honesty*; they gave *warm thanks* to the Holy See; to the clergy of all denominations who had sheltered them in *exile past*. But still, they had a law, and according to that law marriages outside the tribe were not *valid*. The Emperor was *astonished*; *Rabbinism* had won the day. Nevertheless it wanted a power in France which no

Pharisee

liberalizing or Cabbalistic Jews could withstand. In 1831 the crown was set upon this newly-established Church by the decree which Louis Philippe signed, giving to the Rabbis a large stipend from the National Treasury.

By that time proofs were accumulating that if Napoleon had more than kept his promise to Jacob, the children of the patriarch had forgotten theirs to the Emperor. Certainly, they no longer stood aloof from European society; but they had entered into it on their own terms. Why, indeed, should they not? In Darwinian language, it was a question of the survival of the fittest; and who, under the conditions of modern life, as it emerged from the campaigns of the Revolution, so fit as this national syndicate to buy up the market at its own price? Sketching the situation in outline, it came to this. The ancient feudal *régime*, which was one of status or hierarchy, with classes distinct and boundaries irremovable, had come to the ground beneath Napoleon's incessant cannonading. Wherever the Code Napoléon prevailed, it had been blown away like the fine dust of the threshing-floor. And even in Prussia—nay, in the Austria of Metternich—it was awaying and tottering as the ground heaved under it during the stormy years which led up to '48. Feudalism has never been itself since 'the Revolution on horseback' in the person of Bonaparte—rode it down on those tumultuous battlefields, from Arcola to Jena and Wagram. But, on the other hand, what was the Revolution? A set of abstract principles, a crusade on behalf of Utopia, and the dissolving of the body politic into its elements. When the Emperor turned his horse's head from Waterloo, and Nathan Rothschild hastened from the same spot to conquer the London Stock Exchange by forestalling the news, not a single institution on the Continent which had existed before '89 was left standing, except the Christian Church and the Jewish Nation. All else, though it might have the name that it lived, was dead. Equality before the law meant, as Lucretius would have delighted to behold, 'atoms and ether';—as Carlyle has translated it, 'anarchy plus the policeman.' The individual was called free; but divorce, and the French law of succession, had ruined the old idea of a family bound together in one from age to age. The guilds of the artisan had been abolished. Property, though now paying taxes, had no other duty to the nation at large. Even the army, which was recruited by conscription, spared the rich. Democracy, the ghost of which had affrighted kings and overshadowed the skies of Europe, turned out to be a 'golden International.' Midas could always buy up Demos. And Midas was a Jew.

There is a touch of irony in the Messianic rôle which Napoleon dreamt he was playing to the Chosen People. He meant, in the sunbeams of his universal benevolence, to melt their stubborn hearts; he would throw the doors of the Ghetto open, and bid the captives go free. In the same moment, he bade them take their Talmud with them. That was to make them their own Ghetto, wherever they went. The idea of a race which is bound, not to the soil they are sprung from, but to the Law they carry in their bosoms, was perhaps too recondite for the element of lucid prose wherein that large but not sublime genius lived and moved. Such a phenomenon was indeed rare, and almost unique. The only other perfect instance may be that of the Parsees, with their Avesta and their strict usages; but they were at no time scattered through the world, and the Jews are everywhere,—a single race, with strict human boundaries, that none may cross except by proselytism; nor do they welcome proselytes. We may be sure that Napoleon did not know what he was doing when he introduced among the atoms of disorganized Europe this old-world caste, not only permitting but insisting that they should take Western names and surnames, and letting them into every profession. Having their own exclusive law, their clan prejudices, their hereditary instincts, they were asked to plead in the courts, to sit on the judge's bench, to administer as prefects and sub-prefects among a Christian population, to mix in society with those who differed from them in religion, in ethics, in manners, in bearing. The principle of Democracy, as it was carried out, left individuals to their own resources. But Israel was only democratic for itself; to the world it behaved as a well-disciplined army, trained according to a plan which every man belonging to it comprehended and loved as his very life. That plan was the law of Rabbinism, written on the fleshly tables of the Jew's heart. And Napoleon decreed it throughout his Empire.

It is a widespread, and perhaps a natural delusion, to suppose that the modern Jew regulates his conduct by the Old Testament, diligently read and fervently followed. An immense delusion, nevertheless! Private judgment of this philosophic kind has never had its day in Israel. The Jews, as a nation, not only do not read the Bible, but are unacquainted with its contents. When Moses Mendelssohn desired to recall his brethren from the hateful or absurd, nay the blasphemous traditions which overspread their Law as with a veil, he found it necessary that the Pentateuch should be rendered into German. In the Hebrew it was to most of them, as Graetz is
willing

willing to admit, a strange and even an unintelligible book. The translation was resented by orthodox leaders, not as being superfluous, but on the ground that to read any German writing whatsoever was a mortal sin. Long ago the proverb ran in Israel that the Bible, compared with the Mishna, 'was as water unto wine.' Erudite Rabbis could not have repeated the Ten Commandments; and the commentary was always more inspired than the text. If, in the eighteenth century, men's eyes had been drawn once more to the Scriptures, it was owing, again says the historian, to 'the visionary perversities' of the 'New Chassidim.' That is a sentence which speaks volumes for the neglect into which the Bible had fallen.

Not from disbelief, however,—the Torah was still God's infallible word. But, in Judaism, the word is a Law, and the Law needs expositors, and their decisions, embalmed in the Talmud or codified in the Shulchan Aruch, were the lamp by which men read into Moses and the Prophets their peculiar fancies, or deduced thence the conclusions on which they acted. We must regard the Hebrews of the Dispersion as living under a Canon Law, administered by ecclesiastical lawyers whose judgments were final. And the sanction was nothing less than anathema,—the dreadful Cherem, which cut off a man from house and home, from the wife of his bosom, from all whom he could rely upon as his kindred. To be excommunicate was to be, literally, an outcast. In that choking world of the Ghetto, no man was permitted to call his soul his own. Did he break this judge-made law? At once, unless he submitted, expulsion followed. He must leave his nation as the gate closed upon him; and whither could he turn, except he would apostatize from the creed that was written in his flesh?

A creed, undoubtedly, but far more primitive than our Western minds, always speculating in abstract terms, can imagine. Half the disputes of Christendom have sprung from the uncritical attempts of Greeks, or Germans, or Latins, to discover in the bold metaphors and vivid imagery of a dialect that has no metaphysics, the answer to questions never started by Semites. When we call their doctrine a creed, we do not mean that it is a systematic philosophy. No, it is a discipline, founded on reverence to a Law proclaimed amid the lightnings of Sinai by a Lawgiver. It is concerned with actions, not with statements of universal and necessary truth. 'Do noble things, and dream them all day long!' said Charles Kingsley; and the line has been eagerly caught up as a grand expression of Judaism. But have there not been Hebrew philosophers, orthodox too, like the illustrious Maimonides? Certainly; but

for Israel their fame rests on what they have decided as casuists, not on any teaching that concerns the nature or the scope of things. An orthodox Jew is one who keeps the Law as expounded by his Rabbis. He may be an idealist or a materialist, and range through all the vagaries of speculation, provided only that he does not deny the Shema, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God,' and that he acknowledges Jacob to be the Chosen People.

If it were laid to heart by disputants, whether in the press or the pulpit, that Judaism 'drives at practice,' and is not, like Christianity, a metaphysical religion, we should be spared the waste of words on both sides which is always seen whenever the Jewish Question is discussed. At this time of day who would spend his breath in proving that the spirit of modern legislation forbids us to combat speculative heresies with fine, or imprisonment, or social ostracism? But again, who has ever denied that the Law may deal with overt acts? And, furthermore, if a religion is one of commandments rather than systems, it may well be a duty to enquire into what it commands. Suppose the religion is a polity and its prescriptions tend to form a definite character, to create an exclusive spirit; imagine them as regulating commerce, education, intercourse with strangers, and as colouring all life and literature, then, to let it go simply under the name of religion, as though it were a man's personal metaphysics, will be to overlook its meaning altogether. Judaism has made the modern Jew: he is the outcome, not of private judgment exercised on the Bible, but of centuries fashioned by the Mishna and the Gemara; every fibre in him thrills to the word his teachers have spoken. The religion has formed the tribe, which cannot now develope into the habits of European culture except the religion vanish. For it consists, we say once more, not in beliefs but in sacred customs.

Customs which do themselves test on a literal carrying out of the ancient Bible words, but to lengths so extravagant, with a casuistry so minute and scrupulous, that we seem in reading about them to be dealing with a race which never could disengage itself from hieroglyphics to grasp their meaning apart. Thus, on the one hand, it shall be doubtful, in spite of prayers for the dead, and references in the Old Testament to 'Sheol,' whether immortality be an article of the Jewish creed. That dispute between Sadducee and Pharisee is not ended; neither can it be said to show signs of life; it does not trouble the orthodox or divide the community. On the other hand, there can be no question how the Sabbath is to be observed;

and

and 'one hundred and fifty-six double pages of folio in the Babylon Talmud,' says Eilersheim, do not exhaust the cases for which regulations are laid down. In this infinite maze, where 'hedges and ramparts about the Law' are multiplied until the mind sinks beneath them, we recognise a scholasticism that was ever hanging mountains on a single hair. The letter, divided and subdivided, the parable turned to stone, the simple and natural meaning of primitive ordinances played upon by a legal Dryasdust who could never see what was before his eyes,—the monstrous perversion of syllables and signs that issued in the wild Cabbala,—all this makes the staple and the substance of the Talmud as distinct from the Bible which it pretends to keep in view. Scholars, like Bishop Thirlwall, have described it in terms which we will not reproduce; but, assuredly, there never was a legislation at once so vexatious and so insane, so clamorous for divine honours to itself, and so little tolerant of human weakness. A writer of our own time, whose enthusiasm for the glories of Israel has survived his acquaintance with Talmudic custom, Mr. Israel Zangwill, allows one of his characters to say that the Synagogue dare not translate the *Schulchan Aruch* into English. But translations, with chapter and verse, which give from the original sources many grotesque, and some detestable, precepts of the great Jewish Tradition, are already extant. Their accuracy has never been impeached; and the silence which is steadily maintained in regard to them on the part of modern Israelites tells its own tale. However, we do not need to plunge into these miry deeps. The common observances are enough to prove all we have here advanced, that Judaism is a religion of the letter, casuistically interpreted, abounding in burdens, subtle and fantastic, which, by leaving the power of anathema in the hands of the Rabbis, has set up an omnipotent tribunal from which, except at the price of apostasy, there is no escape.

That is the system on which Napoleon stamped the imperial seal, and believed that he was emancipating a people. 'Learn, my son,' says the Book of Caphtor, 'to give stricter attention when the sage speaks, than to the words of the Law.' A sin against their teaching is graver than to break the Law.' And the '*Candelabrum Lucis*,' according to Buxtorf, declares, 'All that our Rabbis have taught in their discourses must be accepted as equal to the Law of Moses. And it aught which falls from them appear to be exaggerated, or contrary to nature, or to pass our understanding, we should charge it to the dulness of our own minds rather than to their sentences.' To the same effect, although in other language, Gracetz, when summing up
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with eulogy Mendelssohn's controversial work named 'Jerusalem,'—'Judaism,' he affirms, 'is not a revealed religion, but a revealed legislation.' Once more, in reporting the infinite credulity and subservience of the people to their teachers, and the supreme dogmatism with which these decided on all questions of practice, on the sinfulness of reading Gentile literature, and the duty of abstention from intercourse with the world outside, their historian adds his testimony, however unwilling, to that of Basnage, where the latter asserts that 'the Rabbis overlook no means of strengthening their authority; they maintain that whosoever breaks their laws is guilty of death, and allege the most terrific examples of the same.' They would have laughed to scorn the distinction taken at Paris by the Great Sanhedrin between those elements in their religion which had only a temporary and passing significance, and those which were for all time,—between the purely tribal and the everlastingly human. To the Jew every jot and tittle of the tradition is divine, and who will dare to revoke it? Who, again, that has been reared in the Ghetto, can set himself in opposition to his teachers, when from the first dawn of intelligence he has seen them revered on all sides as having the counsel of the Almighty? No power, except it be utterly independent of them, and erected on its own foundation, can prevail against the Rabbinate with a born Hebrew. Was any such power extant when their day of freedom broke?

There was one such, and Mendelssohn, under the guidance of Lessing, discovered it for his nation. Christians he did not wish them to become; he never would be a Christian himself. But he felt the undying charm of the Greek masterpieces; he was alive to the beauty and the grace in which Hellenic philosophers, and above all Plato, had clothed their speculations; and, his eyes thus enlightened, when he studied the pages of his own Bible, they shone forth to him with a sublime majesty that hitherto he, and his generation, had never beheld in them. The key, then, to Hebrew wisdom, must be sought among the Greeks. Let the Rabbis quit their cells, silence their hateful Yiddish jargon, learn to speak their own language with propriety and distinction; let them put away absurd glosses which rusted the fine gold, and obey the noblest of their prophets who, far from laying it under anathema, had themselves cultivated the learning of the heathen. This argument, which Mendelssohn, had he been versed in mediæval history, might have driven home with irresistible force, only exasperated the Polish-German Synagogue, then most degraded and most dogmatic in its ignorance. The headstrong Wessely, pious, erudite,
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and with remarkable gifts of language, repeated and enforced it in his letter to the Austrian Jews, March 1782, while imploring his tribesmen to accept in a cordial spirit the liberties which Joseph II. was at that time holding out to them. This daring innovator they put to the ban. His Letter was publicly given to the flames at Lissa, even as Mendelssohn's German Pentateuch had been burnt, under the Rabbis' authority, in Poland. Yet, observes Graetz in summing up this controversy, the Talmudists were still in the right. Mendelssohn and Wessely, in their efforts to cleanse the Temple, had sapped its foundation. The old rigid form of Judaism could no longer maintain itself, at any rate, among the learned. Or, as much recent literature, serious and satirical, proves, the question for Israel had come to be identical with that which troubles orthodox Christians everywhere, how to secure genuine adherents among those whom the modern spirit has brought under its spell. To keep the Talmud pure and undefiled in the obscure villages of the Ukraine or in the hovels of Podolia was not difficult. How long would it survive in Berlin?

Not during one generation, so it would appear when Mendelssohn died, and the most distinguished men and women of his circle gave themselves with enthusiasm to German culture. While fresh contests, marked with the old mediæval rage and violence, were taking place in Poland between Talmudists and Chassidim,—or, as we should say, between the High and Dry orthodox and fanatical Dissenters,—among the youth of Berlin a passion was springing up for the study of Hebrew in its classical forms. They were equally attracted by the new and brilliant literature of the Fatherland, which was then illustrated by the immortal names of Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, and Kant. The 'Measim,' or 'Reapers,' gathered in their harvest of learning. Men like the Friedlanders, starting from Königsberg, had spread far and wide an influence which was to create the new era of antiquarian research and poetic inspiration. There came to pass in Western Europe a New-Hebrew Renaissance, thanks to the energy, if we may not call it the genius, of Friedrichsfeld, Franco Mendez, Ensheim, Loebel, and Bresselau. Yet again, the question was raised, was it lawful to engage in the study of the Bible, to be acquainted with heathen literature and philosophy, or to cultivate the sciences? 'The great Rabbis,' we are told by the historian, 'Ezekiel Landau, Raphael Cohen, and others, condemned such studies': but there was a division among them and novelty gained the day. In almost every large community a band was formed of the 'Enlightened,' or the 'Left,'—*and Jews have ever since*

since been a well-known species, in these latter years multiplying fast, and though they had not broken with the old school, their action 'bordered on secession.' But their fortress and centre was Berlin.

'The eagerness of Frederick II. for money,' observes Graetz with delightful *naïveté*, 'and for enriching the land, had almost compelled the Jews, especially those of Berlin, to accumulate capital.' Here is one of the rare sentences, in this colossal monument of learning, that lightly touch upon the chapter of modern history known as 'La haute Banque.' If we read only Professor Graetz, we shall hardly be aware of its existence. Frederick, therefore, meaning to enrich the kingdom of Prussia, had obliged various Jews to become millionaires, *malgré eux*; and since they were excluded from the Court and the army, yet then, as always, coveted social distinction, they turned their thoughts to literature. In that province they could, at all events, exercise the privilege of entertaining its leaders at æsthetic teas or even noble banquets. The Berlin salons, though never equal to the French in wit or politeness, soon gained a reputation; it was chiefly in them that the peculiar effluence called 'Geist' might be discerned. For this kind of light satirical humour, smart but superficial, and manufactured every day according to a recipe which is simple enough when stated, the fashionable Jew has always shown his aptitude. We cannot overlook it in Disraeli's novels; and French writers like Drumont confess with a sigh that the young Hebrew of the 'Gaulois' or the 'Figaro' is, in this respect, more Parisian than the Parisians themselves. Its native name is *chutzbah*, or—to translate very mildly—'self-confidence.' Schopenhauer has remarked, with his usual acuteness, that there is one quality which is conspicuous by its absence from the Jewish character,—it is *verecundia*, modesty, the shy feeling which in true genius resembles the blush on a maiden's cheek, and heightens the grace that it seems to render uncertain. Compare, from this point of view, Shelley's or even Shakespeare's lyric verse with Heine's,—and yet Heine, in the 'Buch der Lieder,' is supreme among the New-Hebrew singers. But he is never diffident, not in the most troubled or the most passionate hour of his serenading. And his prose, with its Oriental richness, its epigrams, its lightning-flashes, abounds in *chutzbah*: it has the insolence of a *parvenu* that has 'arrived,' not by reason of his wealth, but thanks to his undeniable gifts of genius.

'Incisive wit and versatile knowledge,' but no depth of thought, were the distinguishing marks of culture at Berlin. No prejudice withheld these 'enlightened' Jews from admiring Voltaire.

Voltaire. When the French Revolution was approaching, Mirabeau found himself a lion in the drawing-room of Henrietta Hertz; yet he passed a sharp censure on the Prussians in that curt saying 'Rotten but not ripe,' which sums up his observations. 'Cultured Christian youths'—in that charmed and charming circle, says Gratz, and we must be forgiven if we think of 'Lothair' while we read—'met with the beautiful Jewish damsels and other ladies who moved round Henrietta like her satellites. These, however, were not mere ornaments of that salon; they took an active part in the intellectual companionship, and distinguished themselves by their originality of spirit.' Better had they lived in seclusion, nor forgotten the household pieties which their Talmud, so Eastern and severe in all that relates to womankind, has prescribed to them! The Jewesses of Berlin lost in reputation what they gained in refinement. In the Ghetto, they did not marry for love, yet, once wedded, they were faithful. But now, while the orthodox grew more fossilized, the new generation was sacrificing to culture their steadiness of conduct, their principles, and at last their religion. Joseph Mendelssohn founded 'the Society of Friends,' which adopted for its motto a sentence that Goethe might have written, 'To seek the truth, to love the beautiful, to desire the good, and to do the best.' That was magnificent, perhaps, but was it Judaism? Henrietta Hertz, says the historian bitterly, made of her house in Berlin a Midianite tent. Thither resorted Wilhelm von Humboldt, Gentz, Schleiermacher, Friedrich Schlegel. We read of ambiguous relations, blighted characters, divorces, betrayals, and the widespread infection of those principles which the 'great Pagan' of Weimar was to glorify in his 'Elective Affinities.' The correspondence of young Borne with Madame Hertz, published in our time, will give some startling proofs of the height to which Romanticism had risen among these sons and daughters of the Covenant. It is abundantly lyrical, and does not savour much of the Ten Commandments. Romance seemed to be another name for revolt; it was so with Friedrich Schlegel. And we may trace in these high-flown rhapsodies more than one tendency which has since been absorbed, with very little change, into the movement now known as the Decadence.

Of all these parti-coloured actors and actresses on the Berlin stage, none has achieved more lasting fame than Rahel—the Rachel Levine who afterwards married Varnhagen von Ense. Her memory recalls that of many another since gone down to Hades and the house of death. She, like Madame Hertz and Dorothea Mendelssohn, became a Christian. Baptism was the passport

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to royal favour, to fashion, to European society, in due time to the 'Almanach de Gotha' itself. Mendelssohn, with all his admirable qualities, had been a mere *Schutzjude*, as who should say, 'one of His Majesty's Jews.' Down to the year 1848 the Hebrews of East Prussia were serfs, and liable to many strict regulations. Rabel and Dorothea, and the other Jewish women of culture, must have looked upon themselves, when they bowed their heads at the baptismal font, as those fair octoroons did who escaped in men's dress to Canada from the slave-holding South. Why should they endure the scorn of a race to which in no endowment of mind, in no beauty or accomplishment, they seemed inferior? But freedom was not for them unless they whispered the Apostles' Creed. Graetz—we must pardon him—is severe upon them. To others it will seem that their change of religion, if such we are to call it, was a sin with extenuating circumstances.

The Greeks bearing their gifts in the shape of a romantic Christianity, were thus rapidly winning to modern ways even Israelites no less venerable than David Friedlander, women as cultivated as Rabel, and wealthy aspiring youths from Berlin, Breslau, and Königsberg. It was a movement which promised to resolve the Jewish Question by putting an end, even in their public schools, to studies hitherto looked upon as eminently Hebraic—to the reading of the Old Testament, and to all regard for Talmud and Rabbinism. In the same hour the check was given, not by zealots of the Law, but, as Graetz is well warranted in observing, by Fichte the philosopher, Goethe the poet, and Schleiermacher the Gnostic preacher. All these, according to their kind, detested the Jews. No weapon could prosper against Israel so long as the victorious French—Republican or Imperial—were overrunning Europe and proclaiming in its capitals the Rights of Man. Did they appear in Holland? The Jews immediately claimed and exercised the privileges of free citizens. Were they masters of Frankfort? The old Judengasse was at once thrown open; and, at the cost of a ransom which the kinsfolk of the Rothschilds gladly paid, the long-established order of things was reversed. All through Germany with the French banner went a rejoicing Jewish crowd, full of delight in their unexpected Messiah. But the 'battle of the Nations' took place at Leipzig on October 18th, 1813. Napoleon and his Empire passed away like a vision in the night; and then it was that the seed which Fichte and the other champions, not surely of Christendom, had sown, sprang up into armed men. From Waterloo to the downfall of the Bourbons was a period of danger to the Israelites at large, and
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of shame to the truculent 'German-medieval,' or Teutsch, pamphleteers and warriors, of which it is not possible to call up the memory without pain and sorrow.

Fichte, not an ignoble person, nor by instinct cruel, may be regarded as the father and apostle of that anti-Semite crusade which in our day has grown to such vast proportions. He, more than any one man, roused his 'Teutsch' brethren to the consciousness that they always had hated the Jew, and always meant to hate him. Others less eloquent, but far exceeding him in the venom of their speech, did, indeed, stir up the people—Ruhs, and Fries, and Hundt-Radowsky, names now happily forgotten. At Wurzburg, Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Bai-reuth, Heidelberg, there were riots, not always unaccompanied by bloodshed, in which the fierce old cry 'Hep, hep!' was heard once more, and Israel suffered insult and outrage. The rights for which they had given their gold in the Imperial city on the Main were taken from them. Prussia repealed all its enactments in their favour. Austria, with its ingrained dislike for revolutionary principles, had already, on the fall of Napoleon, sent them back to the Ghetto. Saxony was called 'the Protestant Spain of the Jews,' and not even its king's chivalrous devotion to the French Cyrus could avail aught towards their freedom. Thus, a sharp east wind followed the glowing sunshine in which they had certainly renewed their youth, although at the risk, as orthodox Rabbinitism well knew, of having grafted upon their stock the blue flower of romance, nay, the Christian passion-flower itself. That dream and that danger were suddenly dispelled by the rude blast of persecution. Henceforth the Jews would welcome any change that shook the Prussian monarchy, or brought back the days of Napoleon, or amote with a wasting disease that Austria which was the head and front of the Holy Alliance. From 1819 until far on in the century, Judaism, despite its millionaires and its loans to the kings of Europe, served with the left wing of the Revolution.

Yes, and its weapons were keen; suffering had sharpened them, and still more a certain apprehension that evil was near at hand. So long as all Governments followed a Conservative policy, the means of warfare must be sought in literature, in journalism, in lectures, in secret societies. These never failed during the next fifty or sixty years, down to the establishment, as we may reckon, of the Third Republic, and of a Liberal constitution in Austria. Jews became Freemasons, Carbonari, Socialists, Anarchists. They first wrote in the newspapers of the world, and then bought them up when occasion offered.

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They governed the telegraphic agencies. They manœuvred the Opposition which, as an enlightened Liberal force, would be sure in the moment of victory to decree them their lost privileges once more. They even reformed their Liturgy and admitted into the synagogue German or English hymns and recitations. But in all these varied and never-ceasing enterprises they kept before them one object, one ideal; the progress of mankind was to issue in a Jewish Millennium. Israel must be the Redeemer of the nations in order that he might reign as their king. The voice was the voice of Liberalism, uttering the lesson which Rousseau had taught it; the hands might be those of Saint-Simon, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Félix Pyat, Hertzén, Karl Marx,—nay, of Blanqui or Bakounin,—but the heart was Judaism, the triumph of a people who had been promised the riches, and were to glory in the submission, of the nations, among whom they had been wandering for secular periods.

Thus it would be idle to enquire what contributions the Jew has made, either to modern civilization or to progress generally, unless we keep his aim steadily before us. He never has accepted the simple but splendid task proposed to him by Mendelssohn; or that is urged upon him in the vehement pages of 'Daniel Deronda.' He will not be a fresh chord resounding in the perfect octave which so many enthusiasts would fain set up as the ideal of European harmony. To be one branch, though most honourable, in the olive-tree to which Paul of Tarsus likens the Christian and the Hebrew revelation, will not content him. It is as though he said, 'Master or slave; there is no middle term.' So he brings upon himself (unhappy Ahasuerus!) the Fichtes and the Schleiermachers again, with their anti-Semite rages. But he cannot deny that Mendelssohn had an inspiration from above; and he has glimpses, now and then, of a larger Judaism.

Meanwhile he sends out to the battle his children,—baptized or unbaptized, they are always his own,—and Ludwig Borne, otherwise Baruch, and Heinrich Heine, the Rhenish meistersinger from Dusseldorf, shall strike with the sword of their pen deep wounds into sleepy Austria and reactionary Prussia. It is a long contest, encircled with flame and smoke in '48, carried hither and thither across the fields of Solferino, Sadowna, Sedan, through the burning Tuileries, and to the gates of Papal Rome in 1870, but ending—if it be truly ended—in the apparition before astonished Europe of a new Germany, France, Italy, and Austria, with the Hebrew's foot upon them all, and his power so great as to seem irresistible. No one can write that history yet; we know it merely in fragments. But, assuredly, it will

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be worth writing, when the strange events, and adventurous persons, and dramatic catastrophes which make it up, have been brought into the light of day.

When a great idea is working itself out to fulfilment, the men who are possessed by it can seldom—perhaps they never can—realize more than one aspect of its meaning. Thus, neither Heine nor his revolutionary friends in Paris would have admitted that they were Jews first, and democrats only in the second place. Some of them, like Börne, were sincere Christians, with a leaning to the romantic forms of Catholicism: others professed to be cosmopolitan in their sympathies, and did, in fact, preach the doctrine of liberty for all men, from Poles and Italians to West Indian negroes. But they were at the opening stage of a world-movement which, like the wheels beheld by the prophet in vision, went whithersoever the spirit was to go, nor would pause at their command. Herr von Treitschke, who loves not the Jew and has an utter contempt for the Liberal, bids us observe a relation that had probably escaped both of these, between the creed of political equality, as they held it, and the existence of 'movable or floating capital' in proportions never known until the day of railway enterprise and unlimited company-promoting. But if 'Laissez-passer' implied that the Jew merchant, pedlar, sweater, horse-dealer, and the whole Beggars' Opera of Posen or Prussia must be free to invade Berlin, or to found an insanitary Ghetto at Whitechapel, the other horn with which this behemoth now thrust the peoples before him was Adam Smith's 'Laissez-faire,' of which Mayer Amschel Rothschild and his five golden sons were the living embodiment.

Heine, indeed, like the *enfant terrible* which he was in the house of Jacob, had caught a glimpse of the truth. He expresses it, amusingly, by the lips of Baron James Rothschild, whom he introduces on his puppet-stage as a speaking-mask. The Baron insists that he, too, is a part of the Revolution; has he not sold up the feudal aristocracy, made genius independent of the soil by furnishing it with stocks and shares, transmuted the old heavy ballion to volatilized gold in the shape of bank-notes, and aided that concentration of mind in European capitals which must precede the triumph of pure Reason over the *ancien régime*? There is a seed of wisdom in these utterances, grotesque as they may sound. But, whether the poet has driven his fancies too far or no, Treitschke has good warrant for connecting, with the acceptance of Rousseau in politics and Ricardo in economics, the sudden upward flight of Hebrew bankers to a pre-eminence in wealth which justified Prince Bismarck

Bismarck in fixing on them the name already quoted of the 'Golden International.'

The children of Israel, nevertheless, had always found it easier to spoil the Egyptians than to be admitted into the Court of Pharaoh. They were only rich slaves. Nothing short of a democratic principle which overlooked the difference of races, and passed by history as though it were a whited wall, could give them the rank they desired. Hence their passionate love of France, which Heine exulted in as the Promised Land, while Börne pictured it, in words no less vivid than ludicrous, as 'the great railway-line of freedom and morality.' Hence, also, the long struggle between a journalism inspired by French Radical principles, and the German censorship,—that purblind Inquisition which found itself straying, scissors and ink-born at its girdle, on all the pathways that led across the Rhine. Frederick William IV. of Prussia, the mystic whose mind at length gave way under his troubles, took upon him to combat this hydra. But when he had cut off one Jewish head, so to speak, another sprang up instantly. His censors were no match for the new Talmudists, with their quick turns, and legal evasions, and utterly reckless and irreverent humour. What could the venerable Bundestag do against this fog which came in at all the windows? To scatter a fog, there must be sunshine; but neither King nor Councillors had any inheritance in Phoebus Apollo. They could pass laws against 'Young Germany' which no one much observed; they possessed no charm by which to keep 'young Germans' from believing in their hearts that Napoleon had been the Liberator of Europe, that Mazzini was the noblest of Italian patriots, that Heine's 'Lyrical Intermezzo' was an argument for the principles of '89, and that only the 'stupid party' could do sincere homage to the wigs and protocols of Frankfort or Vienna.

In the presence of this so-called public opinion, the Governments were powerless except during a state of siege. Metternich complained at Berlin in 1843 that seventeen German newspapers had a staff of Jews. But, in fact, the Jews were at the back of every Liberal magazine, journal, or pamphlet that came out during those years. They displayed precisely the endowments which make journalism a success; for they had at their command writers in every branch of popular activity and amusement. Whether it was the novel, the *feuilleton*, the play, the opera, the racecourse, the gaming-table; or yet again, the salon, the boulevard, the Chamber of Deputies, and, above all, the Bourse and the market, they could describe all that was going forward in crisp pyrotechnic language,

language, making every day yield its dramatic interest to the thousands of readers. Who has ever surpassed the wit, the vehemence, the sparkle of Heine's letters from Paris? But he did not stand alone. Supreme though he confessedly was in the art of mixing all dainties, and giving them a *haut goût* that tickled every palate, Heine did but represent—he did not exhaust—the Hebrew genius, which in others like Saphir, Jacoby, Weinberg, Laube,—in Karl Beck, Moritz Hartmann, and Paul Heyse,—and by and by in such consummate boulevardiers as Ludovic Halévy and Albert Wolff, showed the same quickness, vivacity, and point, though never, happily, so undiluted a bitterness against the living and the dead. A race of scholars who could descend to be as frivolous as they were skilful in adapting their sacred language to the romance of Victor Hugo and the garbage of Eugene Sue, would hardly suffer defeat for want of cleverness. They wanted, indeed—that is to say, they lacked—self-reverence, and made a boast of having flung behind them self-control. The few exquisite poems of an Erter, the more serious literary acquisitions of a Munk, an Ebers, or a Ludwig Marcus, have by no means atoned for the evil wrought by Jewish journalism during a long half-century. Before all the institutions of Christian Europe, from the Crown to the Hôtel-Dieu, they were mocking and critical; the piety which forbids desecration of what we have loved and looked up to, had no meaning for them, and, like their ancestors in the workshop of the Emperor Frederick II., they were 'masters in unbelief.'

But they succeeded in gaining their end. When the Sicilian Revolution broke out in 1848, they had mined all Europe. If Rabel, 'the bacchante of the *Zeitgeist*,' had been living still, she might have named the very youths fluttering once about her, like brilliant-crested humming-birds, by whom this great overthrow was prepared so far back as the Days of July. The new Prussian laws concerning 'naturalized Jews' and 'protected Jews' had drawn forth strong rhetoric from a partisan of the 'Christian State' who was, in after days, to be more widely known—Otto von Bismarck. But they did not satisfy the aspirations of the race. And one of the chief articles in the new Constitutions which '48 saw springing up, was the complete emancipation of the Jews.

In the Prussian Landtag Riesser and Veit took their seats by the side of their hereditary enemies. Austria bowed her neck beneath the yoke of the Mannheimers and the Meissels. In France, too, where Borne had helped to spread the ideas of Raspail, and L'Enfantin's Socialism had for a while attracted

Heine

Heine as Saint-Simon had been worshipped by Pereira,—where, also, the 'Universal Israelite Alliance' counted its most active members, and Mazzini's 'Alta Vendita' had received help and approval from liberalizing Jews,—the fall of Louis Philippe meant a further step towards their supremacy. Crémieux and Goudchaux became Ministers of 'Justice' and 'Finance'—this, by the way, is the whole Jewish problem in a nutshell—under the Provisional Government. If we may trust the evidence brought forward in Drumont, they were guilty of most shameful dealing with the French public moneys for the benefit of the House of Rothschild. Twenty-two years later, Crémieux, the eloquent advocate, the President of the Israelitish Alliance, and the comrade of Sir Moses Montefiore in that pilgrimage to Damascus which was occasioned by the mysterious death of Padre Tommaso in 1840—this patriarchal Crémieux, we say, took advantage of the disorder into which France had fallen, to emancipate by one stroke of his pen the Algerian Jews. Such was his contribution, in October 1870, to the national defence. In like manner, at the Berlin Congress of 1878, the chief concern of M. Waddington appears to have been, not so much what would become of Turkey, as whether the Jews in Roumania were to be protected against the peasants whom they were eating up with their usuries, and morally corrupting with bad liquor, and temptations to evil on which we must not dwell. From the accession of Louis Philippe, the Jews in France had been growing more powerful, and, as will happen to prosperous men, more insolent. The Pereiras, Foulds, Rothschilds—Spanish and German branches in turn—had control of the Bank and the Exchequer. The Second Empire favoured them; the Republic which dates from September 4th, 1870, has simply become their province; and Gambetta, their kinsman, was not unfittingly styled the Jewish Emperor.

Thus the last twenty-five years exhibit in one remarkable tableau the extremes of good and ill fortune to which this astonishing race seems ever destined. In Paris they rule as demigods. At Berlin and among the Germans they traffic in millions; their financial chief, Bleichröder, laid down the terms of the French ransom; their wire-pulling Lasker held in his hand all the threads of journalism; but the army does not yield them respect, Court-Chaplains announce a fresh crusade against them, the anti-Semite movement takes fire; and although the liberties granted since 1848 have never been revoked, it may well be that as the strong spirit of 'Teutschenthum' prevails, a patriot-Emperor will ask himself what profit there is in reaping
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German harvests, if the dead hand of Jew mortgages cannot be lifted off them? In Austria, the situation is still more perplexing. Vienna, like other Western capitals, has its Hebrew magnates dwelling in streets of palaces, owning the mines, railways, forests, and tossing the Stocks up and down with a juggling dexterity which always brings them profit. They are masters, says Professor Nitti, of eight per cent. of the land of Galicia; they own a third of the kingdom of St. Stephen; and to their great golden house belongs one-fourth of Bohemia. The Emperor obeys their bidding in matters financial; and it is only Rothschild himself who shuts his door to the tribe of Judah. On the other hand, in no country have the people shown more passionate feelings against them; the blood accusation of Tisza-Esslar will prove that they stand in danger of seeing the Middle Ages return upon them with sword and fire; the clergy, the peasants, the bourgeoisie of large towns hate them with a perfect hatred; and no apology they can offer will clear them in the common judgment from charges so frightful that even to hint at their nature would be unjust. Evidence, however, is not wanting, to quote Professor Nitti once more, that the Austrian Jews who carry on large industries, or possess great estates, have never sought to improve the condition of the mass that labours for them. And recent enquiry has shown that nowhere do the proletarians suffer more from their employers' greed and severity, than in the factories and upon the farms which are owned by Jewish proprietors.

In countries yet more remote from civilization, where the Jews abound, and their neighbours, Slavs or Roumanians, are still governed by mediæval ideas, the question of usury in its most degrading form overshadows all the rest. Not the land only, but the men of these primitive communities are mortgaged. What Napoleon said of the Jews of Alsace is verified to the letter in South-Eastern Europe—they are palmer-worms and locusts that devour every green blade. They forestall, they discount, they take compound interest on loans which have never been fully advanced. They practise all manner of de-moralizing traffic; and they spin the cobwebs in which an industrious, though ill-informed and dim-sighted people, are caught by these golden spiders. M. Leroy-Beaulieu describes them as cormorant-middlemen who catch prey for the landlords and suck the blood of the poor. From time to time, the Government interposes; old-Jew laws are put in force, thousands of the frowy, unkempt, and Talmud-observing hordes—it is Treitschke's language—flee into exile, carrying their Rabbinical superstitions along with them to London, New

York, and Chicago: there is a loud cry from their brethren all over the world; and the name of religion is invoked where race and 'free-contract' alone are in question. Or will the bold step be taken of declaring that Judaism commands its disciples thus to make a prey of the Gentiles, as some have affirmed? In that case, what goes by the name of religion is little else than a Society of commercial Thugs, who offer the spoils they have seized at the shrine of their deity. For such Free-trade the believer in liberty need not scruple to express his detestation. Why should the Christian nations of Europe suffer themselves to be treated as idolaters, and let their lands and goods be ravished from them on principles which their own beliefs have always condemned, and by a method which differs only from open warfare by appealing to crooked and inhuman chicanery instead of the sword?

Nevertheless, all Jews have not entered into the wealth of the Gentiles. Myriads among them are poor indeed. And their condition, like enough to that of the 'square miles of misery' which lie embedded in our immense Babylons, could not fail to stir the last prophetic fibre in Israel which the age has known. Among the writers of 'Young Germany' was Karl Marx, from Treves an Hegelian of the Left, bitterly logical, unsparing of toil, who defined capital as the exploitation by the rich—whether Jews or Gentiles—of the 'surplus product' of labour. He did not free the proletarians, but he gave them a philosophy and a programme. They still wanted a leader, whose fiery eloquence might tell the world that a new social era was approaching; and Lassalle, another Jew, passionate, vain, conceited, drunk with self-consequence, leaped to the front: he would be the Napoleon of the Fourth Estate. In a little while he had shaped it into the Democratic Socialism that has since invaded literature and legislation: that counts in the French Chamber its sacred band of deputies, and in Germany its millions of voters. The 'International,' founded in London, and brought to shame by the Communists of Paris in 1871 (with whom it was too hastily identified), was but an episode. Lassalle, the *Miles Gloriosus*, romantic in his life, sordid and tragi-comical when the duel finished him, had burnt up all the Utopias, and from their ashes distilled an elixir which seemed to have in it rejuvenescence for the peoples. But here, again, the peculiar spirit of Israel, and its unlikeness to the Christian hope, are most manifest.

If, on the one hand, we see notable financiers coalescing into a feudalism which has no duties except to make money and to spend it with ostentation, and if these are the Hebrew noblesse,
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on the other hand we perceive the steady growth of a Socialism, resolved to absorb all the monopolies into one and to call it the State. In either alternative, be it remarked, the old healthy balance of private capital employed in a free market by individuals of every class disappears. But more. The society which is dominated by 'la Haute Banque' has simply forgotten its early training in the Catechism; it practises all forms of luxury, and never dreams that a Day of Judgment will come. It knows nothing of the supernatural; it does not look beyond the grave. In Renan's brilliant and melancholy parable, the modern Jew is *Kohleth*, 'an aristocrat by his smooth skin, his nervous susceptibility, his air of doing nothing; a bourgeois by his slight sympathy with physical courage, and by a certain sense of inferiority from which all his distinction cannot save him.' And now that he has arrived at perfect wisdom, what does it consist in? Merely, observes Renan, 'in the undisturbed enjoyment of the fruits of his labour, amid works of delicate art, and images of exhausted pleasure.' Yes, that is *Kohleth* when he has come into his kingdom. But Marx, Lassalle, Liebknecht, and the other Socialists of Jerusalem, are so many *Kohleth*s denied the enjoyment of *their* kingdom. They wish to overturn society, not because they long after a kingdom of God, wherein the supernatural is the real, and immortality pours its radiance even upon our earthly tabernacles; to them, the 'Beyond' is a chimera. What they would have men possess—all men, as they say—is 'undisturbed enjoyment,' and 'works of delicate art,' and 'images of pleasure' which they hope will not be exhausted. The wide Jewish propaganda of Socialism, if we consider it close at hand, is of one substance with the ideals of Auguste Comte; it is wholly secular, bounded by this world, and, according to many of its teachers, early and late, we may describe it as the 'rehabilitation of the flesh.'

How far does this language differ in meaning from the cynical innuendo which we light upon repeatedly in Graetz, that 'for sixteen centuries Christianity had surfeited the nations of Europe with belief in the supernatural,' and did but hold out 'imaginary fancies in the place of truth'? Undoubtedly, the commercial Jew, now alone surviving from all other types of the race, aims at making his Paradise in this world. 'We have no ideals now,' says Esther Ansell in 'Children of the Ghetto.' Certainly, it is not the Mordecai of George Eliot, 'that elaborate mis-conception,' nor appeals to the prophecies of Isaiah (which the Jew financiers have never laid to heart), neither is it the passing flashes of inspiration in New-Hebrew poetry, that can persuade us otherwise. The modern Jew is carnal, not spir-

ritual, whether he keeps up the daily and yearly rite, or puts it from him as a thing outworn. He has much affinity with the Mohammedan, little or none with the Christian. If, in controversy with those who read the Bible, he quotes all that is beautiful in its pages, and is proud of declaring Hillel to have been the forerunner of Jesus, when he throws down his pen, all that is forgotten. To the Israel which now holds so large a stake in the lands, loans, syndicates, and joint-stock capital of Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, there is 'but one Heaven, success; but one Hell, failure.'

What, then, has Jacob, the supplanter, created in our day? A world of speculation; unbounded facilities of enjoyment for those who know how to gamble skilfully in a rising or a falling market; some light and sensuous music;—and that is all. He seems to have taken in earnest the cynical aphorism, 'If you want to make money, be sure not to make anything else.' True it is that if he did not invent, he has brought to perfection *la réclame*, 'the art of puffing,' and *la névrose*, 'the malady of the rich.' But in science, physical, biological, metaphysical; in productive industry and the active work of commerce; in exploration of new countries; in mining, railway-making, tunnel-piercing; in the improvement of agriculture, the progress of machinery, the arts of design; in any work which demands the power of patient research, and the gift of combining details into an artistic whole, the Jew save only where the history and antiquities of his own race are concerned—has done so little that, if his name were blotted from the chronicle of labour wrought with head or hand during the last century, it would not be missed, nor would mankind be visibly the poorer. That is no light statement; it is, however, one which, if untrue, admits of easy refutation. Let the catalogue be drawn out, the names inserted, of those Hebrew men or women who, apart from the flying squadrons of journalism, have by plans which they did actually invent, by forces physically applied, by intellectual generalisations fruitful in results, and not merely by issuing prospectuses and dealing on 'Change, produced something tangible. Let us hear, even in the domain of letters, the gifted persons quoted, with the exception here and there of a Heine or an Auerbach, that can distantly pretend to rank with European classics. The challenge is fair, and it cannot be deemed superfluous. For we have no intention of denying to the Hebrew genius that which is truly its own. But, if it shall appear that the modern Jew has contributed so slightly to civilization, whether of the sound material kind or of the lofty spiritual, that is a serious conclusion. For it implies, under
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the rule of suffering the Exchange to build up or cast down the fabric of industry at its good pleasure, that the narrower brain, the harder heart, and the least erected spirit have triumphed. Japhet is enlarged, only that he may dwell as a servant in the tents of Shem: the 'audax Iapeti genus,' although capable of stealing the heavenly fire, is made the bond-slave of the Rabbin, and digs out gold for him in South African fields.

To this allegation it may be replied that Hebrews have done gloriously in the political world, on the Bench of Judges, and in the doctrine of economics as well as in its practice. Lord Beaconsfield, M. Jules Simon, Sir George Jessel, M. Léon Say will be quoted as illustrating the talent which, in free countries, cannot fail to be recognised; and Ricardo, Marx, and Lassalle, we must surely grant, have thrown a vivid light on the problems of capital, agreeing in principle, though defending various forms of civil polity. But we ought to leave on one side, as not affecting the issue, men that have deliberately accepted their Christian status like Disraeli, and were enemies at once of the Revolution and of Jewish separatism. Concerning the rest, we are bound to repeat our question, 'What true ideas have they broached? What lasting institutions have they founded?' The famous 'iron law of wages' remains, to say the least, disputable; and there can be no manner of doubt as to the character of Lassalle's economic dream. It is a Utopia which, if realized, would be a tyranny. The Christian State establishes freedom, gives the individual fair play, aims at social justice as the outcome, not so much of law as of character, and opens into a communion of interests which are not simply founded on appetite. To all its enactments, so far as they embody its genuine spirit, immortality and the life to come furnish the preamble. How much it has fallen short of its aim is not now in dispute. The aim itself, thus conceived, gives it a quality which no Positivist, or Agnostic, or mere Jewish Socialism could ever possess. It would be a miracle indeed if the modern Jew, petrified in his Talmud, or revolting against it in a humour no less carnal than its own, should rise into the atmosphere of the New Testament, which he has not studied nor would think of reverencing! No, he is always Kobleth, the victim of satisfied longings when rich, of unsatisfied when poor. He can build the house of Israel with his millions, send out a new Exodus to South America, endow schools, hospitals, asylums for the Ghetto. Has he no millions? He can preach a subversive anarchy. To the restoration of Christendom he will not bring one single idea, nor advance beyond

beyond his game of speculation towards a constructive economics. What, then, is left for him to do?

Much, if the disarrayed people, the corrupt magistrates, and the crowd of small investors, can be kept as they now stand, helpless at his bidding. The whole world may become a universal gambling-house, with this compact syndicate holding the bank, — and who from outside will play and not lose? All the commodities which are of prime necessity shall be exploited in their turn: wheat and coffee, copper and coal, iron, cotton and linen, shall become suddenly enchanted, and lie under a spell by which thousands of families are hurled into ruin, trades are disorganized, and an economic earthquake is artificially produced. What matter, if only fresh millions find their way into the pockets that hold within them railroad systems, miles of crowded tenement-streets, old feudal estates, and, in some forgotten corner, the jewels of the Crown of France? 'Every man,' said one of the Hebrew gold kings when pressed to give his financial creed, 'has what he earns, according to his industry and diligence.' We seem to remember a certain Thomas Carlyle, whose 'industry and diligence' lit up with rare intellect, brought him in so much that, if his wife had not owned a little revenue, he must literally have starved. But the mighty loan-monger has, it is said, scores of millions of pounds sterling; what incredible industry was it not that filled *his* coffers? Industry of a like sort, employed in less favourable circumstances, now lies branded with the name of 'Panama,' or 'Uruguay,' or 'La Banca Romana'; or again, of the 'Balfour Companies.' For neither when successful nor when bankrupt does this merely speculative philosophy create even a monster, much less a living man. It reaps where it has not sown, and gathers where it has never scattered. The account of its colossal takings is, on examination, seen to be invariably a mortmain laid upon the public revenue, or on the lands and produce of men in distressed conditions, or is a bargain made with Governments (whether bribed or merely blind does not signify) by which the property of the nation is given to 'undertakers' for an old song. The fruits of industry may be five per cent., while the acquisitions of chicane and stockjobbing are often a thousand per cent. Only by such considerations is it possible to explain the miraculous growth of certain fortunes, and the fulfilment of that word, flung upon the wind fifty years ago by Toussenel, that 'the Jews are kings of our period.' They make nothing; they seem on their way to possess all things.

This distinction between productive industry and its ghost, or simulacrum, which squeaks and gibbers in Capel Court, or
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under the dome of the Paris Bourse, corresponds to that which has been admirably drawn by Flurscheim between 'real' and 'fictitious' capital. If we desire to find the real capital, we must look for it in commodities, machinery, ways of transit, store-houses, ships, and, above all, in the accumulated mental and bodily strength of sound men and women. The 'fictitious' may be viewed in almost any prospectus brought by the morning's mail. It is especially visible in balance-sheets and directors' reports from companies going shortly into liquidation. But as we neither eat, nor work, nor travel by prospectus, if we deduct from the Jew financiers that portion of capital which they have not created, we shall then see how greatly they have enriched mankind. Here is, perhaps, the key to our problem of millionaires in one scale and misery in the other.

'Why, nevertheless,' cries out Burne with sincere accent, 'do you select the sons of Abraham as representing the evils of a golden dynasty? Are they the only great capitalists?' Were he living now, he might enforce his argument with the dreaded names of the Goulds, the Rockettellers, the Vanderbilts. Yet his reasoning would be false. The generations of money-makers, not Israelitish, come and go; they are subject to human vicissitudes. But Israel is the Everlasting Jew, as Teutons call him. Israel stands over against Japhet, and refuses to be absorbed. 'Is it not a dwindling number,' objects the critic, with M. Leroy-Beaulieu, 'that still are faithful to the ancient ordinances?' What will that signify, we answer, provided the Hebrew declines to intermarry with the Gentile? And he does, and cannot help doing so, for blood is thicker than water, and between the Christian and the Jew a deep stream of blood has been flowing for ages. Every pamphlet we take up, every volume, from the History of Graetz to the Liturgical treatises of Zunz, and the novels of Auerbach or Zangwill, bears witness to that intense feeling of isolation, that scorn mingled with fear, that unconquerable Eastern haughtiness, which having their roots in the past cannot cease to bring forth fruits in the time to come. Intermarriage with the Goim is heresy and treason. Has that conviction wavered since the Hebrew began to entrench himself in modern society? These *liberti* and *libertins*, as their zealous advocate truly calls them, so wanting in the graces and amenities which are a Western tradition, so cringing yet so arrogant, and of necessity strangers to the sources of our enthusiasm, are they more fitted than they are anxious to claim the privilege of the Christian *connubium*? Shylock is not changed in heart now that he finds himself, literally, a 'king of men.' But while the tribe remains intact, there will always, despite assurances to the contrary, be a
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Jewish interest in politics, commerce, education, literature, and finance. And to assimilate the tribe, to make it simply European, is at least as formidable an undertaking as for the American to absorb the Negro, perhaps as impossible as that the Australian should digest the Chinese. It has taken some thirty centuries to make the modern Jew. Will it take fewer to unmake him? Jacob reforms his Liturgy in Hamburg and New York; but himself neither he, nor we, can reform.

Now, therefore, since in the struggle for life Judah and Ephraim have survived, what is the fitting human policy which other nations should pursue in regard to them? Their own happiness would, as we conceive, be promoted, and their dignity restored, if the Israelites learned from 'Nathan der Weise' the principles of fair dealing, justice, and uprightness which Lessing and Mendelssohn strove to inculcate. When the Roumanian or the Slav peasant, now bending under the strain of extortion, can say,—but not like deluded Antonio,—'I find much kindness in the Jew,' one of the saddest chapters in history will be closed. And if the old patriotic spirit should awaken, and the deserts of Judea, and the plain of Esdrachon draw back to them a remnant which loves its own dead mother above the golden harlot, this, too, would be a noble return from captivity. But the children of the Ghetto, whether in rags or in silk, have forgotten Zion. They pray thrice daily for the advent of a Prince Messiah whom they have resolved into an allegory, and would not receive did He bow the heavens and come down. These idyllic hopes are but the writing, picturesque and vain, which adorns the shroud of Israel, a mummy in its gilded coffin. Did we take them as signifying the faith which is in Jacob, we should be like men that dream. We must look this problem in the face.

Shall Europe, then, fall back on the Middle Age, stir up the people, set on fire the palaces of Rothschild and Oppenheim, preach with Stücker, Drumont, Lüger, and the anti-Semites a holy war? Not unless we have ceased to believe in our own principles. The anti-Semite is at one extreme, as the abstract Liberal is at the other. To persecute a race, the millions of which are in poverty and suffering, would be no less cruel than it has proved disastrous to confound Jew and Christian in one *a priori* description. There is a more excellent way, pointed out by the story which we have endeavoured with flying pencil to sketch. Israel sits in high places only because Japhet has cast himself down. The Hebrew conquers, not by his own strength of intellect, or by the edge of the sword; he has entered in and taken possession, thanks to the deliberate abdication of governments in his favour. It is all concessio-

and none of it truly conquest. But the anti-Semite has, at least, shown the empty doctrine of the men of '89 and their egalitarian disciples to be an imposture. Darwin breaks its very formula to pieces by demonstrating that in the kingdom of Nature itself there is a better and a worse, a higher and a lower; he restores the inherited differences which Rousseau had offered up on the altar of equality. And we are coming, once more, to the vital conviction that a people is such not in name only, but in fact, and that individuals belong to the organism in which they have grown and thriven.

One step onward brings us to the Christian State, with its long and splendid history of achievements inspired by the something beyond time, the immortal Spirit, that reveals itself to men as a philosophy incarnate in the gracious figure whom Israel has disowned. As Christendom—rent asunder by the Revolution, pulverized by an atomic Atheism which knows nothing of God and dissolves mankind to its elements—becomes a living soul again, the consciousness will grow within us that economics must be transformed in the light of our ideals. 'What is the mission of the Jews?' their own writers ask, sadly or scornfully; and no one can answer them. But the mission of Christendom is plain enough. It is not to accumulate money, or to hold the nations to ransom by a cheating commerce, or to buy amusement with the proceeds of speculation. So far as we do thus, we have become worshippers of that Moloch whose effigy is the golden calf. We have yet to learn that there is another value than market-value, a traffic in goods of the mind wherein gold is not the circulating medium. Anti-Semites proclaim that we have need of a Parliament of Christian economics, and a magistracy that shall enforce the decrees—too often a dead-letter—which in the Common Law of Europe forbid gambling with the necessities of life, and declare fraudulent contracts to be null and void. It is a just demand. Reasonable, also, it is to take measures lest a close oligarchy, aliens in blood and faith, hold the material resources of these countries in their hands. At last, however, the triumph of Judaism springs from our own disloyalty to the creed in which we were born. Let there be seen a genuine Christian society, determined to live according as it believes, and Israel will cease to usurp those things which he never could have produced, and even now can hardly be said to enjoy. Like a troop of Bedouins, he is encamped on the ruins of Christendom. But he will never be at home except in the Judengasse, or, if he has still the heart of David and in the city of Zion.

ART. III.—1. *Report of the Committee of Council on Education in England and Wales.* 1895.

2. *Correspondence in 'The Times,' 'Guardian,' &c.*

THAT the present position of our elementary schools is an anomalous one must be evident to every one who fairly considers the question. Parliament in 1870 resolved that provision should be made for the education of every child in the country whose parents could not be expected to provide it for themselves, and that every child should be compelled to make use of such provision; and that its parents should be visited with fine or imprisonment if they neglected to do their part towards securing the regular attendance of their children at school. The same authority also provided that attendance at no school should be held to fulfil the requirements of the Act unless it was certified as efficient by persons deputed by the Education Department for the purpose. In consequence of this last provision a great number of private schools were very justly compelled to close their doors.

This has practically left only two kinds of elementary schools in existence, the number of private schools remaining being too small to be worth considering. The existing voluntary schools are therefore working not only with the consent of the Education Department, but under its immediate supervision. The same control which is exercised over board schools is equally exercised over voluntary schools. Both have equally to obtain the sanction of the Department to the plans for any new buildings which they may propose to erect, and for any alterations in old buildings which they may desire to make. Both have to employ teachers whom the Department has examined and approved, and to whom it has given a certificate of competency; both have to employ at least as many teachers as the Department orders; both have to submit their curriculum of lessons to the servant of the Department whose duty it is to examine what is proposed, and to be satisfied that it carries out the system of instruction which the Department approves; both are limited to certain portions of the day for giving any religious instruction which may be thought desirable; both have to exempt children from all religious instruction when the parents desire it, in compliance with the requirements of the same conscience clause; both have the results of their work annually tested by the same officers of the Department, and their efficiency or inefficiency reported upon to the same office; and both receive from the Department a grant estimated on precisely the same principles towards defraying the cost of carrying on the work of the school.

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From this it will be seen that all schools, whether voluntary or board, stand before Government on the same footing. The duty of parents and of children is equally fulfilled by attendance at a school of either kind; and so far as the Educational Authority of the State is concerned, it may be said to be required by law to look with equal favour on both systems.

But here the similarity ends. The management of the two kinds of schools, and the responsibility for the funds needed for their maintenance, are entrusted to bodies very differently selected and with very different powers. Voluntary schools are managed by members of the religious body with which the school is connected, and by which the larger portion of the cost of erecting it was borne, and these managers have to provide whatever funds may be required for carrying on the work of the school beyond the sums supplied by the Education Department out of the Imperial Exchequer. Board schools are managed by a Board popularly elected, which is empowered to raise whatever money they may want by rate. The former class therefore largely depends for their maintenance on private liberality; the latter upon rates, levied upon the district in which they are situated, and upon the voluntary schools in common with all householders.

To obtain a complete view of the justice or injustice of the present arrangement, it is desirable to have regard to the manner in which the great majority of voluntary schools came into being. Not to weary our readers, we will commence our examination from the year 1832, when the Government of the country first began to take an interest in popular education.

After the passing of the first Reform Bill, statesmen began to feel that something must be done to provide schools, as the franchise had been given to numbers who could not read or write; but they did not venture to propose a general scheme: they only ordered that the National Exchequer should encourage benevolent societies or individuals to erect schools by granting them a little assistance for the purpose. The help thus proffered was only ten shillings for each child for whom school accommodation was provided. The whole sum voted was 20,000*l.* a year; and this amount was to be equally divided between the National Society and the British and Foreign School Society, as representatives of the Church and the Non-conformists, who were to be responsible to Government for its proper distribution. The whole of the money voted to the Church was utilised; only a portion of that allocated to the Non-conformists. This vote was continued for six years.

The Government discovered that ready-made school teachers

teachers were not easily found, and that, if schools were to be of real use, teachers must be trained for their office. Again, they felt impotent to undertake what wanted doing on their own account; and again they applied to the two Societies recently named to do the work for them. This time they voted to each of these Societies 10,000*l.*, upon the condition that each should erect a training college for male students. But the work was at the time far from being popular, and the large sum that had to be raised from private sources before the Government grant could be claimed caused great delay. It was not till 1841 that the Church completed St. Mark's College, Chelsea, and it was some years later before the British and Foreign School Society opened the Borough Road Training College.

In 1839 the Education Department sprang into existence. It at once took over the administration of the Government grant for building schools, which was raised to 30,000*l.* It also proposed to found a training college with practising schools, in which teachers might be educated for their professional duties. This part of the scheme was wrecked by the joint action of Churchmen and Nonconformists, and the Government found that the only prospect of success for elementary education lay in cordial and liberal co-operation with the various religious bodies, who were prepared to give bountifully of their own money. The State increased its grants towards erecting suitable buildings; it prescribed the manner in which they should be built; it insisted upon the employment of trained teachers, and liberally aided in maintaining schools; to see that the work was well done, it appointed inspectors, by whose reports it apportioned its grants. It could not persuade the country to allow it to undertake the work itself, but Parliament was quite willing that it should provide a stimulating influence so as to lead religious people to sacrifice time and money in order to bring education within the reach of all. In making the sacrifices they did at the instigation of the State authorities, the people who erected schools and contributed to their maintenance took for granted that the State would never seek to supersede their schools, or take away their power of conducting them efficiently.

This system, with considerable alterations of details, continued till 1870. It was then found that, rapid as the progress had been in covering the country with schools, the success had only been partial. Where energetic religious people were at the head of local affairs, schools had been provided, and good work was being done; where such were wanting, all things remained as before, dames' schools and other inefficient private schools being the only provision for the instruction of the poorer classes.

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The Government therefore resolved to interfere, so that schools should be provided for every child in the land; and every child that failed to take advantage of the benefit offered should make its parent or guardian liable to fine or imprisonment. The Bill which Mr. Forster succeeded in passing, with the exception of some details, had been before Parliament for several years, but had failed so long as it was in the hands of private Members. His success was furthered by the position of political parties at the time; the Members who, under other circumstances, would have been most disposed to resist portions of his measure, being deterred from opposing it by dread of a worse Bill being brought forward, should this one fail.

Such a change could only be carried out in the then existing state of political parties by the creation of Local Boards, clothed with the power of levying rates on the community they represented, on whom was made to devolve the responsibility of providing what schools were needed, and of maintaining them. Many supporters of the Government, both in and out of Parliament, were anxious that the opportunity should be taken for destroying all the existing schools, as they regarded them as powerful supports of the Church, which they were anxious to weaken in every way they could. Thus Mr. Dixon, the Member for Birmingham, moved, 'That this House is of opinion that no measure for the elementary education of the people will afford a satisfactory or permanent settlement which leaves the question of religious instruction, in schools supported by public funds and rates, to be determined by local authorities.*' Mr. Forster was, however, alive to the difficulties which would arise from accepting a resolution intended to operate as a refusal of help to voluntary schools. He realized that it was a serious matter to close the existing schools, which furnished accommodation for 1,878,584 children; more especially as it was possible, that if all Government aid was withdrawn, the Church schools, with 1,365,080 children, and the Roman Catholic schools, with 101,556, might not again be re-opened. If the Government, after promoting the erection of a considerable proportion of these schools, had thrown them into an almost impossible position, it would have presented statesmanship in an aspect too ludicrous to be thought of by practical men who were not blinded by partisanship.

The feeling, however, against definite religious teaching was so strong amongst the Liberal supporters of the Government, that it was driven to a compromise. So far as this affected

* • *Debates on Elementary Education*, 1870, p. xiv.

voluntary schools, it consisted in a conscience clause, which not only gave exemption from religious teaching for all who wished it, but limited the time during which such teaching could be given. In the case of board schools a further impediment to definite religious instruction was adopted. For them it was left perfectly optional whether any religious teaching should be given; but if any was given, it was to be imparted in a way different from what was considered necessary with regard to all other elementary instruction: no catechism or creed or formulaary that was distinctive of any religious denomination might be used. The clause that was to govern the religious teaching in board schools was virtually taken from the rules laid down by the British and Foreign School Society, the accredited organ of the Nonconformists in educational matters. This is clear from what Mr. Gladstone said in the course of the debate. Mr. Jacob Bright had moved an amendment to the effect 'that no exposition or teaching shall be used or directed in favour of or against the distinctive tenets of any religious denomination.' To this Mr. Gladstone objected:

'That may be practicable or it may not; but do not let the authority of the Society be quoted in its favour, because here is the principle which the British and Foreign School Society regards as fundamental with regard to Scriptural teaching. "That in all schools established in connexion with or assisted by the Society, the Holy Scriptures, in the Authorized Version, or extracts therefrom, shall be read and taught daily." A second rule is "No catechism or other formulaary peculiar to any religious denomination shall be introduced or taught during the usual hours of school instruction." Whatever its desire may be, the British and Foreign School Society has found it impossible in its general rules to go beyond that very point—beyond the language in which the Committee is invited to legislate—namely, to provide for the reading of the Scriptures, and to exclude the use of catechisms and distinctive formulaaries, but not beyond that to impose limitations upon the freedom of teaching.'*

From this it is clear that in reference to religious teaching in board schools the Government took the authorized rule of the Nonconformists, and so virtually made all such schools which allowed any religious teaching, the endowed educational institutions of the districts in which they were situated. At the time, Lord John Manners took this objection to the Government proposal:†

'Two essential principles were at stake in this proposal: the principle of religious freedom and the principle of local self-

* 'Debates on Elementary Education,' 1870, p. 346.

† *Ibid.*, p. 341.
government,

government, both of which were violated by the clause as it now stood. If those to whom the duty of providing for the educational wants of a district was entrusted were of opinion that a Roman Catholic school, a Congregational school—one of that newly-favoured class of British and Foreign schools—or a Church of England school were needed, why, in the name of religious freedom, he asked, should they not have the power of establishing such a school?

All this, however, went for nothing. The Government was determined to carry its measure, and its supporters had no objection to the endowment of Nonconformity; whilst the Churchmen in the House of Commons were afraid that some worse measure might be passed if this was rejected, and so declined to make any strong effort to reject or amend what was proposed. In the House of Lords no active steps were taken to improve the religious status of the board schools.

There was still to be settled the amount of assistance that was to be given to the existing voluntary schools that might refuse to let themselves be extinguished to make room for this newly-established educational religion that the Government was about to set up as an endowed religion of the country. The Government proposed that this assistance should be given by the school boards, whom it desired to fetter with this only condition, that if aid was voted to one voluntary school in a district it was to be given to all. To any provision of the kind for helping voluntary schools the Radical members strongly objected, their wish being to get rid of them altogether, and especially of the Church schools, as quickly as might be. Mr. Gladstone urged:

‘We may either forbid or compel a local board to aid voluntary schools; but if we forbid them, and make them leave voluntary schools, as they are, dependent on the modicum of aid which they now obtain from the Privy Council, that would not be consistent with the view with which this Bill was brought forward, and it would not fulfil that engagement under which all along we have admitted ourselves to lie, —namely, that of giving fair terms to voluntary schools, so as to enable them to lend to us all the aid they are capable of lending in the accomplishment of this great work, in which there is plenty for all of us to do.’

Mr. Gladstone, not being able to persuade many of his supporters to approve what the Government had proposed, suggested the compromise that the grant from the Education Department should be increased by one-half and the other proposals be withdrawn. This was accepted by his own

* ‘Debates on Elementary Education,’ 1870, pp. 153, 154.

party; but the voluntary schools were not thereby relatively benefited, as the addition was given to the board schools equally with them, so that it was no help in the competition in the expenditure on which school boards soon recklessly entered, whilst at the same time the cost of maintaining schools was so greatly increased that the larger Government grant did not form a materially greater proportion of the whole cost of maintaining voluntary schools. At the same time, the Government would seem not to have felt perfectly certain that their Bill would smoothly effect all they desired, unless they conciliated to some extent the friends of definite religious education in places where there were as yet no efficient schools. They had to consider small country places where there would be a difficulty in forming a board; and it was probably in the hope of lessening this difficulty that they proposed that building grants at the same rate as then existed should be given to persons desiring to erect voluntary schools, provided that application for such grants was made on or before the last day of the current year; thus incidentally showing that they clung to some extent to the support of persons holding the same beliefs with those who had already made great sacrifices to promote elementary education. Of course there was no expression of such a feeling; the extension of time for building grants was represented as a favour to voluntary schools. The result of this offer surprised every one: those who objected to the proviso did not press their objection, because they imagined that little would result from the permission; whilst those who favoured it did not suppose that applications would be made during the ensuing four months for grants that would nearly double the amount of accommodation in the voluntary schools of the country, as proved to be the case.

It may be worth while to recall the impression made upon the minds of the supporters of voluntary schools by the Bill when it was introduced into Parliament and by the discussions on its several stages. When first proposed, there was an almost general approval of it; there were, of course, some who disliked it even then, as we have occasionally heard since. As it progressed, the opposition of the extreme Birmingham League made people realize that if this Bill was rejected something worse would take its place: but notwithstanding this there was a growing feeling in the minds of religious men against the Bill when they saw clauses of which they approved surrendered or materially modified, and when they found that Mr. Forster declined to insist upon so small a modicum of religious teaching as reading the Bible in all schools supported by the rates. The

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Cowper-Temple clause was another difficulty; but as it was left unopposed by most of the Bishops, there was no more to be said; the argument urged by influential persons in its favour being that it only excluded the teaching of the words of the Church Catechism and Prayer Book, but that the teachers would be at perfect liberty to instruct their children in all that these formularies contained. This was soon realized by the clergy to have been a mistake; and probably nothing has so seriously interfered with the spread of school boards in country parishes as this clause. If the question of religious teaching had been left open, many of the clergy would have persuaded themselves that they could secure what they wanted under a Board; they would probably have frequently found that they had been mistaken in their expectation; but school boards would have been multiplied to an extent that we should have regretted. But in this, as in so many other cases, extreme partisans, in their desire for root and branch destruction, have aroused an opposition which has greatly interfered with the success of their schemes.

No sooner was the Bill passed into law than from nearly all corporate towns, where the majority of the town councils were in harmony with the political principles of the Government, requests were forwarded for the formation of school boards, as this was one of the modes provided by the Act for calling such bodies into existence. London was exceptionally treated, and was in any case to have a school board, as it was notorious that the supply of efficient elementary schools within its borders was far from being what was necessary. The Board there set to work with great earnestness; and, without waiting for the result of the educational census which was instituted, determined to commence building one or two schools where the demand seemed most pressing. The majority of the Board were Liberal in politics, and from the outset showed that their idea of the position which they ought to occupy was that of sole instructor of all the children in the Metropolis that needed elementary education. To effect this they fully understood that they must make their schools as attractive and efficient as possible. Two objects were therefore to be kept steadily in view: the school buildings were not only to be suitable and good, but they were to be ornamental and costly; and the best teachers were to be attracted from the voluntary schools by the offer of much higher salaries than they had hitherto received.

With regard to the buildings, it is sufficient to say that the London School Board expended upon them more than three times the sum that managers of voluntary schools found sufficient,

and that in twenty-five years they have borrowed 9,849,161*l.* for building purposes, and are continually adding to the amount. Their zeal for multiplying schools seems to have been greater than their diligence in providing that the work should be well done; as, notwithstanding their great cost, the amount required for repairing the defects and bad construction of some of them has been very considerable. When they entered upon their work in 1871, they found the average stipend given to head-masters 94*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*, and to head-mistresses 57*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* In the first scale of salaries issued by the Board fully-qualified head-masters were offered 200*l.* a year, and head-mistresses 110*l.*, with one-half of the Government examination grant, which in a school of 300 children would amount to about another 100*l.* a year; and this by gradual accretions has mounted up so that now the average salary of 406 masters in London board schools is 286*l.* 8*s.*, and of 798 schoolmistresses 204*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*; whilst 190 of these masters receive 300*l.* a year and upwards, and 476 schoolmistresses 200*l.* a year and upwards; and remembering that the average salary of all the schoolmistresses exceeds that sum, many of them must be receiving much more. Still further to illustrate the great increase of the cost of education caused by the determination of the school boards to suppress the voluntary schools by adding to the cost of their maintenance, it may be well to notice that in 1870 the cost of each child in average attendance in the elementary schools of the country that were inspected by her Majesty's inspectors was 1*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*, in 1894 it was 2*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* in board schools, and in the London board schools 3*l.* 6*s.* The salaries at the earlier date were no doubt lower than was desirable; but it is a great question whether children leave the elementary schools better instructed in the rudimentary subjects now than they did in 1870; some of those who know most of these schools doubt whether they have been as well taught. It is true that, of the nearly 5,000,000 children whose names are borne on the books of elementary schools, rather more than 30,000 learn algebra and nearly 1400 Euclid, 226 a smattering of Latin and more than 11,000 a like amount of French or German, 15,000 animal physiology and 3,000 chemistry, more than 1100 the principles of light, sound, and heat, and so on. But this comparatively small number might be cared for in secondary schools; and it must be quite unnecessary to expend several extra millions a year in order to provide suitable teachers for less than 2 per cent. of the children in elementary schools, who are taught one or more of the twelve specific subjects by which additional grants are earned. Moreover, it

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is well to remember that the most costly schools are not the most successful. The London School Board expends 3*l.* 6*s.* on the education of each child in average attendance at its schools, and the grant awarded by her Majesty's inspector to these children averages 1*9s.* 8*d.*; whilst the Manchester School Board expends only 2*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.* and earns 1*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.*; and the voluntary schools in London spend 2*l.* 5*s.* on each scholar, and earn 1*9s.* 1*½d.*, 1*½d.* being deducted by the operation of the 17*s.* 6*d.* limit. It would be easy to extend this comparison much further, but it is unnecessary.

The object of the Birmingham League was, as our readers will no doubt remember, 'that the State should undertake the whole charge of elementary education maintained or aided by public funds; that that education should be purely secular; that the Church and other voluntary bodies should be relieved of the responsibility which they had undertaken in the matter of elementary education, and be free to devote the energy so liberated to their proper province of religious education; and that with that province the State should no longer interfere.' By Agnostics, Unitarians, and many doctrinaires, who have no practical knowledge of the subject, and who do not care much about the religious education of children, it was supposed that all would receive some Christian teaching, - how, they could not tell; but to those who had practical acquaintance with the education of children, it was evident that under the conditions just described many of them would grow up in as complete ignorance of revealed truth as if they had been born in a heathen country. The Rev. R. B. Burges, of Birmingham, testified to this when examined before the Education Commission. He said:

'Some persons have said that Sunday-schools would supply the deficiency. A few years ago I got a return from every Sunday-school in Birmingham Church of England, Nonconformist, Roman Catholic, and all - and the truth of it was agreed to by all denominations at a public meeting which was held for the purpose. There were, according to these returns, 26,000 children on the books of elementary schools who were not on the books of any Sunday-school - so that the Sunday-schools do not meet the deficiency; they are not able to get the children, and those that most need the teaching.'

Beside this, in some places Saturday schools for religious teaching were tried; in others voluntary teachers were invited to give lessons on religion in hours not required for secular instruction. But all experiments of the kind have been

* Education Commission. Evidence, p. 105.

practical failures. The majority of children are not so fond of school that they will attend for a longer time than is absolutely required. Some light is thrown upon the state of religion in Birmingham, where board schools are in great vigour, by a further extract from the evidence of Mr. Burges :

'The children never heard of Christianity; over and over again children come to my Sunday-school who had never heard of God. Only the other day one of our teachers asked the children who was the mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and after looking very blank, one of them answered, "The Queen." Another visitor was in a house talking about the Saviour of mankind to the poor souls there, and after he was gone out the mother told me herself that the children said, "Who was that man that he was talking about?" That was the position, and is the position, of a vast number of children who go to board schools, simply because they have no opportunity of hearing otherwise.'*

Notwithstanding this drawback, the board school system commended itself to those who were jealous of the influence which the Church seemed to be obtaining through the self-sacrificing efforts she had made in the cause of popular education. Their hostility helped to arouse the determined efforts of religious Church people, and they felt that if England was to remain in any sense a Christian country, their schools must be maintained. And so from that time to this the unequal contest has been waged. Many school boards, notably that of London, were not content with expending extravagant sums on showy buildings, and in raising the cost of maintenance, but even erected schools in immediate proximity to voluntary schools, in order to draw away their scholars. It was impossible for the London School Board to erect schools for 483,008 children without compelling the managers of some voluntary schools to close their doors; and consequently we find that, in the area for which that Board is responsible, the voluntary school accommodation is now less by more than 25,000 places than it was in 1874. All honour to those managers of the voluntary schools who still provide for more than 263,000 children, and have maintained the unequal fight for a quarter of a century. To add to their difficulties, the heads of the Education Department have not infrequently sided with school boards, and borne as heavily as they could, without violating the law, upon religious schools. At last the strain has become intolerable. The substitution of an attendance grant for fees paid by the children has been made the excuse

* Education Commission . Evidence, p. 116.

for insisting upon every new improvement that has been invented, and has demanded an extra expenditure on Church schools, which cannot have been less than 500,000*l.*, and probably doubled that amount, in addition to the more than 600,000*l.* a year that has ordinarily to be raised for their maintenance. And what makes this heavy demand the worse is that the substitution of a fee-grant for the children's pence has been a serious loss to many of the Church schools in the North of England; at the same time it would have materially benefited agricultural parishes in other parts of the country, if it had not been made an excuse for increased demands.

The cry for further help has consequently been raised in no uncertain manner from nearly every place in which there is a school board. Previous to the late General Election many of the principal towns in the North of England had shown their resolve to place the management of their school boards in the hands of the friends of voluntary schools instead of leaving it any longer with their opponents, who had run up the school board rate to a sum that the poorer ratepayers found it inconvenient to pay. Beside this, the conviction was widespread that it was unwise to continue the struggle against the definite teaching of religion to children whose parents desired it. When the General Election came, it was one of the subjects on which the candidates were severely 'heckled'; and many Radicals, who had always posed as the friends of the new-fangled undenominational religion, were obliged to promise to do their best to obtain more liberal support for the voluntary schools; whilst Liberal Unionists, after the outspoken declarations of their illustrious leaders, enunciated more firmly than before their resolve to do whatever they could to procure more equitable support for voluntary schools. It is said that two elections in Lancashire turned simply on the question whether there should or should not be a school board in their district; and that in both cases the opponent of a school board triumphed by a large majority.

The question of more help for the voluntary schools has, consequently, become a pressing one, and certainly must attract attention in the next session of Parliament. Our readers will no doubt recollect that in the summer of last year the two Archbishops appointed a committee of experts to consider what measures should be recommended for the amelioration of the condition of the voluntary schools. There were so many schemes in the air that it seemed desirable for some recognised body carefully to consider the question. This committee met many times, and drew up a Report, the provisions of which
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were subsequently embodied in a Bill, and issued under the authority of the National Society. It was subsequently thought desirable for the matter to be reconsidered in the light of the criticisms and objections that had been published upon the proposed Bill, and a small conference was summoned for the purpose last October by the Archbishops, with whose recommendations we shall deal presently.

Before entering upon this examination it is desirable to consider what help is required to relieve the strain now so severely felt by the managers of voluntary schools, and to enable them to continue the work on which they are engaged? To answer this question fairly, we must examine where the stress lies. The cost of maintaining schools differs very widely. In the twenty-three large towns named in the Report of the Education Department, the cost of each child in average attendance in voluntary schools was *1l. 18s. 1½d.*, ranging from *1l. 11s. 3½d.* in Sunderland to *2l. 5s. 0½d.* in London; whilst the average cost of the education of each child in the board schools of the same towns was *2l. 8s. 9½d.*, ranging from *1l. 14s. 3½d.* at Portsmouth to *3l. 6s.* in London; the larger portion of the difference being accounted for by the amounts paid for teachers' salaries. In the voluntary schools the sum paid under this head in London was *1l. 12s. 1½d.* per child in average attendance; in Sunderland, *1l. 4s. 9½d.*; whilst in London board schools it was *2l. 11s. 11½d.* The difference of merit, as gauged by the amount of grant awarded by H.M.'s Inspector, is far from accounting for this variation, as we have already shown. In several places where the expenditure was less than the highest sums just named, the Government grant was larger; thus the average cost of the voluntary schools in Blackburn was *1l. 17s. 5d.*, the grant was *1l. 0s. 0½d.*, with *10½d.* deducted under Article 107*; and in some other places it was a few pence more than in London.

It may throw a little further light upon the cause of the present difficulty in maintaining voluntary schools if we give an extract from the last Report of the Committee of Council on Education:—

*The average salary of a certificated master, which in 1870 was *94l. 2s. 1d.*, is now *122l. 7s. 4d.*; that of a schoolmistress was *57l. 11s. 1d.* in 1870, and is now *80l. 3s. 4d.* In addition to their other emoluments, 5,997 out of 19,582 masters, and 4,731 out of 29,085 mistresses, are provided with residences free of rent. These

* Article 107 provides that the Government grant up to *17s. 6d.* per child in average attendance shall be paid irrespective of the amount expended by the school managers, but if the grant exceeds that sum, it shall only be paid to the extent that the amount furnished by the managers shall exceed that sum

averages

averages are calculated upon the whole of the certificated teachers, whether principal or additional.

We may mention with regard to the principal teachers in the Metropolitan district, that in the past year the average salary of 350 masters in voluntary schools was 15*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, and that of 406 masters in board schools 28*l.* 8*s.*; while 798 schoolmistresses in board schools enjoyed an average income of 20*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*, as compared with 9*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, that of 778 teachers in voluntary schools. The salaries of 8 masters in voluntary schools, and of 190 in board schools, amounted to 300*l.* a year and upwards, whilst 5 schoolmistresses in voluntary and 176 in board schools had salaries of 300*l.* a year and upwards.*

It has to be remembered that the teachers in the two classes of schools had been trained side by side in the same training colleges, and that it by no means follows that those employed in board schools were more distinguished in college than were those in the voluntary schools, or that they had shown more ability in the management of their schools. However this may be, where so many are concerned, it is obvious that in numerous instances there must be equality of natural and acquired ability; and yet, notwithstanding this, there exists the great difference in the remuneration given, which has been just described. It is impossible for such a state of things not to arouse a sense of injustice in the minds of those who are the worst paid. This leads to considerable difficulties for school managers, who have great sympathy for their teachers, but have not the funds wherewith to increase their salaries. In estimating the importance of this question as bearing upon the amount of relief required by voluntary schools, it has to be borne in mind that the payments to teachers absorb 76 per cent. of the whole cost of maintaining voluntary schools, and 72½ per cent. of that of board schools.

The question then arises, Is any re-adjustment of salaries possible? In considering the rate of salary that average persons following any profession or trade should receive, two considerations come into prominence. One is the amount of expenditure required to qualify for the position; the other is the amount of income which the holder would probably have been able to earn in some other suitable calling. In this enquiry it must be understood that we are not speaking of the specially able or gifted men, who would naturally rise to high place or ample income, whatever occupation they had chosen to pursue; but of average men, who are able to fulfil satisfactorily the duties of their vocation, but are not likely to rise out of it or to make a name for themselves in the world.

* 'Report of Education Committee of Council,' 1895, p. 30.

To begin, then, with the first of the points just named—the cost of qualifying for the office of teacher in an elementary school. No doubt our readers are aware that most of the elementary teachers enter the profession as pupil teachers. The original scale on which these were paid was as follows:—10*l.* for the first year, with an additional 2*l.* 10*s.* each year, so that in the last (the fifth) year of apprenticeship the payment should be 20*l.* This was the rate fixed by the Education Department by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, when the system of pupil teachers was first introduced and when all were paid by the State, and it is still the scale of payment adopted in most voluntary schools. Probably this is about the same rate of remuneration that the larger number of the boys or girls between thirteen and eighteen who are apprenticed as pupil teachers would earn if apprenticed to any ordinary trade to fit them to become artisans. The scale of the London School Board is much higher. It takes pupil teachers for four years: for the first and second of these years it pays boys 5*s.* and girls 3*s.* a week; for the third year, boys 12*s.* and girls 8*s.* a week; and for the fifth year, boys 16*s.* and girls 10*s.* a week. At the conclusion of their apprenticeship Queen's Scholarships are given to those who reach a certain standard of attainment, which nearly cover the expense of their education at training colleges. Latterly a payment, ranging from 10*l.* to 20*l.*, has been required from the students, for whom board and lodging are provided, as well as education. But this is all they have to pay during the two years they are at college, except for their clothes and ordinary matters that are covered by pocket-money. At the day training colleges an equivalent sum is given to the holders of Queen's Scholarships, who have to live at home or with friends. Nearly the whole cost of the professional training of such of the teachers as gain Queen's Scholarships—and these constitute the great majority—is therefore paid for by the State, or else is found by the managers of the schools in which their apprenticeship has been passed, in return for the assistance they give in the schools, such assistance being part of their own professional training.

Moreover, the managers have to provide apprentices with suitable teaching in the subjects in which they will have to be examined, and latterly special schools have been provided for them in addition to the instruction given by the teachers to whom they are apprenticed. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, whose name must always be regarded with respect for the enlightened interest he took in popular education, strongly advocated that the teachers to be employed should be taken

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from the ranks of those who had been educated in the schools in which they are afterwards to become teachers. It consequently happened that some of the cleverer children, who under the older system would have become unpaid monitors, were placed under his apprenticeship scheme in the more dignified position of apprenticed pupil teachers under the conditions just described. It is important to remember this, as it should be helpful in enabling those in authority to arrive at what would be fair remunerative salaries for the teachers in our elementary schools. They were at first the *élite* of the children taught in those schools, whatever they may be now; and with the knowledge of what their parents were, and what in all probability their brothers and sisters were doing in the world, and the kind of income it was likely they would be earning, if otherwise employed, there is something like a standard furnished by which to judge what their stipends should be. At the same time it is only fair to remember that mental labour ought to be paid at a higher rate than bodily, and that many of the large army of teachers must represent the ablest of the children taught in the schools with which we are now concerned, judging them by a literary standard. The following statistics have been furnished us by one of the best of our Metropolitan female colleges of the position of the parents of the girls who are now being trained within it to become teachers:—9 are the daughters of schoolmasters, 17 of clerks, 14 of tradesmen, 19 of artisans, 6 of engineers, 5 of Civil servants, 2 of farmers, 3 of coachmen, and 19 are fatherless or their fathers have no occupation. Similar information has been given by one of our best Metropolitan training colleges for male students. Of the students now in college, 14 are the sons of teachers, 27 of skilled mechanics, 14 of tradesmen, 16 of general mechanics, 13 of clerks, 6 of contractors, agents, &c.; 1 of a sub-inspector of schools, 1 of the chief warder of a prison, 1 of an inspector of police, and 1 of a pier-master, whilst the parentage of 9 others has not been ascertained. The other colleges would probably give a somewhat similar report, but probably in none of them would the parents occupy a higher social position than in these Metropolitan colleges.

Moreover, if it could be shown that the larger sums paid by school boards, and especially by the London School Board, on the education of each child, was productive of greater educational results, and that the attainments of their scholars were so superior as to account for the difference, there would be much to be said in its favour. The facts we have already given from the official report of the Committee of Council on Education so entirely

entirely disproves such an idea that we need say nothing to refute it. If we compare the position of the teachers in our elementary schools with that of the teachers in the higher schools of the country, we should probably find that in the former class of schools there are no such prizes as there are in the latter; but that the position of the head and assistant teachers in some elementary schools, notably in those of the London School Board, is equal, if not superior, to that of assistant teachers in many secondary schools, although the education of the latter, including the cost of their school and university career, would probably not fall far short of 600*l.*, whilst the expenditure upon the professional training of the elementary teachers has only been such as has been described.

It may then be asked, If this is the case, why does not the Moderate party, when it has a majority of members on the Board, reduce the expenditure? To this two answers may be given. The first is, that many school boards, notably the London School Board, give progressive salaries to their teachers according to a scale stated in a printed book which is given to every teacher as he enters the service of the Board, and so practically becomes an agreement between the Board and each one of its teachers. So long, therefore, as a teacher so engaged remains in its service, the Board feels bound to pay him the salary named in the book. The second reason is the direct influence which the teachers exert at every school board election. Through the children they not infrequently canvass the parents to vote for the candidates in whose success they are interested; and as the great majority of these parents occupy tenements that come under the provisions of the compound house-rating scheme, it is a matter of indifference to them whether the rates are increased or diminished. It is quite clear that the teachers as a body would not support any candidates for seats on the Board who were not favourable to the most liberal scale of payment to them; and we have it on authority which we cannot doubt, that in some places the teachers promise the candidates that they will do what they can to secure their election provided they will support an increase of their salaries.

We fear that the organizations of school board teachers in some districts are becoming to the educational interests of those places, not unlike what Tammany has been for some time to the State of New York. The interests of the people are threatened by the interests of a class; and whilst members of the latter work together to procure all the advantages they can for themselves, the people who have to find the money required, either from increased rates or taxes, are content to let expenditure

expenditure increase, being anxious only for the success of the party to which they belong, or of the principles they hold regarding the kind of religious instruction given in the schools.

Two consequences are following from the greatly increased salaries paid by some school boards which might have been foreseen. One is that University graduates, finding the income obtainable from the head-masterships of elementary schools is so much better than can be expected from teaching in higher schools or entering Holy Orders, are becoming elementary teachers; the other, that female teachers at relatively low salaries are largely supplanting male teachers.

No doubt the committee appointed by the two Archbishops were materially influenced by these and similar considerations in suggesting that for the future the Education Department should pay the stipends of all the teachers, in lieu of the grants which they now give. Such a system would entirely get rid of that perpetual struggle on the part of the Boards to outbid the voluntary schools, and would make it no longer worth their while to be indifferent to the amount they expend, provided they can crush their rivals. It would, moreover, secure a just and equitable income to the teachers, not liable to the serious fluctuations from which some of them must now suffer, when they change their districts. But the expense resulting from the adoption of such a proposal renders its acceptance improbable.

There were other proposals made by the same committee, which will no doubt be accepted, whenever legislation on the subject is attempted. First amongst these is the abolition of Article 107 in the Code, which is practically known as the 17*s.* 6*d.* limit. When Government aid was first extended to elementary schools, the rule was that in no case should such assistance exceed the amount furnished from other sources—voluntary subscriptions, endowments, and the children's school fees. In 1876, this rule being found to press heavily upon schools in the poorest neighbourhoods, Lord Sandon altered the requirement to the extent that schools might receive grants up to 17*s.* 6*d.*, irrespective of what might be furnished from other sources, but the grant was only to exceed that sum when an equal amount was supplied from the other sources just named. At the time this change was a great relief, and effected all that was needed; but since then the cost of elementary education has grown enormously, so that now the average grant in board schools is 18*s.* 6*d.*, and in voluntary schools 18*s.*, which clearly shows that a great number of schools must exceed the specified limit. No less a sum than 25,815*l.* was deducted
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from the Government grant to Church schools last year on this account; and as nearly the whole of this would fall upon the poorest and best managed schools, it was a serious discouragement to their managers, as well as a heavy pecuniary loss.

Another point of a somewhat similar kind is the payment of local rates. For a long time it was held that schools and most other charitable buildings were exempted from payments of this kind; but recent decisions with respect to board schools have established the right to levy them on all schools, so that it now depends upon the rating authorities whether schools are exempted from local rates, or rated on a very moderate sum, or almost crushed by the demands made upon them. In 1869, Sunday and Ragged schools were allowed by Act of Parliament to be exempted from local rates, but day schools not being named have been charged, and the rates paid by the London School Board now amount to more than 80,000*l.* a year. This anomaly ought to be ended, and buildings used for a purpose which the State has made obligatory on the parishioners ought to be exempt.

Another injustice from which the promoters of voluntary schools have suffered is the power possessed by school boards of preventing new schools opened within their limits from participating in the Government grant. This power has been sometimes most harshly exercised. Thus a Roman Catholic colony was settled in Don-y-Craig, a hamlet of Swansea, and the priest in charge collected funds and built a school for children of his flock. The Swansea School Board, consisting of men one of whose watchwords was religious liberty, refused their consent to the school being recognised by Government, and built a board school at the expense of the ratepayers, into which they sought to force the Roman Catholic children in spite of the religious objections of their parents. In an English parish the school board has lately given leave to the Roman Catholics to erect a school, but has refused permission to members of the Church of England. The supreme power in all such cases should be placed in the hands of the Education Department, and not of a local authority, liable to be swayed by sectarian or personal considerations.

A further question that the committee appointed by the Archbishops had to consider was the source of the additional assistance to be given to voluntary schools. Whether the money should be provided by the local rates or the Imperial Exchequer is a point on which very different opinions have been held. Those who favoured help from the local rates held that in justice the friends of definite religious teaching should

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be rated equally with the advocates of undenominational instruction, and that the latter were able to obtain whatever money they desired from this source, whilst the others could obtain nothing. This form of assistance was preferred by many influential Roman Catholics, as likely to provide more liberal help than could be obtained from the Imperial Exchequer. It was, however, objected, that if the schools were supported by the rates, the ratepayers would insist upon a large share in their management, and that at no distant time their denominational character would be in danger; that the rate being levied from those living in the neighbourhood would certainly cause a large amount of friction and irritation, and that the rates demanded for educational purposes were already so heavy that it was most unwise to increase the burden they imposed. In favour of assistance from the Imperial Exchequer, it was contended that it was only adding to what was already supplied through the same channel; that the taxes are collected from property ten times greater in amount than that on which local rates are levied, and therefore would be less felt; and that the Government would be content with the same control over the schools as that which it already possessed. The objection urged to this form of aid for the voluntary schools was that it provided no check on the expenditure of the school boards. Moreover it was contended that the teachers would become Civil servants, and that the managers of the schools would thus lose their power of getting rid of undesirable persons. To this it was replied that the Education Department would certainly listen to all reasonable grounds for dismissal.

It is not surprising that the Archbishops' committee preferred help from the Imperial Exchequer. The additional amount for which the Archbishops' committee asked has been estimated at a million and a half; but large as this sum is, it is less than would be required if all existing voluntary schools were closed, and school boards had to make good the deficiency thus created. For if these boards had to provide education for the 2,448,037 children now in average attendance in voluntary schools, and if the charge upon the rates was the same as it now is in the twenty-two school boards whose expenditure is given in the Report of the Committee of Council on Education, the amount required annually would be more than two millions and a quarter, besides which there would be the cost of erecting new schools, as most of those now belonging to voluntary bodies would not be transferred to boards. Moreover, it has to be remembered that if the assistance suggested by the Archbishops' committee were granted, it would materially lighten the burden

burden of the school board rate, which now presses very heavily in many places.

Objections, however, having been urged against some important portions of the scheme proposed by the Archbishops' committee, the Archbishops summoned a conference of experts; some who had urged other plans being invited to meet several members of the original committee. At this conference a memorial to her Majesty's Government was unanimously agreed upon. The proposals of the committee with respect to the abolition of the 17s. 6d. limit and exemption from local rates were adopted. It was further asked that 'the right of the parents to determine the character of the religious instruction to be provided for their children' should be affirmed; that no school or training college shall be disqualified for receiving grants of public moneys for secular education by reason of the religious opinions professed by the teachers or taught in that school or college; and that 'an increase of contributions from public sources sufficient to meet the general increased cost of education throughout the country, to be administered in such a manner as will prevent what is harmful in the competition between voluntary and board schools,' should be provided. At the same time a preference was expressed for such additional assistance coming from the Imperial Exchequer rather than from local rates, as well as a 'readiness, speaking generally, to support other definite proposals which may be formulated by her Majesty's Government, and which would give the necessary relief.' The Conference asked for 'the re-arrangement of all Government grants, so that poorer schools may share equitably with richer schools in those grants'; and that there should be 'a revision of school board precepts by some superior public authority.' It suggested that increased facilities should be given for the federation of voluntary schools; and that classes, scholarships, and other educational advantages provided by school boards at the cost of the public, should be open to the teachers or scholars of board and voluntary schools on the same terms. It also argued that 'provision with all reasonable facilities should be afforded for the separate religious instruction of children in board or voluntary schools whose parents may desire it, in the spirit of the Industrial Schools Act of 1866,' and that 'liberty should be given to provide in any district "annual grant" schools when the Department is satisfied that no satisfactory provision exists for the children for whom the school is intended, regard being had to the religious belief of the parents.'

The only point in these recommendations to which it is necessary to call attention, is that which refers to the Industrial Schools

Schools Act of 1866. In the report presented by the Archbishops' committee the right of parents to determine the religion which their children should be taught was affirmed; but in this report of the conference more definite guidance is afforded as to the manner in which the right shall be exercised. Our traders are aware that, when criminal children are committed to reformatories, and when children with criminal tendencies are sent to industrial schools, the parents or guardians are asked what religious faith they profess; and the State requires that ministers or others of the religious body to which they profess to belong, shall have access to them at suitable times and under fixed regulations to instruct the children in what they deem necessary for their souls' health. This liberty secured to criminal children is denied to the children of honest parents where only board schools exist; and as undenominational religion—which is Christianity stripped of all that is supernatural or miraculous, and so is practically Unitarianism or Socinianism—is really as much a religion as any other of the many religious professions to be found in the country, it is not just that the children of religious parents, who object to it, should be compelled to be instructed in it, or be deprived of all religious teaching.

We understand that representatives of the Roman Catholics were invited to meet the conference; but it soon became evident that separate memorials must be sent up to Government by the two religious bodies most interested in the subject. On Nov. 14 there appeared in 'The Times' a memorial addressed to Lord Salisbury, signed by Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk, on behalf of the Roman Catholics. In this memorial they say:—

"We desire respectfully to press upon the Government our strong hope that you will see your way at an early day to carry out the educational policy in support of which a large number of Members have been returned to Parliament by the late elections. We allude to the definite pledges, asked for and freely given, to promote, if returned, any measure which shall place all public elementary schools in England and Wales upon a footing of perfect equality, as to payment for the education given within their walls.

The main provision upon which we insist is, that there shall be such a revision of the Education laws as may at last establish a national system of public elementary education which shall be just to all. It should (1) pay alike, out of the public funds, all elementary schools, satisfying the Education Department, for the secular education given to the people; and it should (2) frankly recognise the right and duty of parents to have their children educated in schools of their own religion, without thereby incurring, as they incur at present,

present, privation and pecuniary penalty. We hold parental rights affecting the religious education of children to be sacred and inalienable; and that no encroachment upon them can be attempted by the State without violation of human liberties in their very source and cradle.

The objections which Churchmen would have to such a scheme are obvious. If the voluntary and board schools are to share on absolutely equal terms in all moneys raised from public sources, and if the funds so supplied are to cover the whole cost of maintenance, whatever that cost may be, we should have gone a long way towards establishing a universal system of school boards. The old adage 'he who pays the piper has a right to call for the tune' would soon be justified; and the concession asked by the Roman Catholics would in a very short time compel the Denominational schools to choose between becoming completely secularised, or forfeiting all Government assistance.

Another point in the demand must, we think, have been overlooked. They ask that the State 'should pay alike, out of the public funds, all elementary schools satisfying the Education Department, for the secular education given to the people'; and in a later clause they add that if school boards raise additional funds by rate to supplement what is paid by the State, that the voluntary schools should participate in such funds on equal terms. In all schools in which religious teaching is given, a portion of the school hours, generally from a fifth to a ninth, is devoted to that purpose.* Towards the payment of teachers for that portion of their labours the memorial asks no help from the State, unless the provision enabling school boards to raise money by rate is intended to cover requirements under this head. It is no violent assumption that if school boards had to levy a rate simply to pay for religious instruction, not a few of them would say that their schools should be purely secular. In that case the Roman Catholics would have to supplement the payment to their teachers by an amount corresponding to the time devoted to religious instruction. This we have seen is from one-fifth to one-ninth of the school hours. At present the Roman Catholics raise one-fourth of the cost of the maintenance of their schools from independent sources; under the

* In the Roman Catholic memorial, dated Nov. 28, is this sentence. 'But every denominational school must claim the right to appoint and pay the teachers, and to prescribe the course of religious instruction to be given outside the few hours of the day which are devoted to secular instruction.' In some voluntary schools the religious instruction occupies half an hour a day, in others an hour, or some time between those limits.

plan they propose they would have to raise one-fifth to one-ninth: in other words, instead of 7s. 8½d., they would have to raise something between 7s. 5½d. and 4s. per child. We can scarcely suppose that such an additional subsidy would cure every evil, or give fresh life to starved schools, with their underpaid teachers, overworked pupil teachers, and inferior apparatus.

On the 20th of November, the memorial drawn up by the conference was presented to the Prime Minister and the Lord President of the Council. In reply, the Duke of Devonshire, as head of the Department, spoke first. He virtually allowed the repeal of the 17s. 6d. limit and the exemption of schools from local rates. This last measure would be even a greater relief to board schools than to voluntary schools, as the London School Board paid last year over 84,000*l.* for local rates, and the sum is annually increasing. He urged that an increased grant would be small benefit, as the school boards would probably spend it in adding to the teachers' salaries, whilst it would check the subscriptions given to voluntary schools. These subscriptions, he said, were declining; but he omitted to state that although, owing to the increased number of children in voluntary schools, the subscriptions were less per child in average attendance, the voluntary subscriptions to Church schools, which in 1870 were 329,846*l.*, in 1894 amounted to 622,024*l.* It is only right to add some explanation with respect to a portion of this increase. Only a portion—we fear, a very inadequate proportion—has been given by laymen. The larger portion comes from the clergy, some of whom have sacrificed the comforts if not the necessities of life, in order to maintain their schools in efficiency. At the end of each year, when there is a deficit, and a portion of the grant would otherwise be forfeited under the operation of the 17s. 6d. limit, devoted men have given money which their families greatly needed, or they have had recourse to bazaars or other similar means to obtain what was required, until at last the strain upon them has become almost intolerable. When persons in high positions and enjoying large incomes speak as though the pecuniary strain upon the managers did not require to be lightened, they show a very insufficient knowledge of the actual state of things. The Roman Catholics in their memorial speak of the hardship to working men of having their pence wrung from them for the support of their schools. Church people might fairly speak with not less earnestness of the hardships suffered by incumbents, who from narrow incomes, yearly diminishing, are called on to provide money in order to preserve for the youth of their flocks that religious instruction

which they believe to be essential for their present and eternal welfare.

The Duke pointed out one weak point common to both memorials. He said :—

‘ With regard to the revision of the school board precepts by some superior public authority, of course you are all aware that the school board accounts are at present subject to audit by the Local Government Board. It is true that the Local Government Board has not any authority to check what they may consider to be extravagant expenditure, and I understand from what has been said to-day that you propose a check upon what may be extravagant, not by a Public Department, but by a local authority. Well, that is no doubt a question well worthy of consideration and attention. As to rural school boards, I think it can hardly be doubted that the County Council may properly be called a superior authority, but I am afraid that you would raise a very difficult and hotly contested controversial question if you propose, as I understand it is proposed, that the accounts of the school boards should be subject to control by town councils, which perhaps would scarcely be admitted in many places by the school board to be a superior authority.’

It is clear, we think, that the Education Department is the only body which the school boards generally would recognise as a superior authority, and therefore the only one which could effectively check expenditure.

Lord Salisbury was much more sympathetic. He addressed himself to the principles on which the memorial was based, rather than to its specific recommendations. He agreed that there was a religious hardship ; for ‘ now that you have compulsory education, so that every parent must send his child to school, you have the operation of a machinery which seems destined, at no very distant period, to remove a great number of the schools which provide the religious education that the parents might desire, and you are therefore approaching a system, absolutely unknown before, where certain religious beliefs shall subject the parents to almost penal consequences, or at least to grave and serious disabilities.’ He spoke, moreover, with genuine appreciation of the difficult pecuniary position in which voluntary schools are placed.

Of course nothing definite was promised ; but the impression left on the minds of the deputation, so far as we have been able to gather it, was that a serious effort will be made early in the next Session to relieve the strain from which the voluntary schools are now suffering.

A few days afterwards the Wesleyan Methodists presented a memorial

a memorial to Lord Salisbury expressing their views on the present aspect of the question. This set forth the amount of accommodation in their chapels, and the number of their Sunday schools and scholars, as well as of their day schools and scholars. It is only with the last of these that we are concerned. The Report of the Education Department gives the number of their schools as less than 5 per cent. of the number of Church schools, and their scholars as less than 7 per cent. of those found in Church schools. Yet the deputation seemed to think that, while it would be no hardship to those represented by the 100 per cent. of the children in Church schools to receive religious instruction which their co-religionists thought unsatisfactory, it would be a great hardship for those represented by the less than 7 per cent. of Wesleyan children not to have the religious instruction which they desired. The memorial stated 'that the primary object of Methodist policy in the matter of elementary education is the establishment of school boards everywhere; that there should be no increased grant of public funds, either from the local rates or the imperial taxes, to denominational schools, unless that increased grant is accompanied by adequate and representative public management.' It also contained a claim that the Bible should be read in all schools receiving Government grants, and that their connexional training colleges should be maintained in full vigour and efficiency. It asserted that the 'conscience clause' has proved ineffectual for the purpose designed, and that 'in not a few day schools of the Church of England religious intolerance and bigotry of an exceedingly offensive character are systematically taught the scholars during the hours set apart for religious instruction by means of a special catechism, such as it ought not to be possible to teach in connexion with any public school of the nation.' Dr. Waller said: 'No school can be, in the best sense, an educational institution if it excludes Christian teaching; and I am not aware that Roman Catholics would admit that they discard the Bible. When it comes to the question who shall impart that religious instruction, we believe that the teacher is the proper person.' Lord Salisbury: 'No matter to what denomination he belongs?' Dr. Waller: 'We consider that no teachers should be deprived of the great privilege of giving religious instruction.' Lord Salisbury: 'Would you allow a Roman Catholic to give religious instruction in a Wesleyan school?' Dr. Waller: 'No; we do not allow a Roman Catholic as a head-teacher in any of our schools.' The principal point insisted upon by all members of the deputation who spoke was the hardship inflicted upon Nonconformist

children in parishes where there is only a Church school. Lord Salisbury said in reply:—

‘If a religious census had not been so profoundly disagreeable to the Nonconformists—why, I could never understand—if we had the same knowledge of religious differences as is possessed by every other civilized country in the world, we should know where was the preponderance of the Nonconformist element. If there had been a religious census, I do not believe that this grievance, if it had existed to any considerable extent, could have lasted for five years, but it is a grievance which it is impossible to ascertain or to test. My remedy would be simply the multiplication of denominational schools. I should like to see wherever there was a population which in any sense could be called sufficient to sustain a Nonconformist school, that school assisted for the purpose of giving education to the parents of those children. . . . When you say you value religious education—in which statement I most heartily concur—it seems to me strange that the religious education which you propose is a religious education where our religion is not taught—which is to be taught by teachers who are not of our religion, and to be managed by managers who are not of our religion. I do not think this sounds like a practical arrangement, or one that would endure for any length of time.’

Having noticed a remark of Mr. Price Hughes, ‘that really our religion is taught, but it is only a bit of it, and the rest of it is left out because it is unwelcome to other people,’ he went on to say, ‘that if you look at matters as politicians studying the currents of feeling, there can be no doubt that the Church of England, the members of the Church of England, its office-bearers, and its most conspicuous supporters, practically repudiate the idea that their religion can be cut into bits, and a certain number of bits served up without the rest with results in any proportionate degree satisfactory.’ He also pointed out that ‘the difficulty of providing what is called unsectarian religion that shall be sufficient for all kinds of religious belief has increased enormously in recent years, and my impression is that it is going on increasing.’

The only observation it is necessary to make with regard to the alleged hardships of Nonconformist children in parishes where there is only an Anglican school, is that their position is precisely the same as that endured by Church parents in places where there are only board schools. And as we understand the proposals of Church people, they amount to this, that the same rule shall be applied in both cases, so that the facilities they demand for religious teaching in board schools shall be granted to Nonconformist children in Church schools.

To judge from the reports of speeches by leading members of
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the Liberal party, and from letters which have appeared in 'The Times' and elsewhere, the two points which will be specially urged against the proposals made by those interested in voluntary schools are, (1) that these proposals, if agreed to, would lower the standard of elementary education; and (2) that with increased subsidies from the State there ought to be increased popular control. With regard to the first of these objections, nothing could be further from what is likely to happen. If the efficiency of voluntary schools is impaired by the insufficient funds available for their support, the supply of these funds will remove the difficulty. With respect to board schools, extravagance does not tend to efficiency, and school boards like Manchester, which spend less, are more efficient than those like London, which spend more. As to extending popular control, if it is meant that ratepayers out of sympathy with the religious teaching of the denominational schools ought to be placed on their committees of management, it would be well to remind objectors that the control of the Education Department now extends to every part of the management, except the religious, and that Committees or Boards, like the London School Board, which meet to dispute about first principles, are much less likely to manage schools efficiently than Committees which agree on first principles, and spend the whole of their time in considering how they can best further the interests of the schools under their care and make them more efficient. The argument urged in some quarters that it is not right to disturb the compromise of 1870 is obviously of no serious import. There was no compromise then between the friends and the foes of religious education, but between the Secularists as represented by the Birmingham League and members of the Government who desired to favour the Nonconformists, and a certain number of Churchmen who had no real conception of what was required to make education religious. From the beginning Churchmen and Roman Catholics were alike dissatisfied with what was arranged, and they have not ceased from that time to this to do whatever they could to make other provision than that furnished by school boards for the children of their respective faiths. They have asked for justice, and that there shall be real religious liberty in elementary schools. Hitherto they have asked in vain.

- ART. IV.—1. *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Valpy French, first Bishop of Lahore.* By the Rev. Herbert Birks, M.A. London, 1895.
2. *The Old Missionary.* By Sir William Hunter, K.C.S.I. London, 1895.

NO problem can be more interesting, and surely none can be accounted more important, than the problem of the religious future of the world. In the discussion of that problem, the history and prospects of Christian Missions must have a primary place. So much is due to the admitted superiority of the Christian religion over all its rivals, to the vast scale of its proselytising efforts, to the great history of its Missions, to the high character of many of its missionaries. At present Christian Missions are passing through a process of transition. Probably at no previous period has there been more genuine zeal for the world's conversion, nor, in spite of much suspicion in some quarters not wholly unjustified by facts, a higher type of missionary; but in the face of new difficulties some potent evangelistic agencies are no longer available.

The conditions under which the Missions of Christianity are carried on have changed. The development of religious thought at home has inevitably tended to reflect itself abroad; and though it is probably true that obsolete theories and methods will linger longest in the missionary field, where the friction of spiritual conflict blunts the charities of discipleship, and the arduous circumstances of proselytising do not favour reflection or learning, yet it is certain that in the long run no part of the Church can remain outside the influence of prevailing ideas. Especially in two directions modern thought has profoundly affected missionary methods. On the one hand, the estimate of the spiritual state of the non-Christian world has been profoundly changed; on the other hand, the real worth of the non-Christian religions is much more justly appreciated. In former times the Christian missionary was moved to his work by the profound pity he felt for the myriads of the heathen falling into endless perdition for lack of the saving knowledge of the Gospel. The vision of horror haunted his imagination and acted as a spur to his will. The worship of the heathen were so many devices of the prince of darkness for maintaining his hold upon his victims. The nearer they seemed to approach Christian doctrines and practices, the more evident was their diabolic origin: for had not the apostle warned the Church that Satan disguised himself as an angel of light? These were, unquestionably, the inspiring principles of the mediæval missions,

missions, and they rendered very plausible, to the best and greatest of the mediæval missionaries, that policy of coercion which secular potentates for reasons of their own were ever ready to propose and assist.

These sentiments are not wholly extinct even in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Quite recently a vigorous protest against the intolerant bigotry of Christian missionaries has issued from the press, expressing the deliberate judgment of a singularly acute and well-informed observer, and meriting the careful consideration of all the friends and supporters of Christian Missions.* It is, however, sufficiently certain that a worthier spirit is permeating the missionary world, and powerfully affecting the best and most successful of the missionaries. The brutal theory of the Middle Ages could not survive the widening horizon of modern thought and a more adequate knowledge of non-Christian religions. The modern evangelist cannot regard the adherents of the great Asiatic faiths with the dreadful pity which filled the mind of St. Boniface or St. Columba, and inspired their vast and fruitful labours. That potent missionary motive is no longer available.

It might seem, indeed, that the permanence of Christian Missions is imperilled; and it can hardly be denied that there exists a considerable body of opinion, mainly outside the Christian denominations, but by no means wholly so, which is markedly contemptuous of existing Missions and sceptical of their future. In so far as this opinion represents the absence of Christian conviction, it is not surprising and it is not significant; but in so far as it represents the mind of Christian people, it is both surprising and significant. It is surprising because loss of faith in Christian Missions logically involves loss of faith in Christianity itself: it is, indeed, historically absurd, since all Christians, and none more conspicuously than Europeans, who might seem less likely subjects for the influence of an Oriental faith than the mass of existing non-Christians, are living evidences of the missionary success of the Christian religion. It is significant, we believe, in spite of its unreasonableness, because it reveals a deep and general dissatisfaction with the conduct and results of modern Missions.

The stout volumes which record the life of Thomas Valpy French, Bishop of Lahore, provide, perhaps, the most effectual defence of Christian Missions and the most searching criticism of missionary methods. Mr. Birks has evidently found his

* 'Evangelization of the non-Christian World,' by R. N. Coet, LL.D. London, 1901.

task a labour of love. He is a genuine admirer of his subject, and he counts boldly on the equal admiration of his readers. At first we were disposed to resent the copious extracts from correspondence, which did not seem always to deal with very important matters, or throw much light on the Bishop's character; and we still think that better justice would have been done to the subject if the ample materials which the author had at his disposal had been more sparingly used, and, perhaps, more effectively arranged. Beyond this general criticism we have nothing adverse to say. Mr. Birks was bold, but not too bold, in counting on the enthusiasm of his readers. It is much to say of a modern biography that it left us, at the conclusion of two bulky volumes, really impressed by the subject, and really grateful to the writer. We cannot readily recall a record of which the interest is so sustained, the moral dignity so great, and the pathos so deep. We share Mr. Birks's enthusiasm and pardon his diffuseness. The personal charm of this life is very great; but in our judgment its importance is even greater. Alike in what he did, and what he failed to do, French was a pioneer. We believe that the volumes before us will take a position of recognised and permanent value in the literature of Christian Missions.

Thomas Valpy French was born on New Year's Day 1825. He died at Muscat, in Arabia, on May 14, 1891. Of the sixty-six years of his life, more than forty were devoted to missionary work mostly in India. During that long period he toiled almost unceasingly amid circumstances, always arduous, not rarely of extraordinary difficulty. The intervals of nominal rest in England were scarcely less full of work than the years abroad. He was a man who must have distinguished himself in any sphere of life. Possessed of every advantage of birth, ability, physical vigour, strong and lofty character, he might have held a place of great prominence among his contemporaries in less toilsome and, so far as secular estimates reckon, more important walks of life: but almost from his cradle the evangelist's ideal arrested and inspired him. The strong religious surroundings of his early years strengthened and coloured his missionary aspirations. He gained from Arnold at Rugby a moral strenuousness which proved a wholesome tonic to the sentimentality of inherited evangelicalism. Oxford, then throbbing with the ardours and ambitions of the Tractarian movement, inspired him with that affection for primitive theology and keen interest in Christian history which left so deep a mark on his subsequent life, and exercised so potent an influence on the development of his thought. His career at
Oxford

Oxford was distinguished. A first class in the Final Classical School, in days when first classes were rare and final schools few, was followed by the Chancellor's prize for a Latin essay and a fellowship at University College. It was not unlikely that French would settle down to a career in the University; but the death of a College friend in a railway accident, coupled with the direct appeal of Fox, the Rugby Missionary, determined him to renounce Oxford for India. Fox's death followed speedily on his solemn appeal to French, and 'added to its force by making it come to him like a voice from the dead.' On April 16, 1850, he was formally 'accepted' by the Church Missionary Society, and charged with the foundation of a College at Agra.

The foundation of this College was designed as an attempt to evangelize the higher classes of the native population. The normal method of preaching in the bazaars was found by experience to be of little use for any but the general multitude. A real desire for Western knowledge existed among the wealthy and influential Hindoos; and it was thought that, by offering the advantages of a sound education in secular subjects, an opportunity might be found for inculcating the moral and religious teachings of Christianity. Before all things a thorough grasp of the vernacular languages was necessary; and French set to work at this difficult task with indomitable courage and industry. The obstacles in the way of evangelization which arise from ignorance, or merely partial knowledge of the native languages, must be very formidable. French undoubtedly possessed an unusual ability in mastering strange tongues, and his reputation as a linguist is deservedly high. 'He was known in his later days as the "haft-zaban Padri," or seven-tongued clergyman of Lahore.' This facility was the result of protracted and unremitting labour: his disgust at finding himself quite powerless to address the natives acted as a constant spur to his industry. The task would have daunted most men, at least as it was presented to French by Mr. Jukes, whom he had consulted.

'You must, of course,' he said, 'commence with Urdu or Hindustani, so as to be able to talk with your servants, to help in the services of the church and in the schools. You had better give some six or eight hours a day to that, and also spend two or three hours at Panjabi, to be able to talk with villagers. You should also try and give two or three hours to the study of Persian, which you will find invaluable in the schools, and all your spare time to Arabic, so as to be able to read the Quran.'

It is very evident that French prided himself on his linguistic achievements: he applied himself to the study of languages up
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to the very end of his life; and his last missionary enterprise was not unconnected with his anxiety to perfect his knowledge of Arabic. Yet it is sufficiently evident that he did not always succeed in making himself intelligible, even when using a language in which he considered himself to have acquired facility of expression. In Persia he relates with pious exultation his enjoyment of 'the strangely unlooked-for privilege to be allowed in these Persian villages, so hopelessly out of my beat before, to be heard and understood even by some of the poor, as well as by the educated.' His zeal obstructed his perception of the true state of affairs, and an editorial note is suggestive:—

'Yet by the poor the Bishop was not *always* understood. Dr. Bruce relates how one day he heard him trying to explain to his gholam, or servant, the Indian custom of taking on one of the horses in the middle of the night to a stage half-way in advance upon the next day's march. French addressed him in words which may be roughly paraphrased as follows—"Gholam! conduct my steed into the way of truth at—at midnight, and I will make my exodus (departure out of life) to-morrow morning." The poor man gazed at him in blank amaze till Dr. Bruce explained.'

The difficulty in French's case arose from his scholarly preference for classical terms, which were largely unintelligible to the common people. This preference led to the practical failure of the revised Hindustani Prayer-book. The strength and weakness of his character are very apparent in the history of this abortive revision:—

'The greatest disappointment of his later years,' says his successor, Bishop Matthew, 'was the unfavourable reception given to the Revised Urdu Prayer-book by the missionaries of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab. When some time after his resignation I begged him to revisit his old diocese, he replied that the treatment his book had met with in the Native Church made it impossible for him to do so. Though I am no expert, I am afraid there can be little doubt that in this matter the public opinion of the Church was right and the Bishop mistaken. Certainly it was a matter of the deepest regret to many that they could not regard the book as suited for general use. The Bishop had been assisted by a competent Committee; but with his high ideas of episcopal authority, and very pronounced opinions as to style, the Committee were assennork only, and their judgment again overruled by the Bishop. His predilection for Arabic religious terms led to the introduction of a great number of words quite unintelligible to the simple people who form the staple of our congregations. There were also some important departures from the English original, the Bishop deeming himself at liberty to

go behind it to the Latin sources of the Prayer-book. At the same time the book was a monument of scholarly and erudite labour, which will not be thrown away, but will leave its mark on any version which may secure the acceptance of the Church.'

His own devotion to the study of Oriental languages was an evidence of his clear perception of the true lines of missionary effort. He insisted, in season and out of season, on the folly of endeavouring to force the Christianity of India into the grooves of Western theology. He laboured to create a native ministry, sufficiently learned and numerous to take over the heavy responsibility of adapting historic Christianity to the conditions of Indian existence. He felt convinced,—and the conviction gathered strength with his enlarged knowledge of missionary problems,—that the conversion of the Indian peoples could never be the work of foreigners. Native apostles must arise, corresponding to the native conceptions of religious teachers, commending the Gospel by their ascetic contempt of secular pleasures and interests, and visibly embodying in their own lives the faith and the sacrifice they proclaim. He was ever on the watch for such recruits. In the casual crowds that gathered about him on his evangelistic journeys, in the inquirers who were sufficiently interested in his preaching to come to him for more information, above all in the students in the Colleges over which he presided, he sought for the apostles of India. His distrust of foreign agents was justified by the testimony of primitive missionaries, and his observance of the actual methods adopted by the Hindu sect-leaders.

'The very last thing which has been practised amongst us as missionaries was what the greatest stress was laid and effort expended upon by Hindu sect-leaders, and by the early British and Anglo-Saxon missionaries, as well as by Mohammedan mollahs everywhere: I mean, giving a few instruments the finest polish possible; imbuing a few select disciples with all that we ourselves have been taught of truth, and trying to train and build them up to the highest reach of knowledge attainable to us. It is but seldom that this has been the relation of the missionary to the catechist, of the schoolmaster to the student: what the Sootee calls "iktibas"—lighting the scholar's lamp at the master's light. The perpetuation of truth (must we not add of error also?) has in every age depended on this efficacious method of handing down teaching undiluted and unmutated.'

French undoubtedly appreciated justly the witness of historic Christianity; and, we may add, the lesson of the Gospel. The Founder of Christianity Himself adopted this method of diffusing truth and creating a religious society. The actual circumstances of modern missionary work, however, gravely complicate the
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the question of method. The racial affinities of Christianity enhance its secular importance. Originally an Asiatic faith, and for many generations mainly Oriental, it has in the course of centuries become predominantly European; and, as it presents itself to-day to the non-Christian peoples, it is regarded universally as part of that European civilization with which, in so many and various ways, they come into contact. This circumstance is hardly an advantage. If the material prosperity of the West—its science, its literature, its political force—commend its religion to the less civilized adherents of other faith, it must be allowed that the commercial, political, social, racial antipathies, which sever the Western nations from the rest of the human race, raise many obstacles, not really involved in Christianity, to the world's conversion. The resistance of the natives of India or China to the message of the Christian missionary is not merely, perhaps not mainly, provoked by the actual contents of that message, so much as by its apparent association with formidable dangers to national independence, or immemorial social custom. It is notorious that this supposition is frequently well-founded. Many Christian Missions are confessedly carried on in the name and for the interest of national aggrandizement. The Roman Catholic Missions are notoriously French in design and tendency; the Republic appreciates to the full their political value, and, in consideration of it, is willing at all times to lay aside its inveterate suspicion of the Roman Church, and to impose by main force in Asia and Africa that ecclesiastical domination which it so eagerly resents in France itself. It would be difficult to deny that the same accusation may plausibly be brought against the Missions undertaken by the English; but, partly owing to the circumstance that most of those Missions are carried on within the dominions of the British Crown, partly to their voluntary and sectarian character, the political tendency of English Missions is much less prominent. French was very sensible of the evils arising from the political and racial associations of Christianity:—

'It seems clear,' he wrote, 'that antipathy to the English lies at the door of much opposition to the Gospel. If we could get an exclusively Native Church, emancipated from British control, with all orders of ministry complete, there would be much more hope.'

It might have been thought that, with these views, French would have cordially approved the neutral attitude on all religious questions observed by the Government of India; but this was far from the case. As Bishop of Lahore he counted as a
senior

senior chaplain on the Indian Establishment, and his exacting sense of duty interpreted severely his official responsibilities. He resented any neglect of religious observance on the part of prominent personages, as not only a breach of discipline, but also as involving an unfair treatment of the Christian missionaries. He remonstrated fearlessly with commanding officers when their conduct seemed to him calculated to bring discredit on religion. He particularly resisted the tendency to secularize Sunday. On one occasion he succeeded in persuading General Roberts to defer a Sunday march, and in 1882 he obtained from the Commander-in-chief a General Order directing 'that no movement of troops shall take place on a Sunday, except when absolutely required.' Generally he was well supported by the military authorities; indeed, it is impossible to read these volumes without genuine pride in the high moral tone which they reveal in the leading Indian officials.

Anglo-Indian society makes a creditable appearance in these pages. French describes the life of Calcutta in appreciative terms, and his personal relations with his fellow-countrymen appear to have been friendly. He regarded the Government as Christian, and he resented the idea of neutrality. Probably he hardly realized the pressure upon consciences involved in his theory: the adoration of authority is indigenous in the East, and the mere fact that Christianity is the religion of the governing race dangerously commends it to the acceptance of the more unworthy sections of the native population. He was very uneasy at the educational policy of the Government, and urged the necessity of definite moral teaching in the primary schools; but, in spite of the sympathy of Lord Ripon and the emphatic approval of many distinguished persons, both European and Native, 'Agnosticism' and its 'negative influences' were too strong to allow of success. Sir William Hunter has recently expressed in striking language the fears with which experienced observers regard the elaborate educational system which the Indian Government has established. Bishop French might stand for 'the Old Missionary,' so faithfully does the latter express his views. The passage is so intrinsically interesting that we quote it at length:—

'Your State education is producing a revolt against three principles which, although they were pushed too far in ancient India, represent the deepest wants of human nature—the principle of discipline, the principle of religion, the principle of contentment. The old indigenous schools carried punishment to the verge of torture. Your Government schools pride themselves in having almost done away with the rod, and in due time you will have on your hands a race of young

young men who have grown up without discipline. The indigenous schools made the native religions too much the staple of instruction; opening the day's work by chanting a long invocation to the Sun or some other deity, while each boy began his exercise by writing the name of a divinity at the top. Your Government schools take credit for abstaining from religious teaching of any sort, and in due time you will have on your hands a race of young men who have grown up in the public non-recognition of a God. The indigenous schools educated the working and trading classes for the natural business of their lives. Your Government schools spur on every clever small boy with scholarships and money allowances, to try to get into a bigger school, and so through many bigger schools, with the stimulus of bigger scholarships, to a University degree. In due time you will have on your hands an overgrown clerical generation, whom you have trained in their youth to depend on Government allowances and to look to Government service, but whose adult ambitions not all the offices of the Government would satisfy. What are you to do with this great clever class, forced up under a foreign system, without discipline, without contentment, and without a God?' ('The Old Missionary,' p. 84.)

The question suggests itself, How far the persistent attempts to educate Orientals according to Western ideas of education are, in themselves, reasonable? From the missionary standpoint there are special reasons for returning an unfavourable answer.

'Europeans in this nineteenth century,' observes Dr. Cusht with much plausibility, 'place too high a value in the scale of salvation of souls on Education, Civilization, and even Cleanliness: they are excellent things in themselves, but they are only incidents in the Christian life, and often deadly antagonists to the onward course.' ('Missionary Methods,' p. 96.)

With this attitude French would have had little sympathy. He was a genuine enthusiast in the matter of education; but he realized, as few other men have, the claims of Oriental idiosyncrasies to colour and mould the education which the East must receive from the West. This broad and reasonable view is very apparent in his scheme for the Training College for Native Ministers, which he drew up in 1866, and happily reduced to practice a few years later. It would be difficult to find more statesmanlike utterances than the following; or, we must add, utterances which convey more severe censure on the missionary methods which have generally prevailed in modern times. After laying down the proposition that the Native Church must not be trammelled by 'too rigid adherence to our institutions,' but that experience testifies to the existence of 'some leading features common to the spread and development
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of all infant churches,' which being preserved, the largest liberty in other respects might be wisely permitted, he briefly reviews the history of Christian Missions, and finds that the discovery and training of suitable Native evangelists was ever the principal and most fruitful method of extending the Faith. Then, passing to his actual project, he thus sketches the character which a training college should possess:—

'The college I propose should be dedicated to the purely Native Church—to its building up, its strengthening, and encouragement. A Mohammedan convert, brought up all his life in distaste and prejudice of English, should here find his want of English does not disentitle or incapacitate him for perfecting his curriculum of theology up to the full measure of perfection which the college course reaches. Here Christianity should be domesticated on the Indian soil, and be able to reckon on a home and hearth of its own. Here, when it is possible to obtain them, should be found men who, by a severe and close attention bestowed on Mohammedan and Hindu literature, can express the delicate shades, the nice distinctions of thought, which some, at least, of our standard works of theology involve. . . . The plan of instructing our Native teachers in English, without putting them in possession of the power to express themselves on Christian doctrine correctly and accurately in the vernacular, is (I believe) quite abhorrent to the general practice of the Church of Christ from the beginning, as well as to right reason itself. To be mighty in the English Scriptures, their exposition and interpretation, is very different (clearly) from the power to expound them freely and with confidence to the vast masses of India, who will have nothing to say to the English language; with confidence, I mean, that they are employing appropriate and expressive words, the very counterpart of the ideas and truths to be communicated.'

He pleads for 'a sufficient library,' in order that the missionaries may be fairly equipped for intellectual conflicts with cultivated Natives, well informed as to the difficulties which agitate Western minds on the subject of Christianity, and wonderfully quick to perceive any defect in the case proposed for their acceptance. He speaks with genuine enthusiasm of the 'rich store of wealth embraced in the range of Hindu literature.'

'No one can study it for any length of time without being struck with the vigour of fancy, the inventiveness and ingenuity of imagination, the exhaustless power of illustration, the abstruseness of reasoning, the subtilty and strength of intellect, which have been laid under contribution for thousands of years to enrich and adorn the language, and make speech co-extensive as far as may be with the boldest processes of mind and thought. Is it more profitable to Christianity, or more analogous with the economy of God's former providential

providential dealings with men, that this store should be thrown away as valueless for the purpose of Gospel extension, of its more forcible expression, of its deeper and firmer engrafting in the national mind, than that we should try to act upon the principle enunciated in so many forms in Holy Scripture: "I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth"? Is the wealth of India's literary treasures less available, less capable of consecration to highest and holiest purposes than the merchant spoil of Tyre? Is it not hard to suppose that God has suffered that vast mass of erudition and result of mental force to accumulate for so many ages to be utterly purposeless towards setting up the kingdom of His dear Son? . . . Is not the attempt to use it worth making, even though our utmost expectations should not be realized? Have we not been in danger of making the Gospel too much of an exotic? Are there not in Christian theology ample unfoldings of human and Divine thought, which may find as appropriate expression in the niceties, beauties, and forces of the Sanskrit tongue, as in the less abundant copiousness and less precise exactitude of the Greek.'

We make no apology for the length of this quotation. We can find no more suggestive and characteristic utterances in the volumes before us. We submit them as evidence of the hypothesis that Bishop French was not only a missionary, but an ecclesiastical statesman of the highest type.

It is evident that French was disappointed in his expectation that a native apostle would make his appearance in India. Among his converts, indeed, were able and devoted men, whose ministerial labours were by no means fruitless; but none of them possessed the qualities of great spiritual leaders. Failing, then, to find any escape from the necessity of presenting the Gospel through foreigners, French laboured to establish a nobler ideal of missionary life. His own example permanently enriches the history of the Church; it may be said of him that his practice went beyond his theory. It is evident that the merely professional missionary was abhorrent to him. Writing to his son, he said of mission work that 'it comes of God, when a man is called to it; and if he is not called, he had better break stones on the road, or paint door-signs a great deal than take it up.' He was, we conclude, disposed to prefer celibate to married missionaries. His great respect for Catholic precedents could hardly permit him to do otherwise. He was himself indeed married, and it is obvious that his affections were ardent and his domestic relationships full of happiness, but he never allowed the claims of the first or the allurements of the last to deflect him from the straightforward pathway of apostolic duty. He deprecated the coming to India of penniless married men. To one such he writes:—

'I should,

'I should, under your circumstances, deprecate your coming, unless you could hold your living (as I did) for one or two years, to see how India suited your health in the fresh trial of it. Many would welcome you heartily, but with a family (I am not sure how large yours is), unless there are private means, so extremely hazardous a risk should scarcely be run, so far as I can see the way in such cases. My wife has means, therefore (though we had not riches) it was not quite like exposing a family to the risk of utter want, or extremely limited and scanty resources.'

He moulded his conception of missionary duty on the models of the Catholic past. Of these St. Honoratus of Lerins, the master of Hilary of Arles, is specially mentioned. The founders of English Christianity, notably the great Celtic missionaries, impressed him by their resemblance to the religious teachers of India, and the resemblance clearly commended them to his regard. He chafed against the compromising English connections of Christianity, and was eager to propitiate the legitimate prejudices of the Natives by conforming himself in every possible way to their modes of life. His zeal continually outran all considerations of prudence, and he owed much to his extraordinary strength of constitution. It would be difficult to find parallels in missionary history to his heroic exertions in the Derajat, a wild border-district chiefly inhabited by Afghans, and in Cashmere. Although much to his disgust he was compelled to accept a bodyguard, he succeeded in largely commending himself to the tribesmen.

'He sought to cut himself off from European society, and live amongst the natives as much as possible. He would, if he could, have made himself the member of an Afghan tribe. He grew a beard against his own taste and to conciliate their prejudice, since he found they measured a man as much by his beard as his brains, or nearly so.'

His immense physical exertions, aggravated by the climate and the character of the country, were not suffered to interrupt his linguistic studies: the strain of mind and spirit was only less than the strain of body. He seemed possessed with a restless energy which would not suffer him to be inactive, though signs of breakdown accumulated daily. He writes to his friend Stuart:—

'I am trying to search out the Porindah Afghans in their tent villages, which are scattered over the country, hidden in the jungles, but chiefly near the Indus banks. It taxes one's nerves and strength heavily, for they are a strange race. I have unfortunately been rather broken in health by a long attack of intermittent fever, which renders me less able to bear the constant exposure this sort of life requires.'

We are not surprised to learn that 'a day or two after this he was providentially found by Dr. Fairweather stricken senseless in the jungle.' The permanent result of these heroic exertions seems to have been slight; but there is evidence that at the time a great impression was made on the Afghans. One tribe actually proposed to make a contract with him to accompany them as religious teacher on their journey to Khorassan, offering apparently to adopt him as a member of the tribe. 'He speaks to us,' it was remarked, 'as a friend of our prophets.'

French was attracted to Cashmere by its religious past. Buddhism, which seems to have interested him only less than Mohammedanism, had found one of its greatest missionary centres in the mountain State. The traditions of the enthusiasm which had carried the gospel of Gautama into Thibet, twelve centuries ago, seemed to the ardent missionary prophetic of similar enthusiasm for the spread of a yet nobler Gospel in the future. Missionary operations had been for some years in progress in Cashmere; but they had led to slight results, partly, perhaps, because of the scandalous conduct of the numerous English who spent their holidays in the country. French wrote strongly of this disgraceful stumbling-block:—

'British Christianity never shows itself in more fearfully dark and revolting aspect than in these parts. People seem to come here purposed to covenant themselves to all sensuality, and to leave what force of morality they have behind them in India.'

Extraordinary opposition was aroused by the preaching of the missionaries. Sometimes it found sufficiently ridiculous expression. On one occasion a blind woman dispersed the congregation by 'rushing about with a stick, laying about all that were present to hear'; on another, the disturbance came from 'a drunken, frantic fakir, whom the enemies of truth put forward, who leapt into the air, with demoniacal gestures and distorted features, in the wildest, most fiendish manner.' Complaints were made to the British Resident, who vainly endeavoured to moderate the ardour of the preachers. On a later visit to Cashmere, French took part in a great religious pilgrimage to the sacred cave of Amarnath. The account of this episode is deeply interesting, but it is too long to quote in full, and too finished to be quoted in part. It was characteristic of French that even the crowd of debased and drunken mendicants suggested to him other ideas than those of mere disgust. They seemed to him excellent raw material of Christian workers:—

'Their wandering, mendicant habits, and the way they intrude themselves on all classes of the community, and the awe, if not respect, which they inspire, render them capable, if under the influence of the Gospel, of being useful colporteurs or strolling preachers.'

It would probably be untrue to describe French as a successful missionary: he certainly was by no means a popular preacher in the judgment of English congregations: he was too long, too enthusiastic, and too confused. It may, however, be doubted whether the effect produced by his personality did not outweigh his deficiencies as a preacher. His straightforward courage impressed the most hostile Pagans:—

'I found,' he writes during a missionary expedition among the Afghans, 'no place so successful for gathering a good and attentive audience as making straight for the mosque and inquiring for the moollah. Instead of hanging about the village and having one's object suspected, this was a definite and straightforward object; and besides often meeting in this way on equal terms with the moollah, the khans and other respectable villagers would congregate in the mosque.'

It is evident that he exercised a strong fascination upon those who were habitually brought into close contact with him. His colleagues loved, his students adored him. On many occasions, notably during the Indian Mutiny, their devotion showed itself in action, which could leave no doubt of its sincerity. He appreciated their difficulties, as few other men did; and it is impossible to read his correspondence with his converts without gaining greater respect for the native Christians. It cannot be denied that, among the majority of educated Christians, the native converts bear no good name. It is not hard to see the causes of this. Generally speaking, the best members of any religious system are the least accessible to proposals of change: the weaker and less constant are the first to yield to the missionary's appeal. If he can bring to bear political or social influences in support of his message—and there is good reason to think that in some parts of the mission-field such influences are not unknown—the quality of converts is likely to be still poorer. These facts go far to explain the instability of modern converts which weighs so heavily against them in the judgment of Englishmen. Apostasy is amazingly common. The able and well-informed 'Times' correspondent in Madagascar has recently reported a striking example of apostasy. The converted Hovas, who have long enjoyed the highest reputation in every circles, are said to be repudiating both the profession of Protestant Christianity, to the shame and the English missionaries, who at some risk to themselves

themselves have remained at their posts during the recent campaign. The same facile disposition which explained their conversion, explains also their apostasy.

It is, however, easy to be unjust to native Christians. The profession of Christianity is often beset by greater difficulties than any which we have experienced. That, in spite of these, converts should be made, argues real conviction, and not a little moral courage. We are apt, moreover, to expect too much from these neophytes. No student of the New Testament needs to be reminded that in apostolic days the conduct of Christians left much to be desired. Indeed a knowledge of the most recent missionary experience is perhaps not the least efficient preparation for the study of the earliest missionary records. The modern missionary has to deal with the same gross moral offences, the same startling practical abuses, sometimes the same strange doctrinal vagaries, as those which St. Paul rebuked in the Gentile Churches, of which he was the founder. Again, it is easy to institute comparisons between ancient and modern missions greatly to the disparagement of the latter. The pace of conversion appears so slow. The quality of missionary seems so commonplace; the procedure of missions so prosaic. We pass from the thrilling story of primitive missions, where the victory of the Cross proceeds among circumstances of romance and miracle, to the dull and spiritless 'reports' of the latest successors of St. Patrick, St. Boniface, and St. Columba. The transition is too sudden; the difference is too painful. We are tempted to pronounce modern missions little better than an imposture; but we forget how distance lends enchantment to our view of the past. We fail to realize how slow, intermittent, filled with failures, stained with scandals, the actual process of those famous missionary achievements actually was. We forget how superficial the conversions of Catholic history were. The Christianity of the English in the centuries that followed the conversion was little more than the old Paganism veneered with Christian observances. Far into the Middle Ages the Church found it necessary to wage war with the heathen practices to which the common people obstinately clung. Nor must it be forgotten that the Christianity of Europe at this moment is largely nominal. A well-known East-end clergyman is reported to have exclaimed in answer to an inquiry as to the spiritual condition of his parish, 'My parish is full of baptized heathen!' The Bishop of London has quite recently made public statistics, which show that a mere fraction of the population is in communion with the National Church in the capital of the Empire. These facts

may well mitigate the harshness of the judgment which we are tempted to pass on the Christian communities of Asia and Africa.

On St. Thomas's Day, December 21, 1877, French was consecrated as first Bishop of Lahore in Westminster Abbey. Ten years later, on the same day, he resigned his see. Few episcopates have been richer in labours and in results. We have already alluded to his official connection with the Government of India, which his position as Bishop involved. Here we may notice his strong affection for soldiers, a sentiment which during the Afghan War of 1878-9 found memorable expression. He visited the British camps in the neighbourhood of Candahar, and endeared himself to all ranks by his frank fellowship and ready service.

'Thus far, I think,' he writes, 'those to whom my new work seems to have been most blessed are the British soldiers, but the natives keep their hold upon me rather determinately, and claim my sympathy and co-operation in what concerns them, and you may be sure this is no sorrow or trouble to me, whatever labour may be involved. Thus far I have been preserved wonderfully in health, more than I could have dared to hope, yet I feel it is a severe strain sometimes; and having felt it necessary to be a teetotaler (the soldiers in one camp made me take the pledge twenty-six times one night after a lecture! as they like my individualizing plan), I cannot take stimulants to keep up brain power.'

For his services during the campaign the Bishop was awarded the Afghan war-medal. The impression made on the soldiers is well illustrated by the expression publicly used by the colonel in command of a regiment which had suffered from cholera. After warmly thanking him for his work during the visitation, he said with a bright smile, 'If there is a forlorn hope to be led, we will follow you to a man.'

His episcopal responsibilities did not lessen his own ardour for missionary preaching. At the request of the Bishop of London he undertook a visitation of the Church Missionary Society's stations in Persia. This undertaking was commended to him by many considerations. The Persian language is generally spoken in Northern India, and he desired to become proficient in its use. In visiting Persia, he was following the footsteps of his hero, Henry Martyn, who also had devoted himself to linguistic study. As a student of history he was attracted to the land which has played so great a part in history: to an ardent Christian, Persia had special interest as one of the 'Bible lands'. The record of this expedition is rich in personal incidents, and in really fine descriptions of scenery. The ruins of Persepolis

Persepolis greatly impressed him. It is evident that constant travel had quickened rather than blunted his faculty of observation. The following account of his interview with a great Persian official is equally interesting and characteristic :—

‘The chief event of this day was a visit in the city to the Zali-Sultan (shadow of the Sultan), Hazrat-i-Wala, the heir-apparent to the Persian throne probably. . . . After a ride of three miles we dismounted at the gate of the palace, and walked through two or three courts to an inner court with a rose-garden. A crowd of people were hanging about almost to the door of the chamber, in which the prince sat in a corner on pillows and shawls, with a single attendant, a governor of Yazd, I understood. The prince did not arise, but beckoned to us to sit on chairs, and asked about me and my office in India, and about the Viceroy. I told him of Lord Ripon’s interest in education, and the wish of the Punjabis to be better instructed in morals. In this the prince seemed to take no interest. Bruce presented a well-bound copy of the Gospel to the prince, his new version of it, thus gaining the permission which Henry Martyn could not obtain. I took part by rising from my seat in the presentation, and told him that this was the greatest treasure of princes. I told him about Daniel and his prophecies of Christ and the coming kingdom. He was ignorant apparently of his connection with Persepolis, and of the coming of the Saviour again he seemed not to wish to hear. A picture by his side showed the looseness of his morals, but Bruce says he is reputed to be much more pure in morals than formerly. On the whole the visit was very disappointing: he seemed a mixture of Pilate and Felix, and would not be drawn to any serious thought apparently. He rose and shook hands friendly when we parted after half-an-hour’s chat. Bruce told him how many languages I understood. I told him one letter of the knowledge of God was worth all the books of the philosophers. He fights hard with the moollahs, I believe, the battle of religious liberty, wishing that Christianity and Judaism and Babism should be religions permitted by the State so far as that bloodshed in religious feuds should be prohibited.’

An editorial note informs us, on the authority of Dr. Bruce, that the only remark vouchsafed by this Persian Gallio in acknowledgment of the Gospel presented to him was, ‘It is a pity you were not better occupied’!

During his Persian visit, and again five years later, after his resignation of his bishopric, when he traversed the country from the Persian Gulf to Palestine, French came much in contact with the Oriental Churches, and his relations with them throw light on the interesting question of his own ecclesiastical position. He appears to have always exhibited the greatest deference to the Church authorities of these ancient but depressed communities. He was received by them with much

cordiality.

cordiality. They frankly recognised his episcopal character; he joined as Bishop in their services, and received the Holy Communion according to their uses. The significance of this courtesy is, however, somewhat diminished by the Bishop's very intimate relations with the Presbyterian Missions. It is evident that French formed a much higher opinion of the Eastern Churches than is common in this country. He describes their clergy not rarely in very laudatory terms; and his language is the more noteworthy since he clearly had scant sympathy with much of their church-practice. His journal bears abundant testimony to the proselytising ardour of the Roman Church; and the courteous relations which obtained everywhere else seemed to have been exchanged for mutual suspicion in the case of that communion. 'To the inquiry of what sort of Christian he was, the Bishop answered, "*Katulik la Papaviya*" (Catholic not Papal), a formula he constantly rehearsed.' French was far too just a man to withhold credit even from his ecclesiastical antagonists. Writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1888, he thus describes the Roman Church in Assyria:—

'You will long since have been informed of the vast and steadily growing influence and almost authority the Latin Church exercises in Mosul by State support from France and from Constantinople, by the wealth showered upon and into it, the splendour of its churches, . . . and the compact marshalling of educational forces, the attractive beauty of their services, and persuasiveness of their preaching in French and Arabic. . . . Somehow the thought must strike a casual observer that the monuments of Nineveh of the past pale before the prospective plan and policy of a Church which loves to revive empires, of which it shall wear or distribute the crowns. Most of them, however, they are buttressed up by their admirable and judicious school system—i.e. for church purposes; and by requiring periodical visits to Rome of all their chief bishops and priests won over from Eastern Churches; and better still, by the laborious and, I should judge from what I learn and see, *exemplary* lives of their clergy and nuns.'

This is high praise, and it is frankly spoken. It is not hard to understand how, in spite of his great missionary services, French became an object of suspicion in Salisbury Square. The question so often addressed to him by Orientals was noted in Protestant circles at home: his evangelical orthodoxy was distinctly doubtful. French had been trained in the narrow evangelical school; and there are not lacking evidences that some of its prejudices clung to him to the end of his life. His letters, however, record a process of development, and it is evident that, long before his death, he had definitely severed himself

himself from the sectarian proclivities of his earlier life. His intellect was too robust, his learning too extensive, his sympathies too broad, to permit of his being a satisfactory representative of the Church Missionary Society. His elevation to the episcopate necessarily loosened the ties which bound him to that society, while it brought into exercise that high notion of episcopal authority which, originally derived from his ecclesiastical studies, had been strengthened by his personal observation of the evils of religious individualism in the Mission-field. In his latter years, he was wont to describe himself as a moderate High Churchman, and it is evident that he felt himself less and less at ease among Evangelicals as time passed. His last missionary undertaking was not supported by the Church Missionary Society, mainly, in his own belief, because of the distrust which the Committee felt of his soundness in the matter of 'Protestantism.' In truth the texture of his mind was genuinely Catholic in the best sense of the word. We have seen how he habitually directed himself by the guidance of the great Missionaries of Catholic history. He constantly studied the Fathers; St. Bernard was his companion on his missionary expeditions: 'his books were the weightiest part of his baggage.' The great French divines held a place in his regard only second to that held by the primitive Fathers. Dr. Pusey he esteemed as 'one of the great saints of this century, though in some points certainly to be condemned.' He was a devoted admirer of Archbishop Benson, whose famous ritual judgment he judged to be 'quite a historical epoch in Church of England annals.' Bishop Bickersteth of Japan, who was for some years his chaplain, contributes a most attractive description of his habit of life, from which we confine ourselves to a single extract:—

'Emphatically he was among those who followed the apostolic model in giving themselves to prayer as well as the ministry of the word. "We will keep that room, please, as an oratory; we shall need the help," I can remember his saying, when we reached a dak bungalow where we were to spend two or three days. Those of us who, as a rule, prefer written to extempore prayers would probably have made an exception in favour of those which the Bishop offered, largely composed as they were of scriptural phrases linked together with great brevity and skill. At times he carried fasting so far as to weaken his strength for the work which had immediately to be done. He studied with care, and made frequent use of the chief devotional manuals. His love of hymns was intense. Like other saintly souls, he found in them the greatest support; and though he was not a musician, and found difficulty in keeping in tune, he would insist on singing them on his journeys.'

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He called himself a 'moderate High Churchman,' but it may, perhaps, be doubted whether he could rightly be numbered in the ranks of any party or section. He had a mind large enough to say, like Mother Angelica Arnould, 'I am of all saints' order, and all saints are of my order.' The genuine originality and independence of his character would always have prevented him from becoming 'a good party man.' He had perhaps the defect of his virtues. It is impossible to read his Life without perceiving signs of a strain of impracticableness which must have made him a trying person in the eyes of secretaries and committees. He loathed advertising, and never shone in Exeter Hall. His unworldliness, probably, exposed him to much imposition. Occasionally it seems possible to discover a consciousness of this in his journals. He seems to have distributed books somewhat recklessly: every greedy native clamouring for his copies of the Gospel was transfigured by his enthusiasm into a genuine seeker after truth. In Cashmere a youth handed back torn the book he had eagerly taken. French notes the occurrence in his diary, and adds the remark, 'Must give to boys and youths no more'!

The importance now attached in religious circles to that counsel of perfection—the reunion of Christendom—gives special interest to French's testimony to the mischiefs resulting from the existing anarchy. Quite early in his Indian career he had formed a strong opinion on the matter. 'I fear Latitudinarianism and perfect liberty of private judgment,' he wrote, 'far more than I fear Romanism.' He regarded with anxiety the movement for a new Indian Church, which, he thought, would start with the natural and laudable desire 'to escape from the divisions and discussions of ancient Christendom,' but would speedily advance to a repudiation of the faith itself. He endeavoured to propitiate the legitimate impatience of merely Western controversies by leading his students to the study of the earlier centuries of Christian history:—

'I like them to know the habits and customs of worship and discipline in the Early Church, which were often so much more Oriental and more free from stiffness than our English liturgical services, borrowed so largely from Rome. What with Plymouthism, the Baptists, and a variety of American sects, there is danger of a most disorganized and undisciplined state of things being normal among us, and this makes me wish they should have some groundwork of primitive church ordinance and discipline to frame themselves upon. You in England will hardly be able to appreciate the necessity for this as we can, so many of the dissenting missionaries teaching that each man's private judgment, guided by the Bible, is

to be his supreme arbiter of truth, next, of course, to the European missionary, who would fain be church, and pope, and king, and everything.'

Yet, though he appreciated the historic claims of the episcopate, and yielded to none in maintaining its practical value, he could not bring himself to refuse communion with non-Episcopalians:—

'These dear, good American missionaries and professors will sit much nearer to the Lamb at His supper table, I believe, than I shall, and I should blush, if admitted there, to think that I had warned them off the eucharistic table on earth.'

Of one religious body, the Salvation Army, he writes in language of unqualified condemnation; and in view of the persistence with which the merits of that sect and its claims on public support are pressed, we think that this judgment by an unquestionably well-qualified authority has a considerable value:—

'It is a trial to us,' he wrote to Mr. Knox in 1886, 'that the Salvation Army lies in wait to draw away and alienate from us some of the best and holiest of our converts. Some of the most faithful and wholly consecrated among them they have lately inveigled and carried off to England for what they call their "International Congress." The bragging, vaunting spirit of the body is becoming so offensive and shocking to those in whom is anything of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and the sectarian spirit taking such almost demoniacal possession of them, one must fear a terrible collapse some day of the whole system, which would, one fears, bring sad reproach and disgrace to the Christian name. I reasoned a long time, about a month since, with a new convert, trailed by our most apostolic missionary, Mr. Bateman. He was quite pestered with telegrams to join the International Congress. I held him back for a time, but at length a more pressing and coaxing telegram persuaded him to go. How much money they must have spent in mere telegrams of this kind!'

He wrote rather contemptuously of the affectionate language towards the Eastern Churches used by some English Churchmen, and expressed his belief that the 'newly-stirred desire of self-reform, which is admittedly the most hopeful element in the ecclesiastical outlook of Oriental Christianity, was mainly due to the educational labours of the American Presbyterians. He noted with delight 'a curious instance of practical reunion' in Tunis, where, in the absence of the Greek priest, an English clergyman 'took baptisms and funerals in the Greek

At the end of 1887, Bishop French laid down, amid numerous expressions of regard and regret, the diocesan charge which he had worthily borne for ten years. He had done much that could be seen and registered: the fine cathedral of Lahore was itself a noble memorial of his episcopate: probably he had effected much more, the value of which will become apparent as time passes. He was now more than sixty years old, and he had lived a hard life. To spend the brief remainder of his days in peaceful repose at home in the society of his family, from which he had lived an exile for so long, might have seemed the natural conclusion of his arduous career. It is manifest, however, that in resigning his bishopric French had little idea of retiring from active work. He was giving place to that purely evangelistic zeal which ever chafed against the administrative duties of the episcopate, and clamoured for freer course and wider reach. His linguistic ambition was strong as ever: 'I have always been anxious to learn to talk Arabic as it is spoken in so many missionary lands,' he writes to his son, and the rest of his life was actually devoted to an heroic attempt to master that difficult language, and, having mastered it, to use it in the very centre of the Moslem world.

On January 5, 1888, he left India and travelled slowly through the Turkish Empire to Beyrout, where he stayed to deal with his immense correspondence. For ten months he lived in Syria and Palestine, studying colloquial Arabic, and carrying on missionary work, wherever opportunity offered. It was reported to him that opinions were expressed in some quarters which seemed to convey censures on his life, as if he were insufficiently employed. He was the humblest of men, but he resented this injustice. 'As if my nine or ten hours a day of hard work were mere idling or self-pleasing!' he wrote with legitimate indignation. In the spring of 1889 he returned to England, and for eighteen months he stayed at home, advocating the claims of Mission-work, and maturing his project for assaulting the centre of Moslem orthodoxy:—

'I am trying to work at Arabic as if I were to go to the East again,' he wrote in January 1890, 'but I often fear this will not be permitted to me. I fear I should do so little good with a brain so weakened: yet surely to die in the mission-field is a wondrous honour, if Bishop Steere and Dr. Pfander spoke truly.'

He received but scant sympathy from the recognised Missionary authorities. 'The C. M. S. is closed against me, I fear, as the penalty of my High Churchmanship.' He wrote still more

— 'E. S. S.' was in October of that year:—

'I propose

'I propose a journey for a few weeks or months, or more as God may appoint, to Egypt, via Tunis, to perfect myself in the Arabic tongue, and to inquire what is being done for Mohammedan missions most effectively in those parts.'

In November 1890 he finally left England, in order to 'undertake a fresh spiritual crusade, to roll back the tide of Arab conquest, and plant the Cross above the Crescent.' In Tunis he found occasion to criticise sharply the spiritual state of Cardinal Lavigerie's diocese. It is odd to read that the famous Roman advocate for temperance 'has got most of the prizes at the Paris Exhibition for the finest vines and wines in which Carthage excels.' His plans were still very indefinite. The one clear duty was the study of Arabic. Six hours daily he worked at the language with native teachers: he habitually associated with the native population in order to gain facility in expression; but his labour was darkened by the consciousness of increasing infirmity, and, as we read his letters, a sense of desertion:—

'My work-day is drawing fast towards its evening shadows,' he wrote to a friend, and added, with reference to his life in England, 'the Societies cared little to get help from me. . . . Being of neither of the two great parties out and out, I fell between the two boats, and all this helped me to see my way Eastward again, besides a strong and growing sense of duty, and of not being released yet from my missionary vows.'

In December he formally offered his services to the Church Missionary Society, finally choosing Muscat as the centre of his projected mission. His offer was rejected by the Society, but his mind was made up. He would, to use his own words, 'stand as a doorkeeper waiting to open it to any younger and stronger men whom it may please God to send to occupy this post.' Accompanied by Mr. Maitland, he established himself in Muscat, and began his work. Difficulties of all kinds arose: the Arabs were fanatical; the British agent was unsympathetic. French was indomitable: he lived the life of a fakir; and his asceticism appealed to the Arabs, from whom his message could secure scant attention. He gained entrance into the mosques, and was permitted to preach the Gospel in the temples of Islam. The villagers told him he was no Englishman, but an Arab; and on one occasion 'a large party of Arabs' laboured to convert him to the Moslem faith:—

'It was a new experience to me,' he observes, 'but useful as enabling me better to understand the feeling an Arab or Hindu would have in being so approached with a view to changing a faith dear to him as life itself, and so with the Moslems it usually is.'

Mr. Maitland left him : he was absolutely isolated in the society of the most fanatical Mohammedans in the world. The strain of his labours grew ever severer, as his strength failed. He was bringing himself to acquiesce in failure. 'I don't think that I shall ever be sorry that I made an attempt, how feeble and unsuccessful soever, to reach the poor Arabs.' The end was not far distant. 'If we would win these Moslem lands for Christ, we must die for them,' he had said prophetically to Dr. Bruce. He himself was destined to illustrate his words. He had resolved to penetrate to the interior of the peninsula ; but he had suffered much from fever, and was in no condition for travel. His purpose, however, was firm, and he began his journey. Beyond Sib, a town about thirty miles from Muttra, he was unable to proceed. He was carried back to Muscat, where he died on the 14th of May, 1891.

We said that this Life provided the best defence of Christian Missions and the most searching criticism of missionary methods. That such a life should be possible, is evidence, if any be needed, that the power of the Gospel to seize and possess men is as great in the nineteenth century as in any previous age : that such a missionary should find himself suspected and practically repudiated by the principal Missionary Society of the English Church, suggests cause for much searching of heart. We have claimed for these volumes a permanent place in the literature of Missions. We commend them to the study of all who are tempted to think that heroism and sainthood are the peculiar properties of the past. We believe that French's failure at Muscat will be potent for good, for in the spiritual sphere there are defeats that really serve the cause which they seem at first apt to imperil.

- ART. V. -1. *Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Euphues and his England.* Edited by Edward Arber, F.S.A. (English Reprints.) London, 1868.
2. *The Dramatic Works of John Lilly.* Edited by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. (Library of Old Authors.) Two Vols. London, 1892.

THE literary historian of the future, turning to take stock of the conditions of literature at the close of the nineteenth century, will find himself confronted by two marked and apparently irreconcilable facts. He will see on the one hand a reading public, far greater even in proportion to the increased population than at any previous time, demanding as its mental food a cheap and stimulating fiction, and rewarding with wealth and honour a succession of writers whose works the historian may find it quite difficult to obtain. He will see on the other hand a small but increasing band of devoted literary students, turning the microscope of their criticism on every rude fragment of the past, and spending an infinity of patient toil on work, of which the great mass of their fellow-countrymen takes no account and the pecuniary emoluments are practically *nil*. This resuscitation of one old author after another, at a time when prose fiction seems the only road to success, constitutes a curious anomaly. Yet the one condition is, in part at least, a result of the other. Not all research is prompted by pique alone. The profession is crowded with men, capable of good original work in some other branch than that which alone the crowd is delighted to honour, who can find no market for their wares and are driven to edge themselves into notice under the protection of antiquity. The educational movement has made many of the 'educated' uneasy, and has promoted a limited and superficial interest in literature as a means of quieting the conscience. It is much to have on one's shelves daintily-bound volumes of the Caroline poets; it is pleasant to know the names of other Elizabethans than Shakespeare, and to be aware that Sheridan had contemporaries. An amiable interest of this nature, leavening the class who can afford to buy books,—this, coupled with the crowding in the literary profession and the author's need of an *argis* under which to force his way into the *milieu*, is responsible for much of this reprinting and research. Well-to-do folk desire a supply of old authors for their guests to see and read; and, turning from original production to which no one pays attention, the modern man of letters annotates with res the works of William Browne or William Basse.

While our older writers for the most part are thus receiving something more than justice, there is one who, we think, has received a good deal less. The cause of this neglect is to be sought partly in an affectation of style that has made him little tolerable to modern readers, partly in the splendour of that sun which, rising when he was already past his meridian, has never known, and can never know, a setting. The writer we refer to is John Lyly, generally termed the Euphuist, a description which has its own share of responsibility for his consignment to an unmerited oblivion. By a strange caprice of fortune, an author, in his own day one of the acknowledged chiefs of English letters, who received the flattery of compliments and the sincerer homage of imitation from some of the ablest of contemporary pens; who was recognized at Court as the high-priest of a polished and witty fashion, and not only encroached on the attention paid by fashionable dames to the sit of the ruff or the health of their pet dogs, but imposed his very phrases and sentiments on their obedient lips: one who was, moreover, chief caterer for the intellectual amusement of the busiest and cleverest of English Queens—by a strange caprice of fortune this author sank into a neglect and contempt as unjust as his previous vogue was unduly exaggerated. For more than a century after the twelfth and last edition of 'Euphues,' there is hardly a mention of him in any English printed book. In 1756 and 1758 he is remotely known to Peter Whalley and another writer as 'one Lilley'; and though the scholarship of the nineteenth century has recovered him for us, yet his works have not yet been collected, nor, we venture to think, his true position at all adequately recognized.

We regret that, in regard to Lyly's life, space forbids us more than a few bare suggestions. He was born in 1554, probably near Tunbridge Wells, as he dedicates the first part of 'Euphues' to Lord de la Warre, whose family seat was at Broadwater. The legitimate inference from his Latin letter to Barleigh (dated May 16, 1574) is that he owed his education at Magdalen College, Oxford, to the Lord Treasurer's aid. The rustication he seems to speak of in his address to 'the Gentlemen Schollers' may have been simply an absence necessitated by the plague which visited Oxford in 1571. But, in spite of a heaven-born impudence, in his plan for forcing himself on the Magdalen common-room, he seems to have repaired to London in 1575, with some vague commission from the Queen in connection with the Revels. This early
by Malone, is in accord with what we think
biographical details put into the mouth of
Fidus.

Fidus.' In 1578, when the 'Anatomy of Wit' was being composed, he seems to have been lodging in the Hospital of the Savoy, and there to have made the acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey. The household in which, in 1581, he incurred some disgrace 'ether of accomptes or counsell' was not—as the language of the letter shows—that of Burleigh, but that of Burleigh's son-in-law, the Earl of Oxford, whose displeasure appears to have been caused by some malicious suggestions made by Lyly about Harvey, which the latter denied.

Lyly sat in the four last Parliaments of Elizabeth; and in 1589 and 1590 threw off, on behalf of the Bishops and in hurried collaboration, as we think, with Nash, two or three anti-Martinist pamphlets.

But his chief employment, at least up to 1589 or 1590, was, no doubt, the supervision and management of the Court entertainments. He trained the children of the Chapel and St. Paul's in their parts, and, since he says the Queen found fault with him about 'Tents and Toyles,' he probably had charge of the costumes and furniture used in the performances, and was responsible for their mounting. Also he may have discharged some of the duties of the dramatic censorship, which, as appears from the patent granted to Leicester's Servants in 1574, devolved upon the Revels' Office. Harvey calls him 'ever the apes-clog of the Press.' The composition of plays was probably an after-thought, pursued in the intervals of exacting duties. From internal evidence, and especially from its misogynist tone, we consider 'The Woman in the Moone' his earliest dramatic production, being composed in 1580 or 1581 or even before 'Euphues.' We fail to recognize Lyly's hand at all in 'The Maid's Metamorphosis.' Of the other seven plays we think that six were composed by 1589, and 'Love's Metamorphosis' probably a few years later, when his hand was out of practice.†

The hopes which Lyly entertained of the Revels' Mastership were disappointed. Relying, no doubt, on the royal bounty, Lyly had gone on performing his arduous duties, had ventured on marriage, and began to find himself in debt. Gabriel Harvey in 1589 alludes to his being 'haunted by back-friends,' that is, by bailiffs. Possibly he had not been fully reimbursed even for official expenses. The Queen's parsimony is well known, and received its most shameful illustration at

* 'Euphues,' p. 268.

† Cf. our description of *Fennie* at the beginning of Act II. c. 1, lower 1, modelled on that in Sackville's 'Induction,' published in 1563, rather than on 'The Fennie Queene.'

this very time, in the treatment accorded to the gallant seamen who had just vindicated the independence of her faith and crown. In 1585 and 1588—we have already accepted Malone's dates, as more in accordance with facts than the later ones generally favoured by modern scholars—Lyly indited two petitions, the language of which, though addressed to the all-flattered Elizabeth, is plainer than Horace ventured to use to Mæcenæus, stronger even than that of Molière's remonstrance with Louis XIV. on the suppression of 'Tartuffe.' In spite of the politic humour of the closing sentence, it is impossible not to feel that the iron had entered into his soul.

'Thirteene yeres your hignes seruant but yet nothing. Twenty frends that though they say they wilbe sure, I find them sure to be slow. A thousand hopes but all nothing; a hundred promises but yet nothing. Thus casting upp the Inventory of my freindes, hopes, promises, and tymes, the *summa totalis* amounteth to iust nothing. My last will is shorter than myne inuencion: but three leguens, patience to my Creditors, Melancholie without measure to my frends, and beggerie without shame to my family. . . .

'The last and the least, that if I bee borne to haue nothing, I may haue a proteccion to pay nothinge, which suite is like his that haueing followed the Court tenne yeaeres for recompence of his seruise committed a Robberie and tooke it out in a pardon.'

Something of petulance, however, is here, no doubt; something, too, perhaps, of that pleasure in forcible expression which makes the pen in some men's hands so much more surely an instrument than even the tongue. It should perhaps be regarded as the last instance of a tendency which supplies the keynote of his whole career. In the light of his hero's admission,* 'I haue euer thought so superstitiously of wit that I feare I haue committed Idolatrie against wisdom,' we may see John Lyly throughout life as more or less his own enemy. We see in him a consciousness of wit that inspired a contempt for beaten paths, a pleasure in telling word and phrase that made him careless whom he offended. We see him disdainful or ignoring the studies prescribed at Oxford, quarrelling with his dons and yet attempting to force them to admit him fellow; venting his grudge in sweeping condemnation of the University at his first appearance in the world of letters; making enemies, perhaps, in the household of Lord Oxford; carelessly estranging his old friend, Gabriel Harvey; commencing his task of catering for the Queen's amusement by a mere satire on her sex, and following it up by a boldness of

* 'Euphuos,' p. 47.

political allegory that may well have brought him into trouble; finally, we see him reproaching his irascible mistress with ingratitude in terms as bitter, if not so dignified, as those of Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. Nevertheless we take it that Lyly does not deserve to be called unhappy. He had buoyancy enough to survive disappointment; and fits of depression, such as are revealed by these petitions, could have been but temporary. The earnest tone of 'Euphues' which Professor Morley, *more suo*, considered as evidence of his deep moral seriousness, we should rather attribute to the power of strongly realizing his theme and to the attraction which the didactic attitude generally presents to youth. It is hard to resist the comedies' suggestion of a real light-heartedness: if the wit and gaiety fall off somewhat towards the end, this is merely the exhaustion consequent on much production.

Whatever were his pecuniary fortunes, he had at least the consolations of distinction from his first entrance into the courtly circle. The immense popularity and rapid sale of successive editions of 'Euphues' must have conferred a great reputation, the evidences of which are not wanting in the flattering allusions of William Webbe, of John Eliot, of Francis Meres, and of Spenser. To one of Lyly's bent the sense of intellectual achievement must count as the most important element of content: and if Elizabeth, by delaying to give substantial effect to her indefinite promises, skillfully contrived to keep his great abilities upon the stretch, she contributed no less thereby to his own happiness and fame. Edward Blount says categorically that she did reward him; and perhaps it was the receipt of some pension or sinecure that enabled him to establish himself independently in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Less, whose register records the birth to him of three children, and his own burial on November 30, 1606. His comedies would still continue to be acted from time to time, and we need not suppose that he withdrew himself altogether from the Court. We can picture him, one of the most familiar figures at Whitehall, Greenwich, Hampton Court, or Richmond, stepping daintily about the antechambers, shrewd and humorous; with a keen eye for the follies, the fashions, the swagger and pretension of the courtiers; now enjoying a brisk passage of arms with some sprightly maid of honour, now chuckling over the last impertinence of the Court-paers—not unlike the character Shakespeare draws in 'All's Well that Ends Well' of the old Lord Lafew, whose picture has been thought to be Lyly's portrait.

It is well that he enjoyed due meed of fame in his lifetime.

time. The reaction against his excessive mannerism, which first finds expression in Sidney's *'Astrophel and Stella,'* 1591, left him all but forgotten within forty years after his death. His recovery from this obscurity has never been more than partial. His romance has been praised, but with a somewhat indiscriminate praise until the publication of M. Jusserand's brilliant work, *'The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare'*; while the chronological importance and the absolute merits of his plays appear to us to have been strangely underrated or overlooked. Shakespeare was indebted to both far more than is at all generally supposed. It will be our aim in the following pages to exhibit, somewhat more fully, the extent of this debt, and Lyly's literary merits and position.

Of his work as a pamphleteer we shall say nothing. His performance in this direction is adequately described by Harvey as *'alehouse and tinkery stuff.'* There remain the two parts of *'Euphues'* and the plays.

Much has been written of recent years about the style of Lyly's famous novel. The characteristics of his *'euphuism'* are of two kinds: firstly, those concerned with the structure of his sentences; and secondly, those methods of ornament and illustration which, though a part of what is called style, seem more akin to the material than the architecture of thought. In regard to structure his dominating principle is that of antithesis, the opposition of words or ideas in sentences placed side by side. It is carried to the furthest point of elaboration by the balance of adjective against adjective, substantive against substantive, verb against verb, adverb against adverb; and it finds further illustration in the perpetual use of alliteration, simple or alternate, in constant panning, in sentences constructed of two or three equalized clauses, and in arguments conducted by a string of rhetorical questions which answer each other.

These are the structural marks of the style. Those of ornament are more separable: they seem to occupy a midway position between the matter and the manner of thought, and to have their sphere in both. We mean that abundant use of allusions to classical mythology, of similes drawn from the *'Natural History'* of Pliny, and lastly of stories about the Greek painters which Lyly took from the same source. That he used this species of adornment to excess it would be idle to deny. It is also superfluous to point out that the polite and educated society of the day was dominated by an almost tyrannical classical taste; that many ladies—and for ladies Lyly professes chiefly to write

—read the Greek and Latin authors; and that a large display of what is now considered pedantry was imperative on a writer who would be *chic* and in fashion. It is certain that no writer, not the most original, is really independent of the taste of his time. It has entered unconsciously into the formation of his own, while, externally, he is largely dependent for success on his conformity with it. The utmost he can do is to see that he is in accord with the best taste among his contemporaries, with the taste of those of largest mind and fullest cultivation. Posterity will condemn as superfluous or faulty much in which his own age took delight; and will praise, perhaps, what it but lightly esteemed or wholly ignored. Yet it is for his own contemporaries that an author writes, and must write—for the best of them, if his aim be worthy and his powers sufficiently great; and, except he please his own age, what audience can he expect of another, that will scarcely have heard his name?

A similar plea may be urged in defence of Lyly's abuse of structural artifice. We acknowledge an absolute, we cannot acknowledge a relative, defect: nay, when we consider him in relation to his chronological position, we feel that English prose owes to the Euphuist a debt that cannot easily be over-rated. Stilted, unnatural, mechanical, tedious as his euphuism is, it has nevertheless the supreme merit of asserting, with an emphasis hitherto unknown, the absolute importance to prose-writing of the principle of design. Lyly's is the first work in English literature which consistently attempts to practise prose as an art; the first arch of the bridge which spans the gulf between the ramblings of the chronicle and the lucid nervous paragraphs of our own essayists. To him it fell to be the first to recognize the need of, and consciously to aim at, what has been denominated the quality of mind in style; the treatment of the sentence, not as a haphazard agglomeration of clauses, phrases, and words, but as a piece of literary architecture, whose end is foreseen in the beginning, and whose parts are calculated to minister to the total effect. Of this mental quality, this architectural spirit in style, antithesis is the most powerful instrument. It may be, it is, the fact that Lyly abused it; that he harped on this string perpetually, to weariness; that in his devotion to form he forgot its large dependence upon matter, and constrained his thought, sometimes by dilution, sometimes by compression, to a mould for which it was not always fitted, with the effect of unreality in either case. But this is only to say that he had not reached the preference for concealed over obtruded art. It cannot affect his claim to have taken the first momentous step in the development

development of English prose, by obeying a rule of design and aiming at elegance and precision of form.

And, in regard to the absolute merits or demerits of an artificial and ornamental style, we can hardly accede to the somewhat purist opinion that would confine prose art to the power of exact expression. If a gem suffer some apparent diminution of lustre or beauty from the fine workmanship of the setting, yet we derive a compensatory pleasure from this very fineness of the work: and a picture will oftentimes affect us more pleasurably or more powerfully when precision of outline is lost in the misty glories of the imagination which suffuses it. Appreciations of style will always vary, as style itself varies, with the mind that apprehends or that originates it. What appears as excrescence to one will seem essential to another. To the reader words may present an inadequacy or a redundancy imperceptible to the author, whose judgment of them is coloured by the parent thought which they aim at representing. How shall we tell whether the defect which we observe is proper to the expression or to the thought itself? In fact the attempt to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential, the sufficient and the insufficient in expression, may easily be pushed to the point of fallacy. To assume, as Flaubert did, that every thought has a precise correlative or exact corresponding form in words, is to assume too marked and positive a distinction between thought and language, and to transfer to the former, as its own, an exactitude which it derives, in fact, only from the latter. We deny that a thing originally and essentially so vague as thought can have an exact equivalent in words. Thought itself only acquires development and determination from the words which seek to reflect it. With their arrival it undergoes kaleidoscopic change, and adjusts itself in some measure to them. We allow that certain words may possess greater affinity to the germ-idea than others; but we think the feeling which pronounces them merely a reflection of it a delusion. Language is one of the parents, not merely the *accoucheur*, to ideas: the processes of originating by invention and shaping by language are, if not simultaneous, yet so nearly contemporaneous as to be indistinguishable.

Apart from this latent fallacy, to confine literary art to exact expression, banishing all rhetoric, idealization, and imaginative glow, is to exclude very much of the pleasure it is capable of giving. In this way we make it a didactic instrument, and almost negative its existence as an art. Men crave in what they read the incentive of all possible literary attraction. In

prose,

prose, no less than in poetry, they demand to be lured onward by a succession of half-imperceptible shocks of pleasure in the beauty and vigour of diction, or in the ingenuity of phrasing, in sentence after sentence—pleasure separable from that caused by the perception of the nice adaptation of word to thought, pleasure quite other than that derivable from the acquisition of fresh knowledge. Taste cannot reach correctness at a bound. Let us be more catholic: let us suffer the fervid and rhetorical as well as the limpid and the chaste, remembering that a taste for the former is the first and indispensable step in our progress to an appreciation of the latter, whose beauties of restraint can hardly be felt or exhibited but by contrast. A dash of honest rhetoric, a dose of ingenious phrase, may save us from the green-sickness of the literary prude. In a recent volume of precious and much-praised essays we read that some hero of the writer's 'had an exquisite style from which to refrain.' It was long ere we could perceive how perfect a consummation of the literary craft was here indicated. We shudder at our own coarseness, but we felt at first almost as much mystified as honest Gorgibus: *Quel diable de jargon entends-je ici? Voici bien du haut style!*

Yet Lyly, whatever his redundancies, in his care for elegant and attractive form was in reality the first of the *précieux*, and did more for the cause of exact expression than any of his contemporaries or predecessors. Is there one whose meaning is so clear, so readily to be grasped on a first perusal? or one who could so well stand the test of the removal of all marks of punctuation save the full stop? Even Mallory's simplicity is sometimes marred by obscurity, or by an anacoluthon. Robinson's translation of the 'Utopia' is full of loosely-constructed sentences, the 'Arcadia' of rambling ones of wearisome prolixity; Thomas Nash huddles phrase on phrase with an incoherence that, he confesses, makes his 'full points seem as tedious as the Northern man's mile.' It is not to be denied that most of the marks of Lyly's style are to be found in the Spanish historiographer, Antonio Guevara; and that, if Lyly was unfamiliar with the 'Libro Aureo' itself, yet he must have known Sir Thomas North's translation of it, 'The Diall of Princes' (1557), which reproduces its characteristics. A yet closer resemblance to Lyly is found in occasional passages of the collection of twelve classical stories published by George Pettie in or about 1576. The movement of the time was, no doubt, in the direction of rhetoric and fineness of phrase, the result of revived study of the classics. Lyly himself professes to dread 'the daintie eare of the curious sifter,' at a time when

'Englishmen

'Englishmen desire to heare finer speech than the language will allow.' But he is, nevertheless, the writer in whom the movement culminates. He seizes the tendencies visible here and there in the work of his time, and adopts them deliberately as principles to be adhered to throughout an entire work. We can see no sufficient reason for refusing to accept the view of his contemporaries, who hailed in this hitherto unknown young writer of twenty-six the high-priest of a new literary faith, the '*raffineur de l'Anglois*,' the '*alter Tullius Anglorum*.' They had every opportunity of judging. The work of Guevara was famous throughout Europe, and North's translation thoroughly well known in England; while Pettie's '*Pallace*' went through five editions by 1613. In spite of hints which he took from them, we are not disposed to transfer to any of these writers that hearty commendation bestowed on him, rather than on them, by William Webbe, whose '*Discourse of English Poetrie*,' published in 1586, praises him for having 'stept one steppe further than any either before or since' in ministering to 'the great good grace and sweet rayne which Eloquence hath attained in our speeche.'

And it was the style of '*Euphues*' far more than its subject-matter that made its success. Five editions of each part were printed before 1586, and seven more in the course of the next fifty years. Its alliteration and point were imitated, and the name of its hero borrowed for their own title-pages by Greene, Lodge, and others. Its very popularity ensured it a certain number of detractors. Among such were Harvey, Nash, and the author of '*The Return from Parnassus*.' The point on which all fasten is the excessive use of strange similes from natural history, and from this yoke imposed by 'Lillie's writing' Drayton afterwards praised Sidney for liberating the English tongue. And this point, together with the antithesis in sound and alliteration, is parodied clearly enough in a speech of Halstaff, where the simile about the camomile is actually borrowed from the novel.* But it seems to have escaped notice that Shakespeare's imitation of the style is by no means confined to this brief parody. Other passages exhibit the alliteration, the resemblance of sound, the repetition of the same word to give point, above all the antithetic or parallel structure of clauses—all the chief marks, in fact, of the style except the similes. And in none of these cases did Shakespeare use it by way of ridicule, but rather chose it deliberately as the most appropriate vehicle for what he wanted to convey. In the

* First Part of *Henry IV.* ii. iv. 438-461. '*Euphues*,' p. 46

prose of the earliest comedies we find no marks of it at all. It appears first in 'The Merchant of Venice,' in the talk between Portia and Nerissa and one or two other passages, and is constantly reappearing in the work of the next few years. It crops up only in the mouths of people of rank and education, and chiefly in characters remarkable for wit, such as Falstaff, Prince Hal, Portia, Rosalind, Touchstone, or the Clown in 'Twelfth Night.' Doubtless we should have had it earlier in Shakespeare's work, had he sooner adopted the free mingling of prose with verse in his historical plays, or had the clowns of the earliest comedies been, like the later ones, professional wits. Just as in his earliest comic work he imitates Lyly in the artificial balancing of group against group, and in the continual word-play and strain after wit, so in the riper comic work of his middle period (1596-1600) he follows Lyly by the introduction of a still larger amount of prose, and with it a certain share of his antithesis and pointed construction of sentences. Nothing, we are aware, will convince the reader but the actual examination of the passages referred to; yet we content ourselves with a single instance, and that the earliest, a speech of Portia's, asking the reader to note in it the general antithetic structure, the euphuistic balance of substantive and epithet against substantive and epithet, the repetition of words to add point, the pun, the parisonance, the alliteration, and refer him in a note to numerous other passages* : —

'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead

* The references are to the 'Globe' edition : —

Merchant of Venice, i. i. 114-18, Bassanio, ii. i. 36, Portia and Nerissa, 92-6, 119-3. iii. i. 41-4, Salanio, 92-101, Shylock, and i. in part, 55-76.

I Henry IV., i. ii. 1-5, Prince, 26-46, Falst. II and Prince, 142-8, 170-5.

II Henry IV., i. ii. 84-102, Falstaff, 138-49, 152-64, 196-209, 245-7; 255-60. iii. ii. 192-5, Prince, and the first half down to end of Epilogue.

Much Ado, i. i. 173-8, Benedick, 240-8. iii. ii. 11-19, Don John, 27-38, 69, 70. iii. i. 38-42, Beatrice. iii. i. 6-36, Benedick. iii. iii. 166-70, Benedick, iv. 80-90, Margaret's assurance and repetition of words. iii. i. 49-56, Beatrice.

As You Like It, ii. i. 40-60, Rosalind and Celia; 92-6; 197-204, Orlando. iii. ii. 11-32, Touchstone and Celia. A peevish parody, 46-9; iii. 12-15, Touchstone, 50-64, 80-3. iv. i. 10-29, Jaques. Epilogue.

Twelfth Night, i. v. 47-59, Clown. 244-11, Olivia.

father. Is it not hard, Nerisea, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse
nerisea. ?

But before quitting this subject of Lyly's style, we must distinguish somewhat further. There has been much loose talk of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson as ridiculing our author, when they were simply caricaturing current affectations. In spite of the words by which Edward Blount in 1632 strove to recommend the 'Six Courte Comedies,' the euphuism of Court-life was only in part created by Lyly. His book was successful enough to give the fashion a name, but even of literary euphuism he cannot claim the monopoly. Almost concurrently with the appearance of his work, there was being produced independently, in the retirement of a Wiltshire country-house, another world-famous romance, written in careless, informal fashion, for the amusement of the writer's sister and hostess, on loose sheets of paper successively submitted to her almost as soon as they were finished. The author was a young man of aristocratic birth, thoroughly versed in the life of cities and of courts, who had just ventured to push to the point of presumption the privilege of his intimacy with the Queen; and the 'Arcadia' (begun in 1580, completed in 1581, but not published till ten years later), though professing to picture an ideal and romantic existence, was hailed equally with 'Euphuës' as reflective of the courtly spirit of the times. Exhibiting, like its rival, marks of foreign, especially Spanish, influence, it bears little trace of Lyly's peculiar style beyond ample alliteration and a general elevation of diction, more antastic than Lyly's and without his wit. It is full of excellences which Lyly cannot boast; and, were we attempting to estimate its absolute worth, we should have to dilate on a nobility of sentiment beside which the best of 'Euphuës' seems but poor and selfish, on a grasp of character which even Lyly's dramas never showed, and on a pathetic power, culminating in the episode of the disguised Zelmane's love for Pyrocles, which stands almost unsurpassed in our literature, was faithfully copied in the beautiful play of 'Philaster,' and supplied the pregnant hint for Julia, Viola, and Imogen. But our point is, that the book was written by a courtier for courtiers; that it deals with kings and knights and fair princesses, and exhibits throughout a sovereign contempt for the populace, and for ignorant, clownish humanity, which is not to be found in the work of our *plebeii filius*. If it did not, as Drayton says, supersede the latter, it at least shared its empire over the fashionable world. If society accepted 'Euphuës' as the model of polite literary style, it accepted 'Arcadia' no less as the model

model of all that it was noble and courtly and ingenuous to feel and think.

Evidence on this point of their relative influence is to be found in the 'Every Man out of his Humour' of Ben Jonson, whose pages contain the fullest and most direct caricature of fashionable life. We may admit that Fastidious Brisk is a satirical sketch of Lyly himself.

'A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glass how to salute; *speaks good remnants* (notwithstanding the *base viol and tobacco*); *swears tersely*, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. *He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and back him as his own.* Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into *credit with his merchant*, only with the jingle of his spur and the jerk of his wand.'

The words we have italicised are, no doubt, sufficiently representative of Lyly, who 'thought there was no kinde of lyfe... but the Court'; who was, as we know, a quoter, a phrasemonger, a fiddler, a smoker; who borrowed largely from foreign writers without direct acknowledgment, and whose petitions to the Queen are evidence of debt. But a satirical sketch of Lyly is hardly equivalent to a satire on Lyly's novel. If Brisk alludes once to the 'Anatomy of Wit' (iii. 1), and Fallace quotes it (v. 7), yet her brother Fungoso, equally studious of courtly fashion, will 'lie abed and read the *Arcadia*,' a work which Brisk elsewhere commends as the model of polite speech. One of the chief points ridiculed in Brisk and Pantarvolo in this play, in the Osric and Armado of Shakespeare, and in Scott's Sir Piercie Shafton, is the use of fine words to lend a false dignity to the most simple actions. Now, while instances of this abound in the 'Arcadia,' it is not at all a mark of 'Euphuës.'

'Cynthia's Revels,' again, is so far from being ridicule of Lyly that it is written in much the same severe temper as the 'Anatomy of Wit': it is a caricature, to which some personal rebuff perhaps had lent a sting, of that courtly society whose humour the novel, of twenty years before, had been found to fit. And in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' though the inroad of life's grim earnest at the close constitutes a possible hit at the exclusive air of Lyly's work, yet the general moral is simply that we are to recognize the homely necessity of facts and of natural limitations. 'No rima, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in them all, sir! O sir, plantain, a plain plantain.' 'A marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little overparted.'

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And so in all the other cases where Shakespeare draws a superior courtier, with a touch of braggartism or emptiness. Courtly affectation, not Lyly specially, nor his subjects, nor his style, is variously ridiculed in Proteus, in Cassio, in Parolles, in Oric: it is an object of aspiring imitation to Touchstone and Sir Andrew: it is abused or parodied by many characters like Mercutio and Kent. Many characteristics of style are caricatured by Shakespeare: poverty of phrase in Nym, bombast like Marlowe's in Pistol, over-nicety of distinction in Launcelot, verbosity in Polonius and Salario. Shakespeare knew 'a many toils' that 'for a trickay word' would 'dely the matter'; and 'the trickiest page in "Euphues"' was in his opinion, and in ours, less deserving of ridicule than any.

In substance Lyly's novel is largely a compilation, and he acknowledges his obligations in general terms. The exact apportionment of his debt to Plutarch and Guevara is not easily made, because Guevara himself drew so largely from the former; but we may take it as proved by Dr. Landmann that 'The Diall of Princes' was the 'cart' after which Lyly chiefly 'gleaned.' But 'Euphues' has, nevertheless, excellent claims to be considered an original work. A distinction should be drawn between the two parts, a distinction of which the author was quite conscious. In the dedication of the second he says, 'Had I not named Euphues, fewe would have thought it had been Euphues.' In the First his main object is to string together moral reflections on grave subjects, the gathered results of varied reading. The form of a love-tale, though his sympathies went along with it, was but the presentation of folly under which he might shoot his wit, and win attention to a young man's utterance on questions of moment. But in the Second this didactic purpose is very much modified. Lyly becomes aware of the mine he has opened, and works now with full consciousness in a form suggested, indeed, by the Italian novelists, but none the less original in English literature—the form of a Romance of polite society. It is the first and triumphant assertion by an English author that literary interest may be derived, not from tales of classical history or mythology, nor from the adventures of mediæval chivalry, but from the social intercourse of the modern world. 'With "Euphues,"' says M. Jusserand, 'commences in England the literature of the drawing-room.'

As a consequence the portraiture of love and lovers is completely changed. In the chivalric romance our attention is asked for the dangers and hardships of the hero in its pursuit, or for the misfortunes and fidelity of the heroine. Lyly dwells on
love-making

love-making rather as the chief subject of interest and conversation, the underlying motive and mainspring of social intercourse, than for its own sake. It is polite society, its methods and customs, with which he is really concerned; the meeting and talk of young men and women with the elders as a background, the *willades*, the polite speeches, the 'pruic nippes,' the sparkling repartees, the secret pangs, raptures and despairs, the whole imported charm that the passion derives from the fact that it is subject to the restraints and refinements of polite society. Lyly's Cupid walks amid hothouse-blooms and trim parterres, not in woodland glades or mountain upland. For the first time the feminine interest comes strongly to the front. For the first time an author realizes that he must look to the verdict of the ladies as well as of the men, and that women, whatever their culture, are always far more interested in the living and practical present than in the most romantic aspect of the past. In 'Euphues' the feminine interest cracks at length the mould of knightly adventure in which it has long been forming. The masculine side, of prowess and achievement, is frankly discarded for the inner or mental side, the subjective history of the tender passion; and we pass at once from mediævalism and classic survival, and enter the modern world. We change lance and war-horse for walking-sword and pumps and silk stockings. We forget the filleted brows and wind-blown hair, the zone, the flowing robe, the sandalled or buskined feet, and feel the dawning empire of the fan, the glove, the bonnet, the petticoat, and the parasol. With Lyly, in fact, we enter the path which leads to the Restoration dramatists, to Addison and to Pope; and in *Lucilla* and *Camilla* we are prescient of *Millamant* and *Belinda*.

Some sort of example for this great change Lyly might find in the famous volume of Count Baldassarre Castiglione, '*Il Cortegiano*,' published at Venice in 1528, and translated by Sir Thomas Hoby in 1561—a book which, while taking leave of chivalric adventure, admirably embodies that spirit of fine courtesy and upright manliness which is the great bequest of chivalry to the world. But in Lyly the narrative thread assumes more importance than in '*The Courtier*,' where it is the merest framework; and the chivalric spirit undergoes large modifications. For the story of '*Euphues*' is the story of a young man's passion and disillusion, disillusion followed by a gradual and partial reconstruction of his faith in woman, though never of his happiness. *Lucilla*, the girl of whose affections he has robbed his friend and who soon deserts him for another, dies before the end of the First Part; and, while *Philautus* easily finds consolation

in England, Euphues appears henceforward as the old young man, the philosopher before his time, bitterly cynical at first, afterwards taking a somewhat melancholy pleasure in observing the workings of a passion in which he has no more share. At the close of the book, while the rest are marrying and giving in marriage, he retires to indulge his melancholy vein in a lonely cave in the mountain of Silixsedra.

But the book is less a picture of passion than of courtly society; and as a consequence it is artificial, divorced from homely realities, somewhat devoid of action. It is deficient in characterisation, in pathos, and—worse—in humour. Wit we get in abundance, and weighty sense; but from end to end of 'Euphues' there is nothing which compels a smile. Lyly himself said of it, 'The paine that I sustained for him in tranell, hath made me past teeming,' and the conscientious reader of the two Parts will perhaps acknowledge that his fatigue was reasonable.

We must not part from the book, however, without pointing out some of the very evident and numerous traces of it in Shakespeare's dramatic work. Many of the passages collected by Mr. Rushton* are merely instances of the use by both writers of some common proverb or expression; but, omitting all these, a number of striking resemblances are left. As we had independently observed some of those which Rushton gives, and have noted others which he does not mention, the joint results are noted below without distinction.†

Those who compare the passages collected in the note will find there close verbal parallels in 'Euphues' for sentiments

* 'Shakespeare's Euphuism,' by W. L. Rushton; London, 1871.

† SHAKESPEARE (Globe Edition).

As A II, i. ll. 275.
Henry's Tide, iv. iv. 455.
Pericles of the Siciliæ, i. i. 31.
L. L. L., i. i. 101 sqq.
12th H. 6., ii. iii. 125 sqq.
13th H. 6., iii. 275.
Hamlet, ii. ii. 255.
14th H. 6., iii. 59-80.
Julius C., i. i. 324 sqq.
15th H. 6., iii. 312-3.
As You Like It, ii. ii. l. 13, 14.
16th H. 6., iii. 417.
Mac A., i. ii. 120 ff. ult.
17th H. 6., iii. 59 sqq.
11 Henry IV., i. ii. 196-200.
Rom. 3rd Jul., ii. ii. 95 sqq.
18th H. 6., iii. 19 sqq.
19th H. 6., iii. 19 sqq.

EUPHUES (ed. Arber).

P. 187.
 P. 255.
 P. 40.
 P. 312.
 P. 289.
 P. 336.
 P. 44.
 P. 148, 385, 246; 154.
 P. 37.
 P. 329.
 P. 53.
 P. 302.
 P. 213.
 P. 109.
 P. 43.
 P. 74.
 P. 100.
 P. 296.

put by Shakespeare into the mouths of Gaunt, of Perdita, of the King in 'All's Well,' of Hamlet, of Othello, of Iago. Philautus in love recalls the names of great conquerors who have suffered from the same flames, and Don Armado imitates him. Falstaff's humorous complaint of the Chief Justice's intolerance towards youthful follies seems borrowed with the addition of the humour from Euphues' answer to Eubulus' lecture. Polonius' advice to Laertes is compiled from several passages in the novel. Philautus' despatch of a love-letter to Camilla in a pomegranate from which the kernel has been extracted, is made the subject of one of Lafeu's scoffs at Parolles. Rosalind's proposal that Orlando shall woo her as though she were his very Rosalind is anticipated by Ifida's permission to Fidus to personate her absent knight. The rapid change of fashions, and the English appropriation of those of foreign countries, finds plenty of illustration in the novel, as it does in 'The Merchant' and 'Much Ado.' Beatrice's spiteful criticisms of men have been placed by Euphues in the mouths of women generally; and the bitter speech of that gentleman about the vanity and deceitfulness of the sex is, we believe, the origin of similar bitterness in the mouths of Hamlet, of Troilus, of Othello, of Posthumus. There is a curious correspondence, too, between the narrative of the early part of the novel and the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' a play distinguished for its large amount of word-play, Romeo being especially affected and antithetic. Paris approaches Capulet in the first instance, as Philautus does Ferardo. Capulet's qualified answer, and contrasted haste later on, are a reproduction of Ferardo's initial delay and subsequent 'content incontinently to procure the means.' It is thus that he approaches his daughter on the subject: 'Mine only care hath bene hether to match thee. . . . At the last I have found one answerable to my desire, a Gentleman of great reueneues, of a noble progenie, of honest behaiour, of comely personage,' &c. (p. 83). And it is thus that Capulet speaks:—

'Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demerits, youthful and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,' &c.

(*iii. v. 179* *sqq.*)

Lucilla has the impulsiveness, if not the fidelity, of Juliet. In regard to Euphues she feels the same fear lest she seem 'too quickly won': in regard to Philautus, she 'cannot but smile

smile . . . that the wooing should be a day after the wedding' (p. 84), just as Juliet professes

'wonder at this haste: that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.'

Like Juliet, too, she professes that she will 'hardly be induced ever to match with any.' And Euphues, forsaken in the end, realizes the opposition between the dictates of passion and wisdom, of 'grace and rude will,' and anticipates that lesson of moderation inculcated by Friar Laurence—'The proofe of late hath bene verified in me whome nature hath endued with a little witte, which I haue abused with an obstinate will: Most true it is that the thing the better it is, the greater is the abuse, and that there is nothing but through the malice of man may be abused' (p. 100), or, as the Friar puts it,—

'Naught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.'

Lastly, Jaques, in 'As You Like It,' is Euphues Redivivus. The novel of Thomas Lodge, on which that play is founded, purports to be written by Euphues, and 'found after his death in his cell at Silixsedra'—so says the title-page of the edition of 1592. Shakespeare, adapting the story for the stage, admits its supposed author, Euphues, to a share in the events he relates, under the name of 'the melancholy Jaques,' in whom he reproduces the characteristics of Lyly's hero. Like Euphues, Jaques has made false steps in youth, which have somewhat darkened his views of life: like Euphues, he conceals under a veil of sententious satire a real goodness of heart, shown in his action towards Audrey and Touchstone. A traveller, like Euphues, he has 'a melancholy of his own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects'; and is prepared, like his prototype, to lecture his contemporaries on every theme. He moralises every spectacle, and, free charter given,

'will through and through
Cleansse the foul body of the infected world.'

Finally, like Euphues, he is something out of harmony with youthful pastimes and careless of material prosperity. When the others are busy with wedding festivities and their return to court, hebethinks him of matter to be learned from a converted Duke, as Euphues learned from Fidus or the hermit Cassander; and retires, like Euphues to Silixsedra, to indulge his melancholy at the 'deserted cave.'

As a poet, Lyly's record is confined to the songs scattered through his plays, and to the pastoral masque 'The Woman in
the

the Moone.' Of the former the whole number seems to have been twenty-nine, of which seven, though announced in the text, are lost. 'The enchantment for sleepe,' in 'Endimion,' ii. 3, is, perhaps, most to be regretted—an accepted theme for the rivalry of sonneteers in the next decade. Of the others we do not claim great merit for more than eight: (1) 'Cupid and my Campaspe'; (2) Trico's song on birds' notes in the same play; (3) Sappho's on love, which reminds us of the closing stanzas of 'Venus and Adonis'; (4) on Cupid in 'Mother Bombie,' iii. 3; (5) Apollo's on Daphne in 'Mydas,' iv. 1; (6) Pipenetta's on maidenhood in v. 2; (7) the hymn to Apollo at the close of the play; and (8) the charming song of Diana's nymphs in 'Gallathea,' iv. 2. Shakespeare thought the Fairies' song in 'Endimion' worth imitating in the 'Merry Wives,' and there are besides one or two good drinking-songs. The remaining thirteen are mainly duets or trios between saucy pages and their victims, little more than metrical dialogue, without such universal application as could alone confer perennial freshness. They unite with the liberal introduction of deities, shepherds, and nymphs to give Lyly's comedies the character of masques. Such dialogue-songs were not unknown to the ruder productions of the fifty years before Lyly's appearance, when Comedy was struggling to free itself from the Morality and Interlude that encumbered it; but in none of them is there the slightest hint of the lyric grace which so conspicuously marks the best of Lyly's. His authorship of them has been lately questioned, on no better ground than that they are not found in the earliest quarto editions, though given in Blount. The omission was customary, and is still less in need of explanation if, as is not improbable, Lyly was the composer of the music as well as the author of the words. In this wedding of pure poetry with drama, he is, as in so much else, the first; or, if the uncertain date of composition of 'The Arraignment of Paris,' printed 1584, points to a possible exception in George Peele, Lyly must at least share with him Thomas Nash's praise as *primus verborum artifex*.

Still more striking is the merit of the blank verse of 'The Woman in the Moone,' supposing that we accept the author's description of it as a dream,

'The first he had in Phœbus' holy bowre,'

as there is much reason to do. It would then be written about 1580 or 1581, certainly an early date for verse of this ease and strength, though Peele's 'Arraignment,' just mentioned, has some equally good. Lyly's lines present the same distinct and isolated

isolated character as the verse of 'Gorboduc,' of the 'Jocasta' of Gascoigne and Kinwelmarsh, and of other plays of the pseudo-classic school. Without denying the freedom which the metre derived from Marlowe's irregularities, or from his adoption on principle of certain deviations from the normal line which his predecessors stumbled on occasionally by chance,—without denying the supreme poetic genius which enabled Marlowe to fix the blank line authoritatively as the right vehicle for the rising English Drama, we think that the regular decasyllabics of Lyly represent a conscious metrical skill which is seldom shown by the greater poet for many lines in succession. Passages like the following exhibit an ear for musical variety that defies and overcomes the monotonous tendency of the rules by which it chooses to be bound:—

'Could Iphiclos goe from thee for a lambe?
The wolfe take all my flocke, so I haue thee.
Will me to dine for pearle into the sea,
To fetch the fethere of the Arabian bird,
The golden apples from the Hesperian wood,
The mayenayde's glasse, Flora's abbliment,
So I may haue Pandora for my loue.' (iii. 2, p. 181.)

Her pretended attempt at suicide calls forth the following from another shepherd:—

'Divine Pandora, stay thy desperat hand,
May summer's lightning burne our autumn crop,
The thunder's teeth plowe up our fayrest groves,
The scorching sun-beames dry up all our springs,
And ruffe winds blast the beauty of our plaines,
If Melos love thee not, more than his heart.' (iv. 1, p. 194.)

Finally the rival shepherds abjure her:—

'The springs that smil'd to see Pandorae's face,
And leapt above the bankes to touch her lippes;
The proud playnes dauncing with Pandorae's weight;
The iocund trees that val'd when she came neare,
And in the murmur of their whispering leaves
Ind seeme to say, "Pandora is our queene!"
Witnessse how fayre and beautifull she was;
But now alone how false and treacherous!' (v. 1, p. 205.)

We have quoted enough, we think, to show not merely that Lyly could write blank verse of capital quality, but that there is in 'The Woman in the Moone,' besides this metrical sweetness, a poetic fancy which may have suggested more to Shakespeare than the description of his own exquisite fairy-

tale as a Dream. We cannot pretend, of course, that any of Shakespeare's striking excellences are really explicable by precedent or example. We merely point out that for idyllic grace, and for the power of fusing delicate lyric feeling with dramatic work, he has two models, and, so far as we know, two only,—Lyly and Peele; and that of his close acquaintance with the former's writings there is abundant proof.

As a dramatist, the praise most generally accorded to Lyly is that of adopting prose as his regular vehicle for comedy. Even in 'The Woman in the Moone' he allots occasional prose to the comic servant, Gunophilus: in all the others it is varied only by the songs. Slowly had prose been edging its way into the plays of the time, especially in farcical scenes. It is used exclusively in Gascoigne's translation 'The Supposes' of 1566, and in the rude 'Famous Victories of Henry the fifth,' which probably preceded Lyly's work; while Gosson allots high praise to 'twoo prose Bookes plaied at the Belssuage' before 1579. But no surviving play of the time affords an example of its successful use. The absence of all authority in dramatic matters, and the haphazard method of composition, are admirably illustrated by the presence even in Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra' of so many contending forms. Here we have the long uneven doggerel of 'Ralph Roister Doister'; here the regular fourteen-syllable lines into which it subsided, and which Phaeer and Arthur Golding, and, perhaps still more, Sternhold and Hopkins' metrical version of the Psalms in 1562, had popularised; here we have some irregular dactylic rhymed lines of four accents, as in Heywood's Interludes; here the decasyllabic lines that were soon to supersede all the rest, either rhymed, alternately or successively, or in regular blank verse; here, finally, we have passages of prose. And this is in 1578. Lyly's keen sense of form told him that such interchange and disordered jumble of metre was inadmissible. He resolved to bind himself to the one metre of smooth blank verse after Norton and Sackville's model; or to throw the whole of his matter into prose, now serious and dignified, now bright and witty, but always giving the sense of selective skill and controlling power. He is not the first dramatist to use prose: but he is the first to demonstrate, by persistent and successful use of it, its claim to be the received vehicle for English comedy. And the secret of his success lies in his recognition of the truth, the imperfect recognition of which weakens so much of the later Elizabethan drama and retains most of his predecessors' work at a level of hopeless crudity—the truth that, just as the action of the stage must be a concentrated

essence of real life, so its diction must be intensified, must be infused with more point and emphasis and forethought than belongs to common talk, if it is to enchain attention and overcome our underlying sense that the whole spectacle is only make-believe. Before Shakespeare's advent the dawning perception of this had sufficiently embodied itself in our drama, in the 'high astounding terms' of Marlowe's tragedy on the one hand, in the conceited antithetic dialogue of Lyly's comedy on the other. On both of these did Shakespeare fasten; in both did he find useful training during his earlier work. But while the influence of Marlowe soon passed away, the prose of Lyly coloured his own for a much longer period. To the shrewd, sensible, or witty talk of Lyly's characters we must look as the chief exemplar for the lifelike and admirable dialogue of Shakespeare's ripest work; for the talk of Hamlet with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, or of Kent with Gloucester, no less than for the witty skirmishing of Rosalind with Orlando, or Benedick with Beatrice.

Here is a sentence or two from the advice of the old crone, Sibylla, to Phao on his wooing of Sappho, whose half-cynical tone reminds us of many a passage in 'Euphues':—

'Bee prodigall in prayes and promises; beantie must have a treapet, and pride a gift. P'emeckes never spread their feathers, unlesse they are flattered; and gods are seldom pleased if they be unbribed. There is none so foule, that thinketh not herselfe faire.

Write and persist in writing; they reade more than is written to them, and write lesse than they think . . . If shue seeme at the last cruell, bee not discouraged. I tell thee a strange thing, women smile, because they would bee overcome: force they call it, but such a welcome force they account it, that continually they studie to bee afireed . . . But bee not pinned alwayes on her sleeves, strangers are greene rushes, when daily guests are not worth a rush . . . If thou have a rivall, bee patient; arte must winde him out, not malice; love, not might; her change, and thy constancie.' ('Sappho and Phao,' Act ii. sc. 4.)

It is noticeable how the dramatic form modifies, especially in the later plays, the prolix and pedantic tendencies of Lyly's style. The similes grow fewer, the soliloquies somewhat shorter. Dialogue can hardly be said to exist in 'Euphues,' but the plays abound with excellent instances. The talk between Sappho's court-ladies about their male acquaintance, for instance, may be quoted as a set-off to Sibylla's maxims:—

'Mileta. No, no, men are good soules (poor soules) who never see us but with their eyes. . . . Give mee their gifts, not their thanks; a graine of their golde weigheth downe a pound of their

'*Ismena*. I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to heare men call us weake vessels, when they prove themselves broken-hearted; us fraile, when their thoughts cannot hang together; stulying with words to flatter, and with bribes to allure; when wee commonly wish their tongues in their purses, they speake so simple . . .

'*Mileta*. It is good sport to see them want matter: for then fall they to good manners, having nothing in their mouthes but *sweet mistres*, wearing our hands out with courtly kissings, when their wits faile in courtly discourses. Now ruffling their haire, now setting their ruffes; then gazing with their eyes, then sighing with a privie wring by the hand; thinking us like to be wooed by signes and ceremonies.

'*Eugenius*. Yet wee, when we swear with our mouthes we are not in love; then we sigh from the heart, and pine in love.' (Act i. sc. 1.)

We appeal to the student who has waded patiently through the earlier volumes of Dodsley, or ransacked the great libraries for work not included in that invaluable collection, and ask him if he can repress a sigh of relief as he turns to Lyly's bright and lucid scenes from the dull obscenities, the distressing attempts at fun, the slipshod, incoherent, pointless and poverty-stricken talk of preceding writers; and whether most of the dialogue, even of writers like Marlowe, does not seem poor and stilted by the side of these nervous, witty, polished sentences?

Lyly's debt to his contemporaries can never be exactly determined—he owed something, we think, to the example of Richard Edwards—but Langbaine and more modern writers have absurdly overstated his obligation to the classics. 'Endimion' owes absolutely nothing to Lucian's dialogue between the Moon and Venus. 'Gallathea' is indebted to Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Book ix. fab. x., for the bare suggestion of a passion between two girls, one of whom is eventually changed into a boy; while the story of a virgin-tribute to a sea-monster has only two classical representatives. To the fragmentary tale of Sappho, Lyly adds the court and courtiers of Syracuse, the passion of Phao, the crone Sibylla, the machinery of Venus, Vulcan, and Cupid by which the *dénouement* is effected; while the shy treading of the pair on love's delicate ground can hardly owe little to the frank abandonment of Sappho's passion in Ovid's Epistle. 'Mydas' is said to be indebted to Apuleius' 'Golden Ass,' probably because that title appears succinctly combine the tale of his fatal gift with that of his punishment by Apollo—the earliest known instance of an irate poet retaliating on a stupid critic. But the epithet 'golden' is no part of the original title, merely the appreciative tribute of posterity. Midas is not even mentioned in the *De Asino*, and Lyly's play has none of the pathetic power or mystic beauty of Apuleius' work.

famous fable. Nor does he appear to have used Lucian's earlier version, *Λούκιος ἢ Ὀρέος*; but simply the 11th Book of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which he follows almost exactly while adapting it as a political satire. For 'Alexander and Campaspe' he had, no doubt, fuller authority in Greek history, and in Pliny's story about Apelles in the tenth chapter of his book 'De pictura.' For the other three plays no source has been suggested.

Lyly, like Edwards, is always deprecating in his prologues the 'application of pastimes,' the attaching of political or personal significance to his pieces. But the dramatists knew very well what attraction such veiled allusion lent to their work. Only they must disarm the licenser's suspicion, and secure immunity from the legal penalties. The dream related by Endymion is an obvious allegory of the dangers to which Elizabeth was exposed from the opponents of her religion and the supporters of Mary Stuart; while the whole play is a delicate treatment of the royal partiality for Leicester.

'Sapho and Phao' probably alludes, as Mr. Fleay suggests, to that long conflict in Elizabeth's mind as to her union with the Duke of Anjou, who quitted England finally on February 6, 1582. Midas, with his wide dominions, his gold mines in 'the utmost parts of the west,' his ships that make the sea groan under their number, and his fruitless designs on the heroic islanders of Lesbos, is an obvious allegory of Philip of Spain. His performance was prohibited; and it was perhaps one of the comedies of which the Spanish ambassador had complained as satirizing his master. In 'Love's Metamorphosis,' composed probably after 1590, allegory appears in another shape, Ceres' description of Famine at the beginning of the Second Act being modelled on a similar description in the 'Induction' contributed by Sackville to the 'Mirrour for Magistrates.'

But inventive force and allusive ingenuity were not in Lyly's case supplemented by any marked degree of constructive skill. He is no master of plot. The action in most of his pieces is too simple, and such subordinate actions as he introduces lie too much aloof. He fails to give organic connection to the different elements, and to maintain a due interaction. In 'Campaspe,' for instance, what have the group of philosophers and their servants to do with Alexander, Apelles, and the beautiful captive? In 'Sapho and Phao' neither Trachinus and Pandion, nor the witty Miletia and her companions, are anything to the purpose of the royal passion; they are the merest adjuncts throughout. The Alchemist and the Astrologer with their respective boys, in 'Gallathea,' are not given the faintest shadow of a connection with the story of the hideous tribute to be paid

to the monster Agar and the attempts to evade it. 'Endimion' is better put together, but even here Sir Tophias and his persecutors remain outside the plot. A grave inconsistency, too, appears in the fact that, though Endymion has slept for 'fortie yeeres,' the reality of this interval being pointed by the growth of the twig he leaned against into a tree, none of the other characters have aged at all. Cynthia was, of course, secure of an immortality of youth and beauty; but the pages still possess their pagehood and impudence, Semele's charms are still the object of ardent passion, and Tellus has lived but 'few yeeres.' In 'Mother Bombie' the attempt at greater intricacy of plot is marred by too much formality and a want of necessity in the links he strives to create. We have three young couples whose fortunes are fairly intertwined, four scheming fathers, two old women (one a witch and somewhat needless), and four rascally pages, by whose agency, and the discovery of a child-changing, the loving couples are duly united. But this large number of *dramatis personæ* shows his lack of architectonic faculty: there is gross improbability in the device by which the 'old huddles' are deceived; and, as Hazlitt pointed out, the ramblings of idiocy are painful rather than ludicrous, and no proper subject for comedy. Yet the play has good comic situations, and Livia utters some shrewd and sensible remarks. It is his only attempt, with the exception of the 'Campaspe,' to depict real life; and he locates its scene at Rochester in his own county. In 'Love's Metamorphosis' he returns to his nymphs, shepherds, and god-deesses. Here, too, we trace an effort to pursue several interests, but their connection is of the flimsiest. Throughout his work the farcical scenes detach themselves far too readily from the context, betraying the author's deliberate purpose of infusing merriment, and of giving an opportunity to one or two precocious lads among the Paul's or Chapel Children.

Nor can Lyly be called a master of character. To his defect in this respect two general exceptions must be made. His life brought him into daily contact both with boys and women, and he seizes with great fidelity the superficial traits of both. From the former depth of character was hardly to be expected. We get in Lyly the perfect picture of the Court-page, precocious compound of mischief and swagger, always hatching some lucrative scheme, some piece of gratuitous impertinence, some practical joke on a recognized butt, secure in his youth and the protection of an indulgent master—the same, precisely, as he is drawn by Nash in his novel 'Jacke Wilton.' All these pages have high spirits—a marvel to the reader, for they seldom reach the wit after which they strain, nor do they ever attain the

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innate unconscious humour of Launce and Launcelot. As to women Lyly gives us only their outward husk of wit, raillery, and flirtation. It is

‘Woman in her hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,’

that he paints; the *lepida et dicacula puella*, woman on her social and superficial side. He never caught, as Greene did to some extent, their power of tenderness and sweetness, their heavenly timidity, their fidelity and self-sacrifice. But in their quips and pretences, their foibles and weaknesses, he is quite at home. The languorous despairs of Sappho, the shy mutual approaches of Gallathea and Phillida, the lament of Hæbe condemned to death as the most beautiful, the lament of Hæbe delivered from death because there is a fairer than she, the girls' shrewd perception of male vanity and emptiness and their confession to each other of their own weakness—all these form a first and admirable, if only a one-sided, delineation of the feminine character in English drama. He is no great master of woman's nature: he has no reliable compass to guide him amid these ‘winds and waters.’ He knows nothing of the storms and hot blasts of passion, nothing of the still clear depths where heaven's face is mirrored. A gentle breeze, now sportive, now languid and heavy with roses; a surface, broken into a thousand sparkling ripples—this is his representation of woman. And even in the case of his boys and his women he is liable to much the same criticism as in his other class-characters. He cannot really differentiate: he attempts it, but does not succeed. His personages have a general appropriateness to their position, and that is all: there are no half-lights and subtle nuances, there is no development. Sir Tophias is perhaps the only character that stands out vividly, and he does so simply by reason of his incredible absurdity. This general blurring of the outlines of his characters is due partly to the likeness of their speech, for all are more or less witty; partly, perhaps, to the fact that many of them are supernatural personages, whose portraiture demands a certain indistinctness; but chiefly to his perpetual habit of arranging them in groups. The distinction between group and group is more one of outward circumstance than of nature; and the difference he tries to show between individual members of any group is destroyed by the fact of their always appearing together and talking of the same themes. Is a nymph in love or beloved, her two or three friends repeat her passion or her disdain: Chrysippus, Aristotle, and the rest (except Diogenes) display a collective consciousness that they have been

been labelled 'philosophers' at the outset; and etiquette seems to forbid a page attempting an escapade alone. Perhaps the nearest approach to distinction between the members of a group is found in Midas' three councillors,—Eristus, Martius, and Mellacrites. The defect is felt somewhat less in the two plays which profess to imitate real life: in 'Mother Bombie,' especially, the three couples are fairly distinguished. But play after play presents the same inevitable balance of group against group, the same personage who presides by right of position rather than of character, the same witch or hermit in the background. Shakespeare, in his imitation of this grouping of characters and this repetition of relation or situation in successive plays, learns to avoid monotony by variety of portraiture and by interaction of the different members. The fortunes and characters of the Two Gentlemen are distinct: of their two servants one represents wit, the other humour; while their two mistresses differ in position and character, and are at first unacquainted. Adding Gratiano to Bassanio, and Nerissa to Portia, he takes care that the relation be not precisely the same; moreover, he makes Gratiano aid in Jessica's elopement, and gives him distinction in his open mockery of all that savours of Puritanism.

But Lyly's inability to vitalize his creations retains them always on a somewhat mechanical level. We cannot really believe in them; we never hear the vibration of passion's deepest notes. What an opportunity lost is that of the rivalry of Alexander and Apelles for the beautiful Campaspe! what a dramatic conflict we might have had between magnanimity and passion! Pliny suggests it, but Lyly cannot follow the suggestion. He cannot, in fact, get away from the artificial, or pierce the crust of courtly manner and observance. His characters gambol or saunter gracefully through an ideal world, devoid of humour, devoid of suffering and all the kindly sternness of real life. It is here that he is so far inferior to his great pupil. Even in those earliest plays where Shakespeare is most influenced by his structural tendencies, there is a humour, a humanity, behind the trifling, the jokes, and the affectations, to which Lyly in his ripest work never attains; and, in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' an obvious satire of the notion that courtly society, its sayings and doings,—the very sphere of Lyly's excellence,—was life in any real sense at all.

But the discretion of Shakespeare needs no illustration; nor shall we be suspected of wishing to disparage a genius, in our love and admiration of which, 'on this side idolatry,' we are second to none, if we conclude with a brief enumeration of some reminiscences of Lyly's plays afforded by his own. For Beatrice's

satirical

satirical wit we have already quoted a suggestive passage from 'Euphues'; and all those numerous situations where a sharp-witted woman has the best of a man may owe something to Semele, Mileta, Pipenetta, or some other. The pretentious Sir Tophias, the ridicule of him by the pages, and his pairing with Bagoas are the originals of the magnificent Armado, of his relation with Moth, and of his declension upon the country-wench Jacquenetta; while Falstaff shares both Tophias' grossness and Corsites' punishment by elvish pinching. Some faint resemblance to the 'Master Constable' of 'Endimion' may be traced in Dogberry; some suggestions for Benedick's ruminations on Claudio, or Enobarbus' on Antony, may be found in Parmenio's lament over, and Hephæstion's remonstrance with, the love-fettered Alexander. Timon and Apemantus recall Alexander and Diogenes: the sprightly banter of Lorenzo and Jessica need not wholly disdain Protea and Petulius. The three enamoured shepherds and their nymphs in the Arcadia of 'Love's Metamorphosis' find vitality and distinction when transferred to the Forest of Arden as Audrey and William, Phœbe and Silvius, Rosalind and Orlando. The lark who claps her wings at heaven's gates in Trico's song in 'Campaspe,' mounts thither again some thirty years after to forward the suit of Cloten. Apelles learns untaught the lesson the Duke gives to Valentine, that 'starres are to be looked at, not reached at.' The scene in 'Gallathea' (iii. 1) where Diana's nymphs, entering one by one, confess their broken vow, and agree to pursue their passion, has often been quoted as the original of that between the four anchorites, which is, dramatically, the best in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' Viola in her page's dress, half absently confessing,

'I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too,'

reminds us strongly of Phillida's forgetfulness in a similar situation (iii. 2): 'My father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister.' Licio, cataloguing his mistress's features and properties in the second scene of 'Midas,' gives hints to Speed in the 'Two Gentlemen.' Midas' reflection, 'What should I doe with a world of ground whose body must be content with seaven foot of earth?' (iii. 1,) which is anticipated by Diogenes' warning to Alexander in 'Campaspe,' v. 4, p. 145, is echoed in a later conqueror's massive apostrophe of the 'ill-weaved ambition' of the Percy. The scene in the hovel in 'Lear' confers immortality on Cordelia's mistake ('Mother Bombie,' iv. 2) of the joint-stool. Sperantus, interrupting the troth-plight

plight of Livia and Candius (i. 3, p. 55), says satirically, 'God give you joy, Candius: I was worth the bidding to dinner, though not worthy to be of the counsell': and Shakespeare, using the same dramatic motive of opposition between youthful inclination and parental wish, and the same dramatic interruption, makes Polixenes tell Florizel—

* Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table'—

and urge his right to 'hold some counsel in such a business.' The suppressed wrath of Priscus' 'Soft, Livia, take me with you' (p. 85), is exactly repeated in Capulet's 'Soft! take me with you,' in regard to Juliet's opposition; and the *dénouement* of the play, turning on marks of the person, bears some resemblance to that of 'Cymbeline.' Lastly, Lyly's complaint in the Prologue to 'Campaspe,' that an author, like a torch, consumes himself in giving light to others, is paralleled near the beginning of 'Measure for Measure' by the lines which declare that such is the divine intention.

Of these resemblances which suggest themselves to us, a few were noted by Fairholt and others, a few more by the late Mr. J. A. Symonds in his work on 'Shakespeare's Predecessors.' The latter, alone among recent critics, appears to us to recognise in any adequate degree the originality of Lyly's work. We hail in Lyly the first of English writers to pay systematic attention to prose style; the first to take the bold step of picturing the modern rather than the antique; the first to write plays at once cleanly, coherent, bright, and smooth; the first to present to us on the stage woman in all her charm of grace and wit and laughter; the first to utilize and insist on love and love-making as the grand perennial source of interest in fiction; the first founder, finally, of that 'college of wit-crackers' whose daring gaiety has lightened for Englishmen the weight and seriousness of life from the days of Congreve and Sheridan to those of our own. *Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.* Thick as lies the dust of oblivion on the life and work of John Lyly, wide as is the gulf that separates this old Elizabethan from ourselves, it is to his initiative that we are indebted for many a characteristic of our modern literature, it is in him that we may recognize the first faint glimmerings of the spirit of to-day.

- AET. VI.—1. *Gli Ordini di Cavalcare*. Del Federigo Grizone. Naples, 1550.
2. *The Four Chiefst Offices belongyng to Horsemanshippe*. By Thomas Blundevile. London, 1565.
3. *Le Maneige Royal*. Par Antoine Pluvinel. Paris, 1623.
4. *The Manner of Feeding, Dressing, and Training of Horses*, &c. By William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle. London, 1658.
5. *École de Cavalerie*. Par Fr. Robichon de la Guerinière. Paris, 1733.
6. *The History and Art of Horsemanship*. By Richard Bezenger. London, 1771.

IN the following pages it is proposed to discuss what the fox-hunter or the steeplechase rider might call the pedantry of horsemanship, and to treat riding not as a sport, but as an art. A better title than the 'Art of Horsemanship' would perhaps have been the 'Art of the Manege' or 'The Haute Ecole.' But both these expressions might have given rise to the mistaken idea that we were about to deal with a purely French system of training the horse, whereas, as we hope to show, the French have learnt as much from us in the past as we from them, while both of us are deeply indebted to the Italians of the Renaissance. If France can point to the names of her great horsemen—La Broue, Pluvinel, and Guerinière—we can with equal pride and justice claim that our Blundevile wrote his 'Four Chiefst Offices belongyng to Horsemanshippe' nearly twenty-eight years before Solomon de La Broue produced his 'Cavalerice François' in 1593, and that John Astley brought out his 'Art of Riding' (founded upon 'Il Cavalerizzo' of Claudio Corte) in 1584, thirty-nine years before the superb 'Maneige Royal' of Antoine Pluvinel appeared in 1623. But it were sufficient to rest the case for our originality entirely upon the masterpiece of the Marquis of Newcastle.

The fact is that horsemanship as an art has always been cosmopolitan and eclectic. Born originally in Greece, it had its renaissance in Italy, and Grisoni and Fiaschi must be acknowledged the true fathers of the art, however ready we may be to admit that the Courts of Francis I. and Henry IV., by early adoption of the offspring, adorned its development with the courtly grace, lustre, and urbanity of French influence which made the manege the art of princes, as another nation and age made the hawk the sport of kings.

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'They say,' wrote Ben Jonson, 'Princes learn no Art truly, but the Art of *Horsemanship*. The reason is, the brave Beast is a flatterer. He will throw a *Prince* as soon as his groom.'

The Greek theory of education, as we find it in Plato, was a twofold kind: 'one of gymnastics relating to the body, the other of music for the sake of a good state of the soul' briefly, as Mr. Pater expresses it, 'a gymnastic fused in music.' This system of education the Greeks applied no less to the training of horses than of men. In the earliest extant treatise on Riding, Xenophon pointed out that horsemanship, like dancing, was dependent fundamentally on the play-impulse; that for anything to be done well it must be done for pleasure; 'what the horse does under compulsion is done without understanding, and there is no beauty in it any more than if one should whip and spur a dancer.' The horse must become an artist, too, in his manner, and use his limbs with rhythmical freedom.

So far was this carried that Athenæus relates how the Sybarites taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute; and on one occasion their enemies put their knowledge of this habit to humorous account, by taking out flute-players to battle and winning the cavalry over to their side by causing the horses to dance to a favourite air, just as the Pied Piper played the rats of Hameln into the Weser.

Xenophon anticipates the later refinements of the *manège* in another respect, by advocating persuasion and sympathy in training a colt rather than the force and cruelty which prevailed in the early Italian School; but in his directions he does not advance beyond the simple exercises of the circle or *carrousel* (as his latest translator renders the word *πῆδον*) and the 'canter' although going minutely into the question of changing paces. The only paces of the horse known to the Greeks seem to have been the walk, trot, and gallop.

We need merely stop amongst the Romans to observe the term of 'riding the great horse' (which was in constant use in England till the eighteenth century to express *manège*) is borrowed from the Latin *magnus equus*, and that our 'canter' is by some derived from the Latin *cantherion* or 'great horse,' and not, as by Dr. Johnson, from the pace used by pilgrims riding to Canterbury. The Romans, with the exception of the practical, regarded horsemanship more from the point of view of war and of locomotion. What little attention that was paid to the pure art of riding was confined to the circus, and the circus, as we know, soon fell into the hands of professional athletes, when riding, like dancing, came to be regarded

servile art. Yet there was a time when awkwardness on horseback had been as much a reproach to a Roman youth as illiteracy:

‘Neque equitare nec literas scire.’

One other legacy we have inherited from Roman riding. The game of *palus*, or pillar-play, which consisted in throwing a lance at a pillar and striking it in a particular place, gave way to the *quitana*, a development of *palus*. Hence came to us the mediæval exercise of the ‘quintanie,’ which to this day survives in the exercise of heads and posts that forms part of the curriculum of our military riding school.

The sun of the Roman Empire set, so to speak, in the East, and it is to Byzantium we must turn our eyes for the continuation of the art of horsemanship as of the Fine Arts. In Constantinople accordingly we find that the games were augmented by feats of horsemanship, derived partly from the Arabs, who had for so many centuries idolized their horses, and partly from the Roman Circus; and to these games were joined the French sports known as *conflictus Gallici*, which were carried on in France in great splendour under Charles the Bold (A.D. 1467). It is interesting to note that Italy, which had furnished the Byzantine capital with artists, was in the twelfth century to receive in return some companies of Byzantine circus riders who settled at Naples, which thus became the home of horsemanship during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

During the Crusades and throughout the early Middle Ages the references to horsemanship are few and far between. Certain breeds of horses were, it is true, in request, but always with a view to their use in war, and not to their beauty in time of peace. In the thirteenth century Brunetto Latini, in his ‘*Treasure of all Things*,’ thus speaks of the various breeds of horses in vogue:—

‘Il y a chevaux de plusieurs manières: les uns sont *destriers* pour le combat; les autres pour chevaucher à l’aise de son corps, sont *paléons* qui s’appelaient aussi *ambleurs*, *haquenées*; les autres sont *rochers* (ou courtants) pour soustenir porter.’

It was, however, the dawn of chivalry (as its name implies), which, by assuming for its exercises the similitude of war, made riding a new art, thenceforth inseparable from the education of nobility and from gentle breeding.

In the ‘*Livre des Faits*’ of the Chevalier Jean le Maingre, Sire de Boucicault, Marshal of France, we catch a glimpse of the position which ornamental horsemanship had reached in France at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century—

century — a *mélange* of vaulting and acrobatic skill. The young gentleman

's'essayait à saillir (sauter) sur un coursier tout armé; *item*, saillait, sans mettre le pied à l'étrier, sur un coursier armé de toutes pièces; *item*, à un grand homme monté sur un grand cheval, saillait de terre à chevalon (califourchon) sur les épaules, en prenant le dit homme par la manche à une main sans autre avantage: *item*, en mettant une main sur l'arçon de la selle d'un grand coursier, et l'autre auprès les oreilles, le prenait par les crins en pleine terre et saillait de l'autre part de coursier.'

In the days of Rabelais, that mirror of mediævalism, horsemanship had already made considerable strides. In the education of Pantagruel, riding was to be a prominent feature from very earliest childhood: first by means of a wooden horse; and later, on reaching years of discretion, under the tuition of an *escuyer gymnaste*, he is to practise all the feats of horsemanship to which the then evolving *manège* had attained:

'And with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Clanging then his clothes, he rode a Naples courser, Dutch Roussin, a Spanish gennet, a barbed or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred Carriões, made him go the high saults, bounded in the air, free a ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pail, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. . . . As for the prancing flourishes, and amacking popisms for the better cherishing of the horse, commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The voltiger of Ferrara * was but as an ape compared to him. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called desultories. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rate the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements.'

Not until the year 1539, when the ideas of the Renaissance are mellowing down from their first ferment, do we meet with the establishment of an Academy for instruction in the Art of Horsemanship. The founder was an Italian, Cesare Fiaschi, who soon gained a notoriety all over Italy. His pupil, Pignatelli, carried to a still higher point the work of his master at Naples. He speedily attracted to his academy the leading equestrians of the Court of France to learn, and afterwards to introduce into their own country, the pastime destined to become one of the most popular in the courts of kings and princes. Two French noblemen, La Broue and Pluvinel, were amongst the first pupils of Pignatelli, and both on their return

* No doubt an allusion to Fiaschi, who was a native of Ferrara

in France founded schools, where a system of education was pursued, comprising, in addition to other subjects, riding, fencing, and dancing.

Pluvinel held a most liberal view of a gentleman's culture, which he details to Louis XIII. He wished to found in different parts of France four academies or schools of 'virtu,' as he called them, for each of which he considered that he would require twenty horses at first, grooms, proper officers and servants, a professor for fire-arms, a dancing-master, a vaulter, a mathematician, and a man of letters. Every morning was to be taken up with horse-exercise and the practice of the ring, and the rest of the day with training in the use of fire-arms, dancing, vaulting, mathematics, and lectures on literature.

The school founded at Versailles soon became the centre of learning for horsemen, and maintained its proud position until the Revolution. There, from the reign of Louis XIII., every king and prince was trained; it was universally recognised as the temple of the art, and the office of Master of the Horse acquired almost pontifical dignity. 'Silence reigned there during the lessons, the most exquisite politeness was observed, as if in the *salons* of the palace.'

It is difficult to follow chronologically the history of riding in each country. Fiaschi was alone when he first started his *manège*; and whilst La Broue and Pluvinel carried his teaching into France, England was not far behind in cultivating this new departure in horsemanship. From incidental references in general literature we learn that in England, as in France, the Italian pupils from Naples were our first masters in *manège* riding. Henry VIII. enticed over two of Pignatelli's pupils, and from one of these were descended the Alexanders, the celebrated English riding-masters referred to in Blundevile and Cavendish.

In Elizabeth's reign Sir Philip Sidney introduced into England the teachers Prospero and Romano. At a later date that prince of courtiers, the Earl of Leicester, retained in his train 'Claudio Curtio,' the author of a book* which was translated into English in 1584. Claudio Curtio is doubtless the same name as Claudio Corte. The art spread so rapidly that a gentleman was considered uneducated if he was not an adept in the exercises of riding and fencing. 'At horsemanship when you exercise it,' wrote Philip Sidney to his brother Robert in 1580, 'read Crison Claudio; and a book that is

* 'Il Cavalierizzo nel quale si tratta della natura de' Cavalli, del modo di domarli e franghli' Lyons, 1573. Translated into English by Thomas Bedingfield, under John Astley, 1584.

called "*La Gloria del Cauallo*,"* withal that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise; and so shall you profit more in a month than others in a year.† How large an element the art of horsemanship was in Sidney's life we may estimate from his constant reference to it in his sonnets, where we often find metaphors drawn from the active art passing into and giving vigour and colour to the 'impassioned contemplation' of his verse. The whole of the 49th Sonnet in '*Astrophel and Stella*' derives its imagery from the *manège*:—

'I on my horse and Love on me do try
Our horsemanships, while, by strange work, I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to Love;
And no man's wrongs in me, poor beast, desery.
The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are humbled thoughts, which but of reverence move,
Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boss above,
Of hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.
The wand is will; thou, fancy, saddle art,
Girt fast by memory, and while I spur
My horse, he spurs, with sharp desire, my heart:
He sits me fast, however I do stir,
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the *menage* myself take delight.'

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who travelled much abroad and was intensely interested in equitation, names for exercise the 'great horse, fencing, and dancing,' but he places the 'great horse' first, for the reason that 'a good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as this world can make him.'

During the period of activity in Naples and Paris the artists commenced a literature upon the subject which still survives. The first important work on horsemanship after the Renaissance was by Federico Grisoni, a pupil of Fiaschi, published at Naples in 1552, under the title of '*Gli Ordini di Cavalcare*.' Four years later appeared the '*Gloria del Cauallo*' of Caracciolo (the book alluded to in Sidney's letter), and in 1573 Claudio Corte published his '*Il Cavalerizzo*.' The books both of Grisoni and of Corte were translated into English, the first by Blundevile, under the title of '*The Foure Chiefyst Offices belongyng to Horsemanshippe*' (1563), and the second

* '*La Gloria del Cauallo*, opera dell' illustre Pasqual Caracciolo, diuisa in dieci libri,' &c. Venice, 1566.

† Grisoni and Claudio almost looks as if Sidney had confused the two separate works of Claudio Corte and Grisoni, unless '*Grisoni Claudio*' was a short manner of describing the two translations into English, which are sometimes found, as in the British Museum copy, bound together in one volume.

by Bedingfield and Astley as 'The Art of Riding' (1584). Blundeville, himself an accomplished rider, classifies horses into those for pleasure and for service. He says that horses for pleasure require additional education,—'they muste bounde alofte with all sours, gallop the gallop galliard, fetcche the Capriole, daunce the Coruetti'; but before he embarks upon his subject and describes the airs, he eulogizes its 'worthiness,' declaring that the art of riding is no vile art:

'Gryxon nameth the auctorite of the noble poet Virgill, who in his *Eneid* calleth king Pious for a more excellency and greater praise, a tamer or breaker of horses. He giveth also a like title in divers places of his booke to Mesaphas, the son of Neptune, god of the sea, who as the poets saie, begot upon Medusa the winged horse named Pegaus, which flying up to the heavens was transformed into those starres which are now called after his name.'

Grisoni, before he takes leave of his reader, is careful to give the manner of riding before a prince; but as Gervase Markham has evidently been inspired from Grisoni, we will later on refer to Markham's account.

Corte, as interpreted by Bedingfield, gives one or two definitions of airs which are peculiar to his book, such as 'Corvette, that motion which the crowe maketh, when without flieing the leapeth and jumpeth upon the ground'; and 'Pesate, I suppose, was so called of the verbe *pesare*, which in our language is to weigh or balance . . . and so they called those listings and lettings downe of the horse's seete in juste time and order, *pesate*.' But Corte is at his best when he classifies the 'aides.' These consist of the voice, *appui* or hands, the rod, the leg, the spurs, and rough ground and water outside the *manège*. From the earliest time every horseman used a long, finely-tapering wand, with which he touched, tickled, and stimulated his horse, a touch in a different part being associated with every different motion to be produced. It was an aid very largely used by Pluvinel and the Marquis of Newcastle, and no air was performed without it.

Corte perfectly appreciated the æsthetic aspect of the *manège*:—

'The principal use of horses is to travel by the waie and serve in the war: whatsoever your horse learneth more is rather pompe or pleasure, than honour or use. Yet do I think it allowable and therewith commendable, that some horses (chiefly of princes and great personages having store) should be instructed in those regularities and exquisite motions for pleasure, as well to delight the lookers-on and make proofe of the rider's excellencie, as also thereby to show the capacities of the beast.'

It must not be supposed that the only great horsemen of the past are those who have left written records of the *manège* and of their supremacy in the saddle. Grisoni deserves honour for his enthusiasm, yet no doubt equally great exponents of the teaching of Fiaschi and Pignatelli are lost to fame. So Pluvinel's school turned out many and great *écuyers*, but Solleysel, Menon Deschamps, Delcampe, Briac, Beaumont, Saunier, who all published books on riding, are the men to carry us up to the time of Robichon de la Guérinière, perhaps the greatest of French horsemen. It is not given to every rider to finger with equal delicacy the bridle and the pen, or to transfer to language understood by posterity the secret of that mastery of man over horse, which while living he could communicate so dexterously to the finely-organized animal.

Fiaschi's system was still imbued with the hard and iron discipline of the Middle Ages; to tire a horse, to use the spur, were the means he adopted to attain the ends he sought for. Here is his method according to Grisoni:—

‘Cause him to be brought forth; . . . and if he be so forward and stubborne as he will not come nyghe the block, then rate him with a terrible voice and beat him with a good sticke upon the head between the ears, crying, “Ah, villain! ah, traitor!”’

In one direction his teaching was ahead of his time, for he carried out his lessons both in and outside the *manège*; the mechanical teaching of the pillar, which certainly formed a part of his system, was very much abused by later *écuyers*, and the simple airs of the capriole and the corvet, the principal ones taught by Fiaschi, increased to a great number during the next century, and these complicated airs cramped and constrained the rhythm of the horse's movements rather than developed them. But the great difference between Fiaschi's teaching and that of the Frenchman, La Broue, lay here. Fiaschi began his training of the horse at the halt, all the turns being taught at the halt; and although early in the day *gallop-galliard* or *carère* was given to the young horse, yet it was some time before the animal really began to be taught when in motion. La Broue commenced his training at the walk, and with this change the brutality diminished. On the other hand, Pluvinel exaggerated the pillar exercises, and not until Solleysel's time do we find a strong tendency to give up these old methods of cruelty. Pluvinel's treatise, illustrated most beautifully by Crispin-de-Pas, is one of the classics of the subject: the plates show the education of Louis XIII. in the *manège* at Versailles, where all the equestries are portrayed and every figure is believed to

to be taken from life. Amongst those who have the names affixed to them we descry 'Milord de Donckaster.'

Pluvinel has chosen the form of a running conversation between master and pupil in which to impart his system, not unlike the dialogues in Saviolo 'His Practice,' one of the earliest books on fencing. The long colloquies between the King, Monsieur le Grand Écuyer, and Monsieur cover the whole ground of the art of horsemanship as M. de Pluvinel understood it. The pillar and wall theories are greatly relied upon, and the illustrations include these and many of the tournament exercises.

After some words upon the proper costume—for M. de Pluvinel lays great stress upon the point that to be *bon homme à cheval* you must be of necessity *bel homme à cheval**—he continues:—

'To be a good horseman and to know how to train a horse, each must do according to his own temperament, strength, and disposition; and with all these qualities you must have judgment. "une drogue tres mal aisée à rencontrer et dont l'on a bien peu pour beaucoup d'argent chez les apothicaires, ainsi que voulait dire le feu Sieur de Fontlebon, premier écuyer de la grande écurie d'Henri le Grand, père de votre Majesté."

A somewhat free translation will best describe the famous 'horse-ballet':—

'The Ballet of horses was carried out by six chevaliers, who rode their horses at Courbettes, and six equerries, who made their horses go *terre-à-terre*. . . . The remainder of the caste comprised thirty horses, each lead by two *laquais*, twenty-four pages on horseback, and men in rich liveries. All the horses were equipped in the same manner. The whole *cortège* first followed in order round the Place; and when they came opposite the King's box, the music changed to the air of the Courbettes. Then the six chevaliers courbatted, two in front, one behind them, and three in the rear, until they came opposite the King, when they took up their position for the dance. In the first figure, the six chevaliers rode all round one after the other in a circle in the Place. The six equerries then galloped around them, and at the end of the cadence (musical period) each equerry placed himself between two chevaliers, a little in rear, to keep the two circles distinct.'

* John Evelyn speaks in his Diary of a visit to Faubert's 'Manège' in London, in 1661, where the young gallants exercised at running at the ring and flinging a javelin at a Moor's head on horseback at full speed, and where he "saw the difference of what the French call "*bel homme à cheval*" and "*bon cavalier à cheval*"—the Duke of Norfolk being the first, that is rather a fine person on a horse, the Duke of Northumberland being both in perfection, viz. a graceful person and excellent rider.'

Then follow six other figures:—

'The eighth figure is the only figure not in a circle, as three of the chevaliers placed themselves opposite the other three, and each then advanced towards the other and taking hands made one and a half voltes (circles) to the right, and changing hands, one and a half voltes to the left. Then they separated and made one and a half voltes to the right and regained the old places. The equerries then made short pasades by twos, three times changing their companions. The last figure was the chain: the chevaliers passed in and out, and arriving at certain points turned to the right and returned where they came from—all being done in courbettes. Then the equerries performed the chain *terre-à-terre*, and finally all the caste retired in the same order and formation in which they entered.'

This was the famous *Balet de Chevaux*, which was studied, rehearsed, and represented in less than twelve days, and witnessed by more than 200,000 spectators, who all contributed to the expense, and who, Pluvinel tells us, would willingly have had the whole performance repeated.

The picture which accompanies this account is exquisitely drawn and engraved. It is the scene of the Place Royal, one of the few pieces of old Paris which remain to-day, and lies just at the end of the Rue Sévigné, hard by the Maison Carnavalet, sculptured by Jean Goujon. Here was the spot chosen for this brilliant and artistic representation of riding by the chevaliers and equerries of the King's Court. At one end was the temporary scaffolding with the King's box, and all round were ranged the people to witness the scene. The foreground is filled with coaches and sedan-chairs. At each corner of the Place are groups of four horsemen with instruments of music—some with 'pifres,' others with drums. In the centre are the six chevaliers, of whom M. de Pluvinel, M. le Duc de Vendôme, M. le Bâjamin, and M. le Marquis de la Valet are named and portrayed. In an outside ring at the intervals are the six equerries. All the riders are superbly dressed. The horses are richly and magnificently caparisoned. Beneath the plate is the following inscription:—

'Le magnifique balet qui fut dansé à la Place Royale l'an MDCXII. le 5 Août par les Sieurs de le Toin, de Linvaeton, de M. de Pluvinel.'

What a contrast is the picture painted by Pluvinel of this parade to the 'musical ride' of our days! There were then the music, varying according to the pace alternately of the chevaliers and of the equerries, the superb costumes, and the succession of figures. The *Balet*, although learnt in a few days, had been the outcome of years of training, and the most renowned courtiers

in

in the land were the actors. The 'musical ride' of to-day consists of a series of movements performed at a walk, trot, and gallop—passing in and out, moving in circles—not one real rhythmical movement of the true *manège* art. Perhaps it is a hopeful sign that we have a 'musical ride' at all.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century La Broue and Pluvinel were still teaching only a few airs—the *courbette* (*corretti* of Grisoni), the *terre-à-terre* (gallop-galliard of Grisoni), *parouettes*, and *passés*; and by the time Solleysel wrote (1661), three natural motions, the walk, trot, gallop, and seven artificial movements, were recognised. The latter comprised the *terre-à-terre*, or short gallop; the *demie-air*, or a very slow canter; the *corvet*, performed by raising the forehand first and as the forelegs touched the ground, then lifting the hind legs; the *capriole*, quaintly described by Blundevill as 'the Goat's leape, but so much as goats be not everywhere to represente that kinde of leape I woulde wishe you therefore for your better understanding sometyme to beholde our little lambs whilst they runne and playe together, and you shall see they doe the same.' The remaining three airs were the *croupade*, a jump with all four feet tucked under the belly; *balotade*, a leap with the hind legs stretched out, so as to show the shoes; and the 'step and leap,' a sort of combined air. Solleysel does not class the *piaffe*, *passage*, or *piquette* as airs—doubtless regarding them as steps only. Du Bartas puts concisely in verse the state of education of a horse at this time:—

'The wise wax't ridor, not esteeming best
To take too much now of his lusty beast,
Restrains his fury; then with learned wand,
The *triple-corvet* makes him understand;
With skilful voyce he gently chears his pride;
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide;
He stops him steady still, new breath to take,
And in the same path brings him softly back:
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to manunge rightly round:
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,
To dance, to leap, to hold up any lim:
And all so don, with time, grace, ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will:
Th' one for his Art no little glory guinea,
Th' other thro' practice by degrees attaines
Grace in his Gallop, in his paco agility,
Lightnes of head, and in his stop facility;
Strength in his leap and stedfast managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.'

But

But it is time to turn from the crowd of French writers to a thoroughly English representative. Gervase Markham, soldier, country gentleman, and earliest of hack-writers, in one of his best-known books, 'A Way to get Wealth,' devotes a chapter to the Riding of the Great Horse. Being a chronicler of country life and sport, with no special prejudice for any one form of exercise, we may take it that he is describing the art as then practised by most country gentlemen of the age, and we may assume that by the early part of the seventeenth century it had become one of our national habits. It is curious to note how the phrase 'make much of your horse,' which he constantly uses, still survives in the Cavalry drill-book, although we no longer class the direction under Markham's delightful head of 'cherishings.' Many of his terms are Italian, showing how the words of Grisoni had passed into current riding-phraseology; especially conspicuous are the 'corrections by voice'—'Ha, villain, carridro, diablo!' These are the very words which, to the ears of the leading interlocutor in Victor Cherbuliez's fascinating *causerie*, 'Sur un Cheval de Pindias,' sound so harsh and unpleasing when he compares the renaissance of equitation in Italy with the last phase of riding in Athenian art. Even in Markham's day the art of the *manège* must have advanced very far indeed to allow him to discriminate the diverse forms of *manège* with rest, *manège* without rest, *manège* with single turns, and *manège* with double turns: nor need we pause unduly over his distinction between 'manège open' and 'manège close'—the latter formed upon the Italian *incavalare* or *chambetta*. We shall best do our duty to the reader and give him a closer notion of Markham's services to the history and theory of Equitation by quotations showing the quaint raciness of our author's style:—

'When you have trotted your horse . . . you shall a little straiten your bridle hand, and then give him the even stroke of both spurs, which at first will only quicken him, but doing so again and again, it will breed other thoughts in him; and he being of spirit and mettall (it is lost labour to teach a jade such motions), he will presently gather up his body and either rise little or much from the ground . . . When your horse can thus bound perfectly, then you shall make him corvet in this manner.'

Markham proceeds to treat of the airs of the Corvet and Capriole, and accurately describes the uses of the wall and the post which were the outcome of the teaching of La Broue in the school at Versailles. Next follows the exercise of 'right and left shouldering-in.' This movement was in its infancy at this period, to be especially developed by Guerinière in the early part of the next century. It is called at this time, 'To
make

make a horse go sidelong.' The chapter finishes with a paragraph which is quite in the spirit of the age, connecting mediæval horsemanship and chivalry, as part of the courtier's necessary education, with the train of accomplishments of the gentleman of our own age.

'If you shall be called to ride before a Prince, you must not observe the liberty of your own will, but the state of the person before whom you ride, and the grace of the horse which you ride: and therefore being come into the riding place, you shall choose your ground so that the person before whom you are to ride may stand in the midst thereof, so as he may well behold both the passage of the horse to him and from him. Then being seated in a comely order and every ornament about you handsome and decent, you shall put your horse gently forth into a comely trot, and, being come against the person of estate, bow your body down to the crest of your horse, then raising yourself again passe halfe a score yards beyond him, and then making out a narrow ring, thrust your horse into a gentle gallop, and give him two or three managing turns in as short ground as may be, to shew his nimbleness and readinesse. Then upon the last turne, his face being toward the great person, stop him comely and close, and make him to advance twice or thrice: then having taken breath, put him into a gallop-galliard and so pass along the even furrow with that salt,* making him do it also round about the ring: then his face towards the Prince, stop him and give him fresh breath, then thrust him into the Capriole, now and then making him jerk out behind, yet so as it may be perceived it is your will and not the horse's malice: and having gone about the ring with that salt, its face brought to looke upon the Prince, stop him again and give him breath: then drawing nearer to the Prince you shall beat the turn *terra-terra* first in a pretty large compass, then by small degrees straitning it a little and a little draw it to the very centre, where you may give two or three close dying turnes, and then changing your hands undoe all that you did before till you come to the rings first *leynessee*; then the horse's face being direct upon the Prince, stop him and put him into a corvet, and in that motion hold him a pretty space, making him do it first in an even line, first to the right hand, then to the left, now backward, then forward again, and thus having performed every motion orderly and comely bow down your body to the Prince and so depart.'

Solleysel and the Duke (then Marquis) of Newcastle were the next great writers after Pluvinel. The former's work chiefly deals with farriery, but Sir W. Hope, who published a translation (1696), considerably amplified Solleysel's remarks on riding. The title of the book is 'The Compleat Horseman,' and to it and the Duke of Newcastle's we owe our knowledge of the number and nature of airs practised at this period.

* Sault: leap.

The French *écuyer* has some sensible and humane remarks, rather in advance of his age, upon the use of the spur and the temper. After reading him we almost wonder how the spur of that date could have retained the cruelly exaggerated form with which museums familiarize us.

'Now as the spurs are of such efficacy when used with discretion, so nothing makes horses more resty and vicious than when they are given out of time. And there are more horses made vicious by ill-riders and bunglers than are naturally so.* The more unruly a horse is, the more calmest judgment is required in the rider. For from a passionate rider and unruly horse what can be expected but disorder and confusion?'

Like his contemporary, Solleysel, the first Duke of Newcastle also saw that everything could not be accomplished by force :

'I have seen very few passionate horsemen get the better of a horse by their anger. On the contrary, I have seen the horse always get the better of them : since the weakest understanding is always the most passionate, it is possible that the horse will always outdo the man. In this act there should always be a man and a boast, and not two boasts . . . It is true that patience without knowledge will never do, as knowledge will seldom do without patience, and you must therefore treat him gently and not exert your fell power.'

Our great national horseman was the first writer who clearly expressed that insight into the nature of the horse, which lies in realizing that they are not all of the same mould and temper any more than men are ; that they have their idiosyncrasies, tendencies, and even mannerisms like other artists. It is as unreasonable to expect uniform excellence in opposite spheres, as to look for tragedy from a low comedian : 'some may be more adapted for the *courbette*, whilst others will sooner learn the leaping airs *croupade*, *balotade*, *capriole*, and *step-and-leap*.' The *croupade* was distinguished from the *balotade* and *capriole* by the horse when leaping into the air tucking his hind legs underneath him, and the *balotade* from the *capriole* by the kicking out behind of the hind legs showing the hoofs. The French called this kick in the *capriole* '*nouer l'aiguillette*.'

* This agrees with the experience of most real horsemen. Wyle-Melville says : 'I hold that implement of horsemanship to be in general most unmercifully abused, so much so that I believe it would be far better for the majority of horses, and riders too, if it had never come into vogue. The perfect equestrian may be trusted, indeed, with rears sharp and long as those that jingle at the Mexican's heels on his boundless prairies, but, as in the days of chivalry, these ornaments should be won by prowess to be worn with honour, and I firmly believe that nine out of every ten men who come out hunting would be better and more safely carried, if they left their spurs at home.' ('Riding Recollections' : 'The Abuse of the Spur.')

The Duke of Newcastle is unfortunately best known by what is least meritorious in his teaching. All critics severely handled the one exercise of which he was the inventor, and certainly, to our nineteenth-century eyes, nothing can be more absurd than to secure the horse's head on one side to the saddle by a fixed rein. But anyone who reads the book will see that this is one of the few mistakes in a masterly treatise on the subject.

The external form of the work itself is well known to book-collectors. The plates are most beautifully drawn by Diepenbrcke, and engraved or etched by Cloussset, Paur, Lisebetten, Caukercken, Vorstermans, and others. It was translated by Solleysel from manuscript under the author's personal supervision at Antwerp in 1657; but the major part being consumed in a fire, it is supposed that only about thirty copies exist of the first edition. Owing to various cross translations—English into French, and French into English—the bibliography of the subject is obscure. The author in his preface commences, 'There is an elegance in Horsemanship which looks as if it were natural, though it proceeds from art.' He would seem to have met with some adverse academic criticism, for he continues:

'What makes scholasticke degrade horses so much, proceeds (I believe) from nothing else but the small knowledge they have of them, and from a perturbation that they themselves know everything. They fancy they talk pertinently about them, whereas they know no more than they learn by riding a hackney-horse from the University to London and back again. If they studied them as horsemen do, they would talk otherwise. For example, if a man has lost his way in a dark winter's night, let him leave the horse to himself, and the horse will find the way to the place whither he should go. . . . As for men of letters, though they study, they don't study horsemanship, but their studies turn to better account by procuring themselves to rule over the rest of mankind, till such time as they are subdued by the sword; wherefore it is not surprising if they be somewhat mistaken in what is not their profession and which they do not study; nay, what is more, have not the least knowledge of. . . .

'Some wagg perhaps will ask, what is a horse good for that can do nothing but dance and play tricks? If these gentlemen will retrench everything that serves them either for curiosity or pleasure and admit nothing but what is useful, they must make a hollow tree their house and cloath themselves with fig-leaves, feed upon acorns and drink nothing but water, for nature needs no greater support.

'I presume those great wits (the sneering gentlemen) will give kings, princes, and persons of quality leave to love pleasure-horses, as being an exercise that is very noble, and that which makes them appear most graceful when they shew themselves to their subjects,

or

or at the head of an army, to animate it;—so that the pleasure is in this case as useful as anything else, besides the glory and satisfaction that attends it.'

The wife of the Duke (Lamb's 'thrice-renowned Duchess'), in the Life of her husband, mentions that the *manège* was his chief amusement in exile. He had always taken a great interest in horsemanship, and his father, when his son was a boy, 'kept him to several masters in the arts of horsemanship, and sent him to the mews to Monsieur Antoine.' When in 1644 he left England an exile, he travelled to Hamburg, and from 1645 to 1648 lived at Paris, where he bought the first horses for his *manège*, which he started the following year at Antwerp. How long he was writing his work we do not know, but he appears to have had much difficulty in getting together the necessary funds for its ultimate appearance in 1658. In a letter to his secretary, which was written from Antwerp, the 15th of February, 1656, we learn the cost:—

'I am so tormented about my book on Horsemanship as you cannot believe, with 100 several trades, I think, and the printing will cost 1,300*l.*, which I could never have done but for my good friends Sir H. Cartwright and Mr. Loving; and I hope they shall lose nothing by it.'

From other sources we learn that there are numerous portraits in the book, the two most important and recurrent being those of himself and of his *écuyer*, 'le Capitaine Mazin.'

That the Duke was no mere theorist, but a thorough horseman, is illustrated by the following anecdote, if we may trust his own telling:—

'The Marquis of Caracina was so civilly earnest, that he was pleased to say that it would be a great satisfaction to him to see me on horseback. I rid first a Spanische horse . . . he went in corvets forward, backward and sideways on both hands, made the cross perfectly upon his voltas, and did change upon his voltas so just, without breaking time, that a musician could not keep better time and went *terra-a-terra* perfectly . . . The second horse I rid . . . went *terra-a-terra* . . . and for the piroyte in his length so just and swift that standers-by could hardly see the rider's face.'

Indeed, he must have been renowned as a practical horseman for even Ben Jonson to have ventured such a complimentary epigram as this, bound though he was, by the Duke's lavish hospitality enjoyed at Welbeck, to pay a compliment:—

'When first, my Lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace,

And saw a Centaur past those tales of Greece,
So seemed your horse and you both of a piece!
You showed like Perseus upon Pegasi,
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus;
Or what we hear our home-born legends tell,
Of bold Sir Bevis and his Arundel;
Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish myself a horse;
And surely, had I but your stable seen
Before, I think my wish asolved had been,
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell
Nor any of their household half so well.
So well' as when I saw the floor and room,
I looked for Hercules to be the groom;
And cried, Away with the Cæsarian bread!
At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.'

Although the teachings of Sullysel and Newcastle were steadily advances upon the old Italian and French masters, yet the number of airs were increasing to such a degree and *manège* riding had now collected so many 'aids,' 'corrections,' and 'cherishings,' that the time had come for some master to arise and simplify the training and methods. Gueriniere was the first to complain of this complication of airs and aids which disgusted both pupil and horse. François Robichon de la Gueriniere's '*Leçon de Cavalerie*' appears to us the most masterly treatise on his subject. Thoroughly imbued with the earlier literature, he yet borrows little from previous writers, but expounds to us the ideas of an original artist. So far from finding fault with past labourers in the same field, he quotes La Broue and Newcastle with approval at every opportunity, while retaining his right to differ from them. He seems a little displeased with Pluvinel, whose fine work elicits from him the faint praise of being chiefly valued for the engravings it contains. With Gueriniere we are lifted out of the courtly period of the Great Monarch and suddenly plunged into a new era of horsemanship,—not of barbarism tempered with refinement, but of sensible and humane teaching.

'A horse is to be trained by sight, to come near objects which might frighten him: by sound, when we accustom him to the report of fire-arms: . . . by touch, the more necessary because it is by that sense we teach him to obey the least movement of the hand and legs.'

Gueriniere lays it down that henceforth the trot must be studied, as the pace which is to govern all the training of a horse. The cardinal supremacy of the trot had never before been brought out: hitherto the walk and the gallop had been the

the favourite cadences. This new departure taken, he propounds another movement, which he asserts to be the key-note of all scales: *épaule en dedans*—‘shoulder-in,’ as it survives in our riding schools—and it is by his commentary on this motion, which he might almost claim as his own invention, that he lives to-day. He argues that the Duke of Newcastle was right in saying that circling makes the shoulders supple, but expresses his opinion that circling alone was not sufficient for the purpose. Passing in review all the preliminary training, he also gives us an account of the airs then composed, dividing them into *airs bas* and *airs relevés*.

Guerinière’s opinion on conforming to the natural bent of a horse coincides curiously with that of Newcastle, already cited:—

‘Il faut qu’un cheval ait une inclination naturel et qu’il se présente de lui-même à quelque air . . . afin de ne pas le point forcer à un air qui ne convient ni à son naturel, ni à sa disposition. L’air de Caprioles sur les voltes forme le plus beau et le plus difficile de tous les manèges, par la grande difficulté qu’il y a d’entretenir un cheval dans une cadence égale, sans qu’il se dérobe ni du devant ni du derrière, ce qui arrive le plus ordinairement.’

Guerinière’s first volume is closed by a long and amusing account of a Carousel. What a picture Watteau, who was painting at the time, could have left us, had he chosen to portray *une fête équestre*, as a pendant to Guerinière’s literary one! The work of the latter, indeed, bears traces of the Watteau influence in its illustrations delicately engraved on copper by Audran, Parrocel, and Dheulland.

The Carousel was a military *fête*, or a mimic combat, represented by a troop of cavaliers grouped into several square sets—Quadrilles, as they were called—to compete for prizes. The spectacle was completed by chariots, mechanical efforts, devices, recitations, and equestrian ballets, the variety of which united to form a magnificent whole to the eye. The *dramatis personæ* consisted of a Master of the Ceremonies mounted, with his aides-de-camp; the Cavaliers, comprising each figure or quadrille, who with their cartels, dress, mottoes, arms, pages, slaves, footmen, grooms, horses and caparisons, made up a brilliant scene. To these must be added the reciters of the poems, the mechanicians, and the musicians. Each set or ‘quadrille’ was composed of from four to twelve riders, not including the leader, who was usually a prince. The quadrilles were of two kinds—those of the holders or defenders, and those of the assailants or disputers. The holders opened the carousel by challenges proclaimed by the heralds. The

are called holders because they maintain declarations or challenges which they undertake to uphold by force of arms against all comers, and form the first quadrille. The assailants resist the challenges and cartels of the holders, and compose the opposite quadrille. The cartel is delivered in the name of the leader of the quadrille, whose adherents wear his liveries, and contains five points: the names and addresses of those who bear the challenge; the cause of the challenge to fight, and any other propositions which they desire to defend by force of arms; the place and mode of combat; the names of the holders who send the challenge or cartel.

The cartels might be either in prose or verse; and as the occasion for the challenge is the desire for self-glory and advertisement, they are seasoned with some amount ofrodomontade. The subjects of Carousels being historical, fabulous, and emblematical, the holders and disputants assume suitable names—those who represent Roman subjects, for instance, styling themselves Julius Cæsar. The names corresponded to the devices or posies of the riders, and the quadrille itself bore their name. The grooms and footmen led in the horses by hand, and remained near the machines, disguised as Turks, Indians, Slaves, or Savages. The musicians, vocal and instrumental, performed two kinds of music—one stately and martial, the other soft and dulcet. The first is at the head of each quadrille to amuse the riders, and announce their presence, their entry upon the course, which was called ‘compase,’ and their challenges; the other kind was an accompaniment to the recitals, the mechanical effects, and the pageant. For the production of the martial harmony, drums, trumpets, cymbals, oboes, and fifes were used.

Such, in its many points of resemblance to our Elizabethan masque, is Guerinière’s detailed account of the carousel—a word which is probably known to most of our readers only in its degenerate English form of carousal, or else from its survival in Paris in the name of La Place du Carrousel, which may in its day have been witness to ‘the pomp, pride, and circumstance’ of such a glorious pageant of peace as that of which we have given a faint impression.* Guerinière finishes with a description, less definite than that of Pluvinel, of a *balet de chevalier*, and we may fitly turn from his book with his closing words:—

‘All these exercises were instituted to give an artistic picture of war and to kindle a spirit of emulation amongst the nobility.’

* The military Carrousel is not yet extinct in France. Only last year (1895) we read of one being held at Saumur.

We might well expect that the school for which Guérinière had done so much would give to the world pupils who would have carried the art a step further. But we may almost say that its decline began at his death; for there sprang up a rivalry and a desire to complicate still further the airs which were then in practice. No real progress took place after Guérinière until the time of the Marquis de la Bigne and M. d'Abzac, who attempted to combine with their own ideas of riding whatever they recognized as good in the English school.

To complete our historical retrospect of the French school, we mention M. Dupaty de Clam, a translator of Xenophon, and a great advocate for the study of anatomy and mechanics in relation to horsemanship: Nestier, D'Auvergne, Mottin de la Balme, Drummont de Melfort, and Montfaucon de Rogies, whose '*Traité d'Equitation*' was the basis of the '*Manuel pour l'Instruction équestre*,' in use when the School of Cavalry was inaugurated at Saumur in 1814.

We gather that there was at last a real cleavage of the art of riding into two branches: the academic form or the Haute École, and military riding pure and simple—France and Italy alone keeping the former alive, and England being the home of the latter, as well as of hunting and racing. The Earl of Pembroke, in 1761, inadvertently teaches us this. His little tract on breaking horses and teaching soldiers to ride never mentions the word 'air'; he only discusses the education of the trooper. But he shows that he had studied in the school of Guérinière by his references to the '*épaule en dedans*,' and by his disapproval of the pillar:—

'Very few regimental riding houses indeed have pillars, and I must say that it is fortunate they have not. For tho', when properly made use of with skill, they are one of the greatest and best discoveries in Cavalry, they must be allowed to be very dangerous and pernicious when they are not under the direction of a very knowing person. Upon the whole, I must declare, that however highly I approve of pillars, I would on no account admit of any, unless constantly under the eye and attention of a very intelligent teacher; which is a thing so difficult to be found in regiments, that I think pillars are better banished from amongst them, and therefore shall say no more of what I esteem nevertheless so much. As for the single pillar, it is a very pernicious and ridiculous thing; and being as I hope and believe universally laid aside, I think, it is not worth making further mention of here.'

The Revolution in France influenced art in somewhat the same way as the Puritan movement had done in England.

The

The spirit which replaced the elegance of Watteau and Boucher by the cold severity of David was naturally prone to sympathize with hard riding as the only acceptable form of horsemanship. Accordingly we find that under the Directory all riding schools were closed, and the teaching of the art was at a standstill—one *manège* becoming the scene of the meetings of the Revolutionary committee. The story goes that our famous Philip Astley only recovered possession of his own *manège* in Paris through a personal interview with the First Consul. A few years later many efforts were made to re-establish the old *manèges*, but the true object in each case was training officers and men for the cavalry: no real system of horsemanship studies, treated purely artistically as under Louis XIV., was ever again set on foot. After the fall of Napoleon there was an attempt to re-organize the old school of Versailles, but the young men of fortune had new tastes, and the long and tedious work of the *manège*, contrasted with the pursuits of racing and hunting, had no charms. The followers of the old school were still wrangling among themselves, fighting over the teaching of Pluvinel and Guerinière, and not until Baucher, about 1830, do we come upon a new horseman of original ideas in France. At the commencement of his career, he performed a kind of Haute École at the Circus, and attracted thousands to see him nightly; his idea being to destroy the natural movements of a horse and to substitute artificial ones. His performance consisted of the most extravagant airs, and there was far more of the circus-rider than of the artist in his rendering of the old Haute École. He soon found an enemy in the Comte d'Aure, the champion of Guerinière's school, and hence arose at this time in France a keen competition between the rival schools of horsemanship. Such a friction of ideas could only have a stimulating effect upon the art, and although, from this time forward, Baucher caused the Haute École to be more than ever associated with the circus, yet he created a great diversion of opinion and diffusion of ideas. He published in 1842 his '*Méthode d'Équitation basée sur de nouveaux Principes*,' after the Government had adopted his method experimentally. He saw the value of the *manège*, and recognised that its art for mere pleasure and dilettantism was gone. He utterly discards the use of force which the *manège* school had still retained as possible in training a horse, and declares that every horse can be made to do anything. What Baucher introduced of the Haute École into the training which he advocated was very much what the goose-step achieves in the drilling of a recruit. He wishes the horse to learn to hold

hold out his leg for a moment in the position in which that leg will be put down when he trots, gallops, walks. Thence he passes to those movements wherein the horse continues to walk, but at each step holds his legs for a moment in the air, in the manner of a slow march. The most complicated movements in his system were the raising of the legs as in a trot without advancing, called the *piaffe*, and the changing of feet as often as desired. Altogether he advocates sixteen different movements. It is only fair to Baucher to add that in his own opinion he derived no part of his method from previous exponents of the Haute École. In his modest estimate of his own merits, he had had no forerunner and could not possibly anticipate a successor.

We have reserved to the last the names of two Englishmen—one a 'household word' to this generation of circus-goers—who did their best to spread a knowledge of the art in England, while most of our best writers on the horse were devoting themselves to the history and description of hunting.

Philip Astley was one of the last exponents of this form of riding in England. He published in 1802 a 'System of Equestrian Education,' as a final effort to save the Haute École from becoming extinct. In this work he begins grandiloquently: 'If the natural motion, attitude, and demeanour of the human species be improvable by the art of dancing and military tuition, surely the natural motion of a horse may be so improved as to render his pace in cadence easy to himself.' He alludes to the painful exhibition of riding in the Park at that time, and to Bunbury's humorous sketch of the 'Enfield Chase Air.' But when he is anecdotal, he becomes more interesting, referring in one place to our Ambassador, Lord Clarendon, who in 1782, on his way to Belgrade, visited all the *manèges*, and amongst them that of Vienna, where he rode before the king. He details the ride on this occasion: 'Uncovering before the king, I walked up and down, circled to the right and left, . . . passaged and went through the airs of *terre-à-terre*, *pirouette*, and *piaffe*.' Towards the close of the first volume Astley gives an account of the minuet which he performed with his son. This commenced with the *piaffe* when the two saluted each other, after which they proceeded by means of the *terre-à-terre*, which airs brought them to the opposite corners of the *manège*. Then they approached by *demi-voltes* and, 'piaffing,' they shook hands, and then returned by *terre-à-terre* to the corners. One rider then pirouetted while the other performed a different air, this bringing them *vis-à-vis*. A pause in cadence followed, a lofty *piaffe*;

piaffe; then they again uncovered and passaged to right and left, and after a few other airs each retreated backwards out of the arena.

When Astley was founding the circus with which his name was till lately connected, the greatest contemporary fencer, dancer, and rider of the Great Horse of his time, Henry Angelo, was already old. His *manège*, situated in Wardour Street, was the academy of these three arts, and to it George III. had sent his sons to learn these accomplishments. His horse Monarch, beautifully 'manèged' by him, may be distinguished in West's picture of 'The Battle of the Boyne.'

The other Englishman, John Adams, seems to have been a self-made man. Beginning as a riding-master, he grew in fame until he attracted all the young dandies of the day. In a characteristic passage in his 'Analysis of Horsemanship,' he draws the analogy between horse- and pen-manship:—

'In penmanship, the large text and round hands may be compared to the *manège* seat—in which exact proportion and correctness in every particular is studied, learned, and executed; the German text, Italian, cutting letters and striking flourishes, I compare to the several lessons and ornamental airs of the *manège*; and the cngrossing running hands, being the hands of dispatch and business, I compare to the hunting, travelling, and racing seats.'

The Haute École had no ephemeral existence; it affected military riding permanently. To-day the ordinary training of a horse for civilian use is adapted solely to the purposes for which the horse is destined. Anything further than is required by utilitarianism would be looked upon as waste of time. But in military manœuvres, where precision is required and where drilling is the object in view, a more detailed training has always been considered indispensable, and it is therefore in our Military Schools of riding that we find a faint survival of the old art of the *manège*. Putting aside this living relic, we have now, and have always had since the end of the last century, the exhibition of the art in the circus. Nothing, perhaps, has contributed to the practical extinction of the Haute École more powerfully than this association with sawdust and spangles. A noble form of horsemanship, already in its decadence, received its final *coup de grâce* when it became the professional pursuit of acrobats.

There are many suggestions in the Haute École of the sister art of dancing; indeed much of its nomenclature has been borrowed from that art. The grace and rhythm of the move-

ment in the one were the objects aimed at in the other, and so obvious is the analogy that it is not surprising to find the same steps and combinations of steps (called 'airs') in both arts. A number of airs in riding formed as it were a dance, and even received its names. Upon the airs performed in measured combination which constituted the pageant of the 'Balet de Chevaux' in the days of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. we have already dwelt in detail. Then as we approach the time when the circus supplanted the *manège* proper, the exhibition of the Haute École took its pattern from the stately 'minuet,' then the prevailing form of dance. The quadrille has been already alluded to.

As hunting, the most popular and healthful of physical excitements, rose to its zenith, the milder flame of the intellectual pursuit of the *manège* pales and flickers towards extinction in the circus. Whatever else it was, the Haute École was not a branch of sport. It is unlikely, so long as foxhunting can be followed in this country, that there will be a revival of the horsemanship of the *manège*. Yet at the present time, when a spirit of historical interest is making men ask one another what there was in such a subject as academic horsemanship to kindle the enthusiasm of our ancestors, and produce the literature and traditions that cluster around it, an hour may not have been wholly wasted in a study of the 'Haute École.'

- ART. VII.—1. *Ousama ibn Mounkidh, un Emir Syrien au premier siècle des Croisades (1095-1188)*. Par Hartwig Derenbourg. Avec le texte arabe de l'Autobiographie d'Ousama, publié d'après le manuscrit de l'Escurial. Three Vols. Paris, 1886-1893.
2. *Siasset Nameh: Traité de Gouvernement*. Composé pour le Sultan Melik Shah par le Vizir Nizam oul-Moulk. Traduit par Charles Schefer, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1893.
3. *Recueil des Historiens des Croisades*. Publié par les soins de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Historiens Orientaux, Tomes I.—III. Paris, 1872-1884.
4. *The Crusades: the Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*. By T. A. Archer and C. L. Kingsford. London, 1894.

IN reading any history of the Crusades, such as the sober and scholarly epitome which has recently appeared under the joint names of Mr. Archer and Mr. Kingsford, one cannot help being struck by the widely different presentment of the characters. The Crusaders stand out clearly enough in their heroic, if barbaric, qualities; many of them are living personalities in the reader's imagination; we can realize what manner of men they were, and understand the rude impulses which prompted their deeds. Of the Saracens, however, their foes in principle, but often their friends and allies in practice, our historians seem to have formed no distinct ideas. The 'swarthy painim' whom, as Milton has it,

'champions bold defied
To mortal combat or carriers with lance,'

are presented as misty impersonalities, vague 'types' possessed of no individual characteristics. Their outlandish names repel impatient readers, who find it impossible to take an interest in an unpronounceable person, destitute of qualities and passions—a sort of mechanical lay-figure without even an automaton's attribute of human likeness,—an actor, moreover, who plays an uncertain part in an historical drama whereof the very plot and scenes and *dramatis personæ* are not only unfamiliar but absolutely unknown. It would not be difficult to reckon up the number of Englishmen who possess a tolerable acquaintance with the internal history of the Mohammedan domination in Asia, Africa, and Europe; and, without some knowledge of the general conditions, it would be extravagant to expect an interest in individual developments. Some grasp of the nature and changes of Muslim civilization is necessary

before one can understand the character and achievements of the men our ancestors vainly attempted to subdue.

It is true that a subject so unfamiliar, dealing with a civilization so unlike our own, with a religion so little understood even by the citizens of the greatest Mohammedan Empire of modern times, with names and events that certainly do not conciliate the student, demands exceptional gifts in its historian. The driest History of England compels attention, simply because it is our own history; but the annals of the East do not bear obviously upon the problems of to-day, nor do they awaken the sentiments of patriotism or ancestral pride. Mohammedan history must be introduced to the Western reader with studied preparation of every allurement that may entice and chain his interest. The charm of style, the fascination of a vivid historical imagination, are never more needed than in the attempt to win adherents to a study which has hitherto been relegated to the dusty departments of 'research,' and has been systematically excluded from every course of academic teaching. There is no modern English history of the East, unfortunately, which can be recommended as literature, for its own sake; there is not even a general history of the Mohammedan period which can be said to atone for its dryness by the accuracy and completeness of its survey. The older historians are obsolete in view of the immense materials brought to hand by recent editors and translators of Arabic and Persian texts, and even among the veterans none but Gibbon—the universal exception—possessed the qualities of style and historical insight which are the preliminary conditions of popularizing an obscure subject; and Gibbon, miraculously accurate as he is, in spite of the comparative poverty of his Oriental materials, could not anticipate the results of modern research. There is little solace in the reflection that we in England are not alone in the want of a worthy history of the mediæval East. Indeed it only makes the matter worse when we find that there is no adequate French or German work to fill the place left vacant in our own literature. One Dutch professor stood out conspicuous, richly endowed with the true historical insight, deeply versed in Oriental learning, and gifted with a rare charm of style in the French language he used; but the late Dr. Dozy devoted these remarkable qualities almost exclusively to the period of the Moors in Spain, which he illuminated with masterly research and painted with exquisite finish; and, save for a somewhat sketchy account of the growth of the Mohammedan religion, he did not touch upon the Eastern developments of the Muslim State. No other writer in French on Mohammedan history
can

can be cited as an example. The Austrian Baron von Kremer compiled a singularly interesting, but fragmentary and disjointed, '*Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Chalifen*,' which makes no pretence to be a general survey of the Mohammedan Empire: and the standard German history of the Caliphate by Professor Weil, though a monument of Teutonic industry and learning, is at once restricted in scope and portentously dry in treatment.

Perhaps in few periods is the want of a really thorough Mohammedan history felt more keenly than in that of the Crusades, for it is obvious that a narrative of a war which inadequately appreciates the character and resources of the enemy can hardly be called a history. In Michaud's day there was little excuse for any such blindness to the other side of the shield: now there is none whatever. For it must not be supposed that the want of a good Mohammedan history is due to a lack of materials, least of all for the Crusading epoch: on the contrary, they abound. The splendid publications of the French Academy of Inscriptions have brought the records of the native chroniclers fairly, if cumbrously, within the grasp of all who are ignorant of Oriental languages. The old references to '*Abulfeda's Annales*'—a noble work in its day, by which Reiske and Adler earned the gratitude of generations of students—may now be supplemented and corrected by citations from a number of other chroniclers and travellers who have been made accessible in French; and innumerable special monographs, scattered about the Transactions of learned societies, have thrown a flood of light upon what ought no longer to be termed an obscure period. Yet the majority of English readers are indubitably under the impression—if they are burdened by an impression at all—that the Saracens of the twelfth century were the same people living in much the same conditions as the Saracens whom the learned Cambridge Professor, Simon Ockley, introduced to an inappreciative public as they appeared in the first tumultuous wave of the new-born faith. All that the 'average schoolboy' knows on the subject—if he knows even that—is the imaginative portraiture of 'pagan' chivalry in the '*Talisman*.' If only Sir Walter Scott had possessed the materials which now lie ready to the hands of his unworthy successors, what a '*Talisman*' there would have been!

Now the very first and commonest impression, that the Saracens of Saladin's age were Arabs, is a mistake. There were Arabs among them, undoubtedly, but the fighting element, the anti-crusading impulse, the tactical skill, came from a totally
distinct

distinct race. The political world upon which the infant Saladin looked out in his cradle days in 1138 was widely different from the old empire of the Caliphate. The whole condition of Syria had vitally changed even in the lifetime of his father. The flaming zeal which had carried the victorious armies of Islam from their Arabian muster-ground to the desert of Sind on the east and the surge of the Atlantic on the west, had not availed to keep together, in the well-knit organization of a united State, the vast empire so suddenly, so amazingly, acquired. The Caliphate lasted indeed for over six hundred years, but it retained its imperial sway for scarcely a third of that time. In the seventh century the soldiers of the Arabian Prophet had rapidly subdued Egypt, Syria, Persia, and even the country beyond the Oxus, and early in the eighth they rounded off their conquest of the Barbary coast by the annexation of Spain. Such an empire, composed of contentious and rival races, and extending over remotely distant provinces, could not long be held in strict subjection to a central government issuing its patents of command from Damascus or Baghdad. The provincial 'proconsul' of the Mohammedan system was even more apt to acquire virtual independence than his Roman prototype. The very idea of the Caliphate, which was as much an ecclesiastical as an administrative authority, encouraged the local governors to assume powers which were not irreconcilable with the homage due to a spiritual chief; and the religious schisms of Islam, especially the strange and fanatical devotion inspired by the persecuted lineage of Aly, led by a different road to the dismemberment of the State. Already, in the ninth century, the extremities of the Mohammedan empire were in the hands of rulers who either repudiated the authority of the Abbasid Caliph of Baghdad, or at least tendered him, as Commander of the Faithful, a purely conventional homage. The Caliph's writ—or its Arabic equivalent—even in the days of the son of 'the good Harun er-Rashid,' did not run in Spain or Morocco, and met but a qualified respect in Tunis. Egypt on the one hand, and North-east Persia on the other, soon followed the lead of the extreme West, and by the middle of the tenth century the temporal power of the Caliph hardly extended beyond the walls of his own palace, within which his authority was grievously shackled by the guard of mercenaries whom he had imprudently imported in self-defence. This state of papal impotence continued with little change until the extinction of the Baghdad Caliphate by the Mongols in 1258. Now and again, by the weakness of their neighbours or the personal ascendancy of an individual

Caliph, the Abbasids temporarily recovered a part of their territorial power in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates; yet even then, although the Caliph had a larger army and possessed a wider dominion than his predecessors had enjoyed, his authority was restricted to a narrow territory in Mesopotamia, and his influence, save as pontiff of Islam, counted for almost nothing in Saladin's political world.

This political world was practically bounded by the Tigris on the east and the Libyan desert on the west. For a century and a half before Saladin began to mix in affairs of State, Egypt had been ruled by the Fatimid Caliphs, a schismatic dynasty claiming spiritual supremacy by right of descent from Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed, and therefore repudiating all recognition of the Abbasid Caliphate of Baghdad. Still more nearly affecting the politics of the Crusades was the situation in Syria and Mesopotamia. The whole of these districts, from the mountains of Kurdistan to the Lebanon, are in race and politics allied with Arabia. Large tribes of Arabs were settled from early times in the fertile valleys of Mesopotamia, where their names are still preserved in the geographical divisions. Bedawy tribes wandered annually from Arabia to the pasture-lands of the Euphrates, as they wander to this day; and many clans were, and are still, permanently settled in all parts of Syria. The decay of the Caliphate naturally encouraged the foundation of Arab kingdoms in the regions dominated by Arab tribes, and, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the greater part of Syria and Mesopotamia owned the supremacy of Arab dynasties; but by the twelfth these had all passed away. The Arabs remained in their wonted seats, and camped over all the country to the upper valleys of Diyar Bekr, as they do now; but they no longer ruled the lands where they pastured their flocks. The supremacy of the Arab in those regions was gone for ever, and the rule of the Turk had begun.

The Turks who swept over Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria in the course of the eleventh century were led by the descendants of Seljuk, a Turkoman chieftain from the Kirghiz steppes. In a rapid series of campaigns they first overran the greater part of Persia; other Turkish tribes came to swell their armies; and the whole of Western Asia, from the borders of Afghanistan to the frontier of the Greek Empire and the confines of Egypt, was gradually united under Seljuk rule. Persians, Arabs, and Kurds alike bowed before the overwhelming wave of conquest. But, wide as was their dominion, the significance of the Seljuk invasion lies deeper than mere territorial expansion. Their advent

advent formed an epoch in Mohammedan history by creating a revival of the Muslim faith.

'At the time of their appearance the Empire of the Caliphate had vanished. What had once been a realm united under a sole Mohammedan ruler was now a collection of scattered dynasties, not one of which, save perhaps the Fatimids of Egypt (and they were schismatics), was capable of imperial sway. The prevalence of schism increased the disunion of the various provinces of the vanished Empire. A drastic remedy was needed, and it was found in the invasion of the Turks. These rude nomads, unspoilt by town life and civilized indifference to religion, embraced Islam with all the fervour of their uncouth souls. They came to the rescue of a dying State, and revived it. They swarmed over Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Asia Minor, devastating the country, and exterminating every dynasty that existed there; and, as the result, they once more reunited Mohammedan Asia, from the western frontier of Afghanistan to the Mediterranean, under one sovereign; they put a new life into the expiring zeal of the Muslims, drove back the re-encroaching Byzantines, and bred up a generation of fanatical Mohammedan warriors to whom, more than to anything else, the Crusaders owed their repeated failure.*

The Seljuk Empire did not long hold together. Less than half a century after they had entered Persia as conquerors, the vast fabric they had audaciously built and splendidly maintained split up into fragments. Seljuks continued to rule at Nishapur, Isfahan, and Kirman; Seljuks at Damascus and Aleppo; Seljuks in Asia Minor: but they were divided planks of the mighty hole, and did not long resist the new forces that pressed upon them. These new forces were indeed part of their system, and their own overthrow was the inevitable result of the organization of their State. For the Seljuk Empire was a purely military power; its authority rested on an army, composed to a large extent of hired or purchased soldiers, and officered by slaves of the royal household. Freemen were not trusted with high commands or the rule of distant provinces; native Persians and Arabs could not be expected to work loyally for the Turkish invader; and it was necessary to rely on the fidelity of slaves brought up at the Court in close relations of personal devotion to the Seljuk princes. These slaves or 'Mamluks,' natives for the most part of Kipchak and Tartary, formed the body-guard of the Sultan, filled the chief offices of the Court and camp, and rising step by step, according to their personal merits and graces, eventually won freedom and power. They were rewarded by grants of castles, cities, and provinces, which they held of their master on condition of military service. The whole

* S. Lane-Poole, 'The Mohammedan Dynasties,' pp. 149, 150.

empire was organized on this feudal basis, which seems to have been usual among Turkish races. Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria were divided into military fiefs, and governed by Seljuk officers,—quondam slaves in the Mamluk body-guard,—who levied and lived on the taxes, and in return were expected to furnish troops at their Sultan's call.

The inevitable result was the supplanting of the enfeebled or corrupt master by the vigorous manly slave. As the Seljuks grew weak and their empire broke up into subdivisions, the great feudatories became independent; the Mamluks who had fought the battles of the conquest became the regents or guardians (Atabegs) of their masters' heirs; and the delegated function was presently exchanged for the full rights of sovereignty and the transmission of hereditary kingship. The twelfth century saw the greater part of the Seljuk Empire in the hands of petty sovereigns, who had risen from the ranks of the Mamluks and converted their fiefs into virtually independent States. In Persia, and beyond the Oxus, a cupbearer or a majordomo had founded powerful dynasties; and the slaves of these slaves, a generation of 'gentlemen's gentlemen,' had established minor principalities on the skirts of their masters' dominions. In this way a slave became regent over his master's heir, and on his death assumed regal powers at Damascus: thus Zengy, founder of the long line of Atabegs of Mosul and Aleppo, was the son of a slave of the Seljuk Melik Shah; and the Ortukids and other local dynasts of Mesopotamia traced their fortunes to the same source. But, however servile in origin, the pedigree carried with it no sense of ignominy. In the East a slave is often held to be better than a son, and to have been the slave of Melik Shah was a special title to respect. The great slave feudatories of the Seljuks stood at least as high as the Bastards of mediæval aristocracy in Europe.

Melik Shah, the noblest of the Seljuk emperors, was indeed one of those rulers who possess the power of imposing their minds upon their epoch. To belong to his household, to hold his commands, was not merely an honour and a privilege; it was also an inculcation of principles. In serving the Sultan, one grew like him; and a standard of conduct was thus set up, modelled upon the life of the royal master, the pattern and exemplar of the age. It is recorded by an Arab historian that a chief or governor was esteemed by public opinion in strict accordance with the degree in which he conformed to the example of Melik Shah; and the standard thus adopted formed no ignoble ideal of a prince's duties. Justice was the first aim of Melik Shah; his chief effort was to promote his people's prosperity. Bridges,
canals,

canals, and caravanserais bore witness to his enlightened encouragement of commerce and intercommunication throughout his dominions. The roads were safe, and it is stated that a couple of travellers might journey unguarded from Merv to Damascus. He punished robbery and looting with rigour, and the peasant could count on redress at the hands of an always accessible sovereign. Generous and brave, just and conscientious, he fulfilled the ideal of a Muslim Prince, and it is no wonder that his example impressed itself far and wide upon the minds of his followers.

Such is the picture of the great Mohammedan Emperor derived from the Arab biographers. Quite recently a new light has been thrown upon it by the labours of the learned director of the 'École spéciale des langues orientales vivantes' at Paris. M. Charles Scheler has translated from the Persian a treatise on the art of Government written by no less a personage than the celebrated Nizam-el-Mulk, who for thirty years (1063-1092) held the post of Chief Vezir or Prime Minister to the Seljuk Sultans. It sounds a little oddly for a prime minister to compete for a prize essay, yet that is precisely the origin of this interesting treatise. It appears that in 1091, the last year but one of his reign, Melik Shah addressed the elders and wise men of his Court somewhat in these terms:—

'Ye shall make the constitution of my government the subject of your thoughts; point out whatever undesirable principles have been sanctioned in my Court and administration; discover what has been hidden from me, and let me know any rules of my predecessors which I may have neglected. Ye shall write down, moreover, whatsoever ye may find among the laws and customs of preceding princes worthy to be introduced into the imperial government. Submit your results to my judgment, that I may consider them and act upon them. Since God has awarded me the possession of the universe, covered me with his bounty, and subdued mine enemies before me, there must be no defect in my government, nothing that is not orderly in the management of public business, nor aught concealed from my regard.'

A number of leading statesmen responded to this sensible invitation, but none of their essays was so much approved by the Sultan as that of Nizam-el-Mulk. 'All its chapters,' said Melik Shah, 'are drawn up to the height of my expectation; there is nothing to add. I shall make this book my guide, and it shall be the rule of my life.' This work, the *Siyaset Nameh* or 'Book of Government,' which was thus preferred by the Seljuk Emperor, is now before us, and, considering its source and sanction, it is a document of prime importance. Nizam-el-Mulk was unquestionably a great statesman. The Mohammeda

hammedan writers dwell upon his spiritual virtues, and record with unction that he could repeat the entire Koran by heart at the age of twelve; but the chief testimony to his wisdom is seen in the prosperity and progress of the great empire for nearly a third of a century committed to his charge. His capacity for affairs was joined to a profound knowledge of jurisprudence and an enlightened support of learning and science. He it was who encouraged Omar Khayyam in his astronomical researches,—less celebrated to-day but far more important than his well-known ‘Quatrains,’—and founded the famous Nizamiya College at Baghdad. The theory of government laid down by such a statesman in the full maturity of age, and approved by the greatest Asiatic ruler of the time, must necessarily be a work of unusual interest. Unfortunately it has been badly copied by ignorant Indian scribes, and the texts from which M. Schefer has produced his translation are full of errors. We must await the learned editor’s promised volume of commentary before deciding on the exact trustworthiness of each detail; but in the meanwhile it is possible to trace the outline, at least, of the principles of government sanctioned by the high authority of Melik Shah and his Grand Vezir.

Those who expect to find in this work a systematic treatise on the functions of the various departments of State will, of course, be disappointed. It is not thus that an Oriental conceives political literature, and such an *aperçu* of an imperial system as Abul-Fazl’s marvellously minute and orderly account of India under Akbar* is a rare exception; nor is Abul-Fazl himself guiltless of the Oriental vices of discursiveness, exaggeration, and frequent omission of essential facts and conditions. In Nizam-el-Mulk’s work, in the form in which it has come down, we perceive indeed a clear and philosophical arrangement; but the author is apt to run off the track in the pursuit of historical parallels and precedents, and some of his sections appear to have been transposed, or inserted in the wrong place, as an afterthought in the process of revision. He states that he wrote thirty-nine chapters ‘at one breath,’ and then revised and added, which may account for occasional displacements and repetitions. But the chief fault to a Western critic is the truly Oriental preference for virtuous platitudes and vague generalizations, when one seeks for definite facts, statistics, and anecdotes. The actual opinions and precepts, moreover, of the

* The ‘*Ain-i-Akbari*’ has at length been worthily translated into English. In 1854 Colonel H. S. Jarrett completed, with laborious and praiseworthy fidelity, the version begun more than twenty years ago by the late Professor Hodgkinson. (Calcutta, Asiatic Society of Bengal, three vols., 1873, 1891, 1894.)

great Vezir do not occupy a third of the volume; the rest is filled with traditions and anecdotes, derived from the ancient history of Persia or the annals of Mohammedan rulers, and forming a sort of 'case law' of precedents. Many of these are extremely characteristic, and their selection and adoption by the writer of course illustrate and confirm his personal views on government; but we could well have dispensed with a large proportion of his historical parallels—many of which are among the commonplaces of Oriental writers—in favour of a more detailed survey of the system which he elaborated, or at least sanctioned and supervised.

Nizam-el-Mulk's conception of a king is an embodiment of the doctrine of divine right: the sovereign is God's anointed; but the doctrine is tempered with a stern insistence upon the king's responsibility to God for every detail of his conduct towards the subjects entrusted to his protection. *Ἡμεῖς δὲ ὁ ἐδόθη πολὺ, πολὺ ζητησεται παρ' αὐτοῦ* is the Vezir's principle, as it was of a greater Teacher before him; and his ideal of a true monarch savours of a counsel of perfection. He defines the character of a king by a quotation from an old Persian anecdote: 'He must subdue hatred, envy, pride, anger, lust, greed, false hopes, disputatiousness, lying, avarice, malice, violence, selfishness, impulsiveness, ingratitude, and frivolity; he must possess the qualities of modesty, equability of temper, gentleness, clemency, humility, generosity, staunchness, patience, gratitude, pity, love of knowledge, and justice.' One weighty judgment, it is alleged, is of more service to a king than a mighty army. He is cautioned to avoid favouritism and disproportionate rewards, to eschew excess in wine and unkingly levity, and recommended to be strict in fasting, prayer, almsgiving, and all religious exercises. In all circumstances he is to 'observe the mean,' for the blessed Prophet said, like Aristotle before him, that in all things the middle is the wisest place.

The most striking features in the system of government outlined by Nizam-el-Mulk are his constant insistence on the duties of the sovereign towards his subjects, and the elaborate checks suggested for the detection and punishment of official corruption and oppression. Twice a week the Sultan was obliged to hold public audience, when anybody, however humble and unknown, might come to present his grievances and demand justice. The Sultan must hear these petitions himself, without any go-between, listen patiently, and decide each case in accordance with equity. Various precautions are recommended to ensure the free access of the subject to the king.

king. The precedent is cited of a Persian sovereign who held audience on horseback in the middle of a plain, so that all might see and approach him, and the obstacles of 'gates, barriers, vestibules, passages, curtains, and jealous chamberlains' might be removed. Another king made all petitioners wear red dresses, so that he might distinguish and take them aside for private audience; and the example is approvingly cited of a Samanid prince who sat on his horse all night during heavy snow, in the middle of the great square of Bokhara, without a single attendant, on the chance that some oppressed subject, who might have been turned away by his chamberlains, should see him and come for redress.

Extraordinary pains were to be taken lest the maladministration of local governors should escape detection. 'When an officer is appointed to a post, let him be benevolent to God's creatures. One must not exact from them more than is right, and one should demand it with gentleness and consideration. Taxes should never be claimed before the fixed legal day, . . . else the people, under pressure of need, will sell their goods at half-price, and become ruined and dispersed.' Constant inspection of the tax-gatherers and other officials is recommended, and severe punishment is to be meted out to the unjust. A vast body of secret spies was organized to watch the conduct of every public officer: *c'est là une des bases du gouvernement*. The great Vezir was aware of the drawbacks of this method,—the danger of fostering suspicion, and the risk of stimulating false evidence; but on the whole he cannot dispense with what, after all, has invariably been a conspicuous feature in Oriental administration. 'Spies,' he says, 'must perpetually traverse the roads of the various provinces, disguised as merchants, dervishes, &c., and send in reports of what they hear, so that nothing that passes shall remain unknown.' Another precaution (familiar in our own police system) was to transfer all tax-gatherers and agents every two or three years, so that they should not become rooted and overweening in their posts. Further, inspectors of high character, above suspicion, and paid by the treasury and not by local taxation, were appointed to watch the whole empire: 'The advantages which their uprightness brings will repay a hundredfold their salaries.' A prompt and regular system of post-messengers maintained rapid communications between the inspectors and the central government. Finally, the good behaviour of vassal chiefs was ensured by their sending hostages, to be relieved every year, to the Court, where 500 such captives were constantly detained. Various recommendations are also made in relation

to the police, law courts, and method of rendering and auditing accounts.

These provisions for just administration affected the great and little feudatories quite as much as the ordinary local governors. It is laid down that the holders of fiefs must be made to understand that they are only allowed to raise from their lands such taxes as are legally assessed; that they must levy the taxes which are thus confided to them with mildness, and in no circumstances be permitted to distrain upon the subject's goods and chattels. Should a feudatory exceed these limits, he shall be deprived of his fief and be punished as a warning to others. 'It is imperative that these people should understand that the land and its inhabitants belong to the Sultan, and that the holders of fiefs, as well as the local governors, are but a guard appointed for their protection.' A special chapter is devoted to the means by which malpractices of feudatories are to be detected and proved. Nothing, unfortunately, is said about the conditions of military service and contributions in return for fiefs, beyond the stipulation that the feudatories must always keep the pay of their troops ready, set apart for the prompt settlement of each retainer's allowance. Incidentally, Nizam-el-Mulk seems to prefer the system of direct payment of all troops from the public treasury, without the intervention of feudatories. His reserve on the subject is, however, easily explained by a natural reluctance to attack a powerful body of men who had rendered immense services to the reigning dynasty. An interesting section describes the gradual process of promoting slaves from rank to rank, and mentions the age of thirty-five as the minimum at which a slave could receive a government, and hence, inferentially, a fief. The old feeling of the East is expressed in the saying that 'a good slave is more valuable than a son.' From the paragraphs relating to the army it appears that the body-guard, or *corps d'élite*, of the Sultan was reckoned at the low figure of 200 cavalry and 4,000 foot, whilst the whole army of the empire seems to have been estimated at 400,000. Care was taken to mix men of different nations in each regiment, in order to excite emulation and neutralize disaffection.

It has often been pointed out that one of the main characteristics of Seljuk civilization was the importance attached to education and learning. Although colleges existed previously in Mohammedan countries, we must ascribe to Seljuk patronage, above all to the influence of Nizam-el-Mulk, the great improvements in educational provision in the East during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The celebrated Nizamiya *medresa* or
university

university at Bagdad was the focus from which radiated an enthusiasm for learning all over Persia, Syria, and even Egypt, where it met a kindred stream of erudition within the *ribats* of the Azhar. To found a college was as much a pious act among Seljuk princes as to build a mosque, or conquer a city from the 'infidels.' The same spirit led the great feudatories and the numerous dynasties that sprang up on the decay of the Seljuk power to devote particular attention to questions of education, and by Saladin's time Damascus, Aleppo, Baalhekk, Emessa, Mosil, Bagdad, Cairo, and other cities had become so many centres of learned energy. Professors travelled from college to college, just as our own mediæval scholars wandered from university to university. Many of these learned men and ministers of State (the two were frequently united) were descendants of household officers of Seljuk Sultans. For example, the Atabeg Zengy, with all his vast energy and military talent, could scarcely have held the reins of his wide empire without the aid of his Vezir and right-hand man Jemal-ed-din, surnamed El-Jawad, 'the Bountiful,' whose grandfather had been keeper of the coursing leopards in Sultan Melik Shah's hunting stables. His father had risen to higher offices; and El-Jawad himself, after receiving a good education, had also been employed in the Seljuk service, where he attracted the notice of Zengy, when his fortune was assured. So ably did he administer the several governments successively committed to his charge, and so charming were his manners and conversation, that Zengy received him into the intimacy of his friendship and advanced him to the post of Inspector-General of his principality and President of the Divan or Council of State. His salary was a tenth of the produce of the soil, and amounted to the pay of an English Prime Minister; and he spent his wealth in boundless charity, ministered lavishly to the necessities of the pilgrims at Mekka and Medina, built aqueducts and restored mosques, and kept a gigantic roll of pensioners. When he died, 'the air resounded with the lamentations' of widows and orphans and of the many poor who had hailed him benefactor.

What El-Jawad was to the warlike Zengy, the learned judge, Hadj El-Fadil, was to the wider imperial administration of Saladin. El-Fadil was not a Turk or a Persian, like so many of the statesmen of that time, but a pure Lakhmy Arab, born at Axalon, a member of a family of judges. His colleague in the Council, Aluh, extols his exquisite style—then considered a prime qualification in a Secretary of State—in his own inflated manner: 'Sovereign of the pen and lucidity, of eloquence and of style, his genius was resplendent, his sagacity profound,

profound, and his diction as novel as it was charming . . . He was like Mohammed's law, which annulled all others and became the root of all knowledge. His thought was original, his ideas were new; he showered forth brilliance, and put forth the fairest flowers. He it was who led the empire by his counsels, and threaded discourse with the pearls of style, and so forth. In spite of fine writing, and much curious euphuism, the Kady was an admirable public servant, and Saladin frequently left him in supreme charge of the government in Egypt whilst himself absent on campaigns in Syria. Egypt, indeed, was his adopted country; there Saladin found him in the chancery office; and he was never happy away from his beloved Nile. 'Bear me a message to the Nile,' he cries in one of his poems, written during a campaign in Mesopotamia; 'tell it that Euphrates can never quench my thirst.'

The ranks of the learned and the wise were recruited from all parts of the Mohammedan Empire. It was a professor from Nishapur whose lectures at the Damascus colleges so delighted Saladin that he commissioned the fortunate pundit to indite a text-book of religious instruction, which the Sultan imparted to his children. 'I saw him myself,' says Baha-ed-din, Saladin's secretary and biographer, 'with the book in his hand, and his boys repeating it to him from memory.' Another learned man, whose advice, it is said, Saladin never rejected, was El-Hakkary, the Arab jurist, who treated his master with an unceremonious familiarity which none other dared to use. His quaint figure, with the jurist's turban surmounting a soldier's uniform, was seldom absent from the Sultan's councils. Learned men were attracted to Egypt and Syria from distant lands. Ibn-Firro of Xativa, for example, who wrote a mighty poem of 1173 verses upon the various readings of the Koran, simply 'for the greater glory of God,' journeyed from Spain to Cairo in 1176, burdened, as he modestly confessed, with a memory stocked with enough sciences to break down a camel. Nevertheless in lecturing to crowds of pupils he never said an unnecessary word: no wonder the Kady El-Fadil set such store by him that he lodged him in his house and buried him in his own mausoleum. Another celebrated doctor, with whom Saladin became especially intimate at Damascus, and from whom he must have learned much, came from Ispahan. This was the Secretary of State Imad-ed-din, commonly called Aluh ('Eagle'),—a poet, a master of style, a doctor learned in the law and deep in the mysteries of astrology, and a formidable gladiator in theological polemics. From being merely a professor at the college at Damascus, to which he gave his name, 'The Imadiya,'

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he became President of the Council of State. His admirable skill in conducting diplomatic correspondence in Persian and Arabic, in the turgid and inflated style admired by Orientals, added to his learning and sagacity, made him invaluable to the Sultan. Imad-ed-din became Saladin's constant companion and most indefatigable minister, and retained his entire confidence until his death. Nor must Ibn-Abi-Usrin be passed over, 'one of the leaders of his age by his talents and legal learning.' He accompanied Nur-ed-din to Damascus in 1154, where he opened a class in the west corner of the great Mosque, and became administrator of the 'Wakfs' or religious endowments. But he was not long suffered to stay in one place. So famous was his erudition that Nur-ed-din built colleges at Aleppo, Emesa, Hamah, Baalbekk, and elsewhere, for him to lecture in; and he even sat in court at Sinjar and Harran in Mesopotamia. Later on, Saladin took the greatest interest in the man of learning, and when blindness afflicted him in old age the Sultan would not let him be deprived of his judgeship.

These several instances, taken almost at random from the Arabic writers, show how strong was the position of learned men in the Mohammedan world of the twelfth century. The presence of such philosophers tempered with cool wisdom the impetuous fire of the innumerable predatory chiefs, great and small, who composed the essentially military empire founded by the Seljuks. Many of the great soldiers of that age delighted in the society of men of culture; and though the victorious Atabeg might exclaim that 'the clash of arms was dearer far to him than the music of minstrels, and to strive with a worthy foe a greater delight than to toy with a mistress,' yet Zengy loved the company of his wise counsellor El-Jawad. His successor Nur-ed-Din was devoted to the society of the learned, and poets and men of letters gathered round his court; whilst Saladin took a peculiar pleasure in the conversation of grave theologians and solemn jurists. The most bloodthirsty Emir of them all could not do without his poet and historian. It was the same in later centuries with the Mamluk Sultans of Egypt. Barbarous and savage as they seemed, prone to deeds of blood and treachery, they loved the arts, encouraged *belles lettres*, and made Cairo beautiful with their exquisite architecture. It would seem that in the East, at all events, violence may go hand in hand with taste and culture, and it was not Saul alone whose moody fits were relieved by the music of sweet singers.

The military organization established by the Seljuks, firmly planted in Syria by the Atabegs, and introduced into Egypt by Saladin, where it was developed and maintained for centuries

by the Mamluks, has never been adequately studied. Yet the historian of the Crusades may readily gain a general idea of the system by turning over the pages of Ibn-el-Athir's 'History of the Atabegs,' published in the series of '*Historiens Orientaux des Croisades*' by the French Academy. Ibn-el-Athir was a servant of the Atabegs of Mosul, and his father had been the friend of the great Zengy himself. His information is therefore ample and accurate, if somewhat biassed by personal devotion to the house whose fortunes he relates. One must not, indeed, look for systematic generalizations or philosophic exposition in his chronicle, but the main characteristics of the civilization in which he lived may be deduced from the incidents he records in the haphazard fashion of Eastern annalists. We can see that the greater part of the land was parcelled out into fiefs, which were granted by the Sultan to his lords and favourites by letters patent, or again devised by the great feudatories to their subvassals, who were bound to furnish troops to their overlord, just as he was required to bring his retainers to the support of his sovereign. We read how one method of summoning the military contingents was by sending an arrow round from camp to camp, or village to village, as a signal for assembly. After a campaign the feudal troops were dismissed to their homes, whither they always retired during the winter, under engagement to rejoin the colours in the spring. In the interval a general was obliged to be content with his own immediate followers, his body-guard, and any mercenaries who could be induced to remain in the field. When living on their lands, the feudatories were only allowed to collect the taxes, amounting apparently to about one-tenth of the produce, and were straitly enjoined (as the '*Siyaset Nameh*' states) not to oppress the people or seize their goods. No doubt, so long as the Seljuk empire held together, the omnipresent spy kept licence and corruption at bay; but when there was no supreme government, during the troublous times that preceded the establishment of Nur-od-din's and Saladin's organized rule, much misery must have come in the train of feudalism. We read constantly of Emirs setting forth on the war-path, followed by their retainers, and such a party was as likely as not to meet a rival troop somewhere along the rugged tracks of Mesopotamia, with the usual result of a skirmish, perhaps a victory, and then slaughter and pillage. The life of the shepherd, the agriculturist, and the trader must have been sufficiently exciting and not a little precarious in the midst of the valorous activity of neighbouring chiefs; and the equitable precepts of Melik Shah and his wise Vezir must often have been forgotten in the first flush of victory.

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The Arab chronicler, however, prone as he is to dwell upon feats of arms, never quite overlooks the condition of the peaceful population; and it is worth noticing that in signalizing the virtues of a great Emir he puts prominently forward the justice and mildness he displayed towards his subjects. The 'White Falcon' of Mosul, father of Zengy, is held up to admiration as a protector of his people. Perfect justice reigned throughout his dominions; the markets were cheap; the roads absolutely safe; and order prevailed in all parts. His policy was to make the district pay for its own misdeeds—a plan not unknown in Ireland—so that, if a caravan were plundered, the nearest villages had to make good the loss, and the whole population thus became a universal police for the traveller's protection. It is recorded of this good governor that he never broke his word, and the same might be said of more Muslim than Christian leaders of the Crusading epoch.

The example of a just and virtuous chief naturally inspired emulation among his retainers, and it is not difficult, in many instances, to trace the effects of such influences. The constant endeavour of a great Emir was to surround himself with a loyal body of retainers and minor feudatories who could be trusted to support his arms, extend his dominions, and carry out his policy in the management of their sub-fiefs. Upon their loyalty depended the succession of his family. When an Emir died, his vassals and Mamluks would rally round his heir and uphold him on the throne, or obtain for him the succession in the fief. No feeble ruler, however, had a chance in that strenuous age; he must be strong in war and firm in peace. It sometimes happened that an Emir failed to satisfy the demands or retain the loyalty of his followers, who would then transfer their services to a more popular master. This would happen especially when a new governor—a proverbial 'new broom'—was set over the feudatories of a province. We find a graphic account in Ibn-el-Athir of how this happened in the province of Baghdad, and led to the migration of Zengy, not yet the all-powerful Emir he afterwards became. The indignant chief called a meeting of his friends and retainers, laid the situation before them, and asked their advice. One of them in reply quoted the Turkoman proverb, 'If a man must needs put a stone on his head, at least let it be quarried from a great mountain'; or, as he explained, 'If we must be in somebody's service, let us take service of the Sultan himself'—which they did. These grant-holders had no desire for fixed possession of lands: they found their fiefs less trouble and more profit. 'All the land is ours,' said Zengy, 'and where is the use of property so long as

you hold your fiefs? If the land goes, your property vanishes; and when a king's servants possess lands, they oppress and vex the subjects, and forcibly carry off their goods.' The Atabeg evidently implied that fief-holders were not open to the same accusation: and, as a matter of fact, we do not hear of any general complaints of their conduct, though this may of course be due to the lack of a mouthpiece for the oppressed. One rule observed by Zengy casts a vivid light upon the state of the times. He never allowed any of his subjects to quit his territories, lest they should indiscreetly or maliciously reveal his weak places to his rivals. When some of his officers deserted to the court of the Ortukid prince of Mardin, the latter was compelled to restore them to their master, who put them in prison, and 'they were heard of no more!' Yet this stern ruler, who was pitiless to his officers and slaves, would give 50*l.* in alms every Friday, devoted immense pains to the cultivation and prosperity of the country, restored the ruined city of Mosul to more than its former splendour, and, though he could give over Edessa to horrible massacre and pillage, would not allow his men to ruin utterly the conquered city, but made them surrender their prisoners, the women, the 'young girls like gazelles,' with the money and goods, and restored all that remained (possibly not much) to the inhabitants.

The Holy War against the Crusaders was the perpetual occupation of Zengy and the other twelfth-century Emirs. He was the first to rally the Muslims against the invader, and his career was one long triumph over the Christians. When he first raised the standard of Islam, the Crusaders held most of Syria from the highlands of Upper Mesopotamia to the borders of Egypt. Their frequent, almost daily, raids extended as far as Amid in Diyar Bekr; they spared no one; Harran and Rakka were ground beneath their feet; looting and devastation were carried on to the gates of Nisibin; they cut all the roads to Damascus save the desert route past Rahba; they levied tribute on towns without number, and blackmailed Aleppo to the half of its revenue, 'even to the profits of the mill that stands by the Garden Gate.' They were even powerful enough to compel the emancipation of Christian slaves in the market of Damascus itself—a good work perhaps, but a singular revelation of impotence on the part of its governors. How Zengy drove them back step by step out of Mesopotamia towards the Syrian coast, and left the heritage of championship to his son Nur-ed-din, who carried on the work till Saladin came to complete it, is well known to students of the period; but a new and singularly vivid light has recently been thrown upon this fascinating

fascinating epoch by the publication of Osama's Memoirs. M. Hartwig Derenbourg, the talented Professor of modern Arabic at the 'École des langues orientales vivantes' at Paris, is the fortunate discoverer of this priceless document, and he has spared no pains in editing the Arabic text and in elucidating his French translation with a wealth of commentary, derived from an exhaustive study of the contemporary sources. His very notes form almost a complete bibliography of the literature of the Crusades. Students may perhaps regret that he did not elect to publish a literal translation of the Memoirs — 'The Book of Instruction by Example,' so the title runs — in their original order; but there can be no doubt that in re-arranging Osama's disjointed recollections and setting them in a consecutive narrative, amplified and illustrated by materials drawn from other authentic sources, he has produced a history of the first importance for its special period.

Both chronologically and geographically, Osama was fortunate in his epoch. He was born in 1095, three years before the capture of Antioch gave the Franks their *point d'appui*, whence they advanced to the conquest of Jerusalem in 1099; and he died in 1188, when the Holy City had just been retaken by Saladin. He witnessed the whole tide, the flow and ebb, of Crusading effort. His long life of ninety-three years embraced the entire period of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, and only just missed the Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion. His family, the Benu Munkidh, were the hereditary lords of the fortress of Shaizar (Cæsarea), the ruins of which, now called Saijar, still overhang the Orontes, and may be seen in an illustration in Professor Sachau's 'Reisen in Syrien.' Strong as the castle was, shielded by a bold bluff of the Ansariya mountains, approachable only by a horsepath which crossed the river, then tunnelled through the rock, and was again protected by a deep dyke crossed by a plank bridge, its situation in the immediate neighbourhood of Frankish garrisons, half-way between the Crusading centres of Antioch and Tripoli, brought it into perilous contact with the war which passed perpetually beneath its battlements. Shaizar was one of those little border States, between the Muslim and the Christian, which found their safest policy in tempering orthodoxy with prudent diplomacy. No better post of observation could have been chosen from which to view the struggle that went on unceasingly throughout the twelfth century; no witness more competent or more opportune could be found than the Arab chief who surveyed the contest from the conning tower of Shaizar. He knew all the great leaders in the war and often took part in the fray. His first
battle

battle was fought under that truculent Turkoman, Il-Ghazr, the man who did more than any one, before the coming of Zengy, to spread dismay through the Christian ranks. Osama served under Zengy himself, and was actually present in the famous flight over the Tigris into Tekrit when the timely succour of Ayyub made the fortunes of the house of Saladin. He had seen Tancred more than once, when that prince led an assault against Shaizar, and remembered the beautiful horse which the Crusader received as a present from its castellan. King Baldwin du Bourg was a prisoner in the fortress for some months in 1124, and rewarded his host's kindness, *more Francorum*, by breaking all his engagements the moment he was released. Joscelin was another well-known figure in the armed expeditions which passed in perpetual procession over the Orontes, and the autobiographer even saw the Emperor John Comnenus lay siege to the Arab eyry on the 'Cork's Comb.' Later on he visited King Fulk at Acre and explained to him through an interpreter—for Osama knew no *lingua Franca*—that he too, Arab though he was, might call himself 'knight, after the fashion of my race and my family; for what we admire in a knight is that he be lean and long.'

Nor was Osama's acquaintance limited to such high personages as he met at Shaizar, or visited during brief excursions into Frank territory. He lived for long years at Damascus, at the Court of Nur-el-din, for whom he conducted diplomatic correspondence with Egypt; he became for a time the guest of the Fatimid Caliph at Cairo, and farmed a fief near by at Kom Ashfin, where he kept two hundred head of cattle and a thousand sheep, and reaped rich harvests of grain and fruit; and in his latter days he was intimate with Saladin, who delighted in his impromptu recitations of poetry. For, unlike the crowd of military adventurers of his time, who were mainly Turks or Kurds, Osama was a pure Arab, and his character was typical of his race,—ambitious, restless, supple, and *rusé*; superstitious rather than religious; brave as the lion from which he took his name, rash as a knight-errant; ready to sacrifice sentiment for profit, and yet throwing self-interest to the winds when personal honour or family pride was at stake; boastful and vain like all Arab chiefs, jealous and sensitive as a woman; yet full of fascination, a captivating charm of manner and mind; endowed with rare poetic gifts,—enjoying, moreover, the privilege of a rare and intimate sympathy with nature. Seldom does an Oriental take us so unreservedly into his confidence as this frankly conceited, brilliantly gifted, wholly unmanageable, entirely lovable Arab does in his candid autobiography. He

pours out his hopes and ambitions, his disappointments and jealousies, his admirations and criticisms of the men of his age, with perfect confidence in his reader's sympathy. Osama's Memoirs let us into the secrets of life in Syria in the twelfth century as no other book of Oriental literature has ever done before.

The three things Osama loved were battle, poetry, and the chase. These indeed made up most of the life of a Syrian emir, together with the gentle passion which, like a true Eastern, Osama conceals behind the curtains of his harim. He has no patience with the amazing liberty allowed by Crusading husbands to their wives. 'They know not what honour means,' he writes, 'nor jealousy neither. Why, if they walk abroad with their wives and meet another man, they let him hold the wife's hand and take her aside to talk, whilst the husband stands aloof till the conversation be done! If the lady prolongs the interview, her spouse walks off and leaves her alone with her friend!' And then he tells a story, which cannot be reproduced here, in proof of the extraordinary complaisance of Frankish husbands. Of his own loves he says nothing; but we may divine his ideal of womanhood from the pride with which he records how the aristocratic women of his father's house defended Shaizar from the Ismailians, and knew how to arm and fight, and even commit suicide, sooner than fall into the hands of 'labourers and cotton-minders.' Such women, he says, were 'mothers of men.' His highest admiration is for valour, and he is never weary of describing hand-to-hand encounters. His boyhood's tutor endeavoured vainly to inculcate more philosophic views:—

'One day,' relates Osama, 'the conversation turned upon fighting, and my master, the learned Sheykh Ibn-el-Munira, listened. "O my master," said I, "if you were a horseback, in padded jerkin and helmet, girt with your sword, and armed with lance and buckler, and were posted by the chapel of the Orontes in a pass where the Franks (God damn them!) must go by, never a soul of them would escape you!" "By Allah," he answered, "you are mistaken; they would escape me, every one." "Nay," said I, "they would be afraid of you: they would not recognise you." "God-a-mercy," quoth Ibn-el-Munira, "I should not recognise myself! . . . O Osama," he went on, "a wise man never fights." I cited the bravest warriors of our race and asked him, "O my master, was this and that a lunatic, according to you?" "I did not mean that," replied he; "I only meant that in the hour of battle intelligence departs: otherwise a man would not offer his front to the sword, his breast to the spear and arrow. That is not the act of an intelligent person." In truth,' continues Osama, 'my deceased professor had more experience in science than in warfare. For it is just intellect that induces a man

to face swords and spears and arrows, by the disgust which it entertains for cowardice and a sorry reputation. . . . Let no one imagine that he will hasten his death for confronting danger, or delay it by the utmost prudence. Look at my own case. How often has it befallen me to face perils, to plunge into dangerous and fearful adventures, to strive with knights, kill lions, and fight with sword, lance, arrow and cross-bow! Yet I have defended so strong a citadel [of life] against the inevitable hour that I have attained my ninety years.'

'I have fought with lions times without number,' he boasts, 'and have killed so many that, if I have rivals in other respects [which he obviously doubts], I know no man living who can compare with me as a lion-hunter.' Like his father, Osama had it written in his horoscope that he should 'never know fear.' As a mere lad he would slip away unseen, alone, when he heard that a lion's spoor had been seen; he would stalk his royal quarry as coolly as he shot his hares, and generally brought back the skin. Curiously enough, in spite of extreme daring, he never received so much as a scratch in these risky adventures; and the only time he was nearly torn to pieces was when he pursued a hyena into a cave and found himself in the clutches of three of its relations. 'To be seized by hyenas,' he exclaims contemptuously, 'I who had never been grazed by a lion!' One cause of his immunity was his intimate knowledge and close observation of the habits of animals, and not the least interesting feature in his *Memoirs* consists in his minute and careful notes on natural history. The following is but one of his many hunting reminiscences:—

'I took part in many hunting parties at Damascus in the days of Shihab-ed-din Mahmud, son of Taj-al-Muluk. Our quarries were birds, gazelles, wild asses, and roebuck. I was beside him one day when we had ridden into the forest of Baniyas. The grass was long and thick. We pulled down a number of buck. Tents were pitched in an enclosure, and we were just settling down when a buck got up out of the long grass, where he had been sleeping, in the midst of us; he was taken among the tents. As we were going home, one of us told Shihab-ed-din that he had seen a squirrel climbing a tree. The Emir took his stand below, and aimed at the animal two or three times without hitting it; so he gave it up and went off in a rage at having missed it. Then I saw a Turk aim and transfix the squirrel with his wooden arrow. Its two forepaws relaxed, but it hung by its hind paws, with the arrow right through its body, till the tree was cut down.'

'If only it had been a Frank!' he exclaims: there would not have been a long shrift for him! In Egypt, where he found himself

himself oppressed with a surfeit of leisure, Osama's chief distraction consisted in hawking, and he gives excellent descriptions of the manner in which this sport was conducted, and the various sorts of falcons and hawks employed. He was a connoisseur in dogs and birds of prey, for his father, who was also a keen sportsman, annually imported the best that could be procured from Constantinople. Wherever he went, in Syria, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, his first thoughts were directed to the game of the district, and his notes form a curious sort of sportsman's calendar.

The passages in his Memoirs that possess the strongest interest for European readers are those which relate his experiences among the Franks. He draws a firm line of distinction between the settled Franks, the families of the first Crusaders, who had grown accustomed to Oriental life and become friendly with their Muslim neighbours, and the new arrivals, a set of bigoted pilgrims and needy adventurers, whose indiscreet zeal and greed of plunder embroiled the good understanding which had been established between the two creeds in Palestine. 'Those Franks,' he says, 'who have come and settled amongst us and cultivated the society of Muslims are much superior to the others who have lately joined them . . . The newcomers are invariably more inhuman than the older settlers who have become familiar with the Mohammedans.' Political alliances and personal friendships were frequent between the settled Crusaders and the neighbouring Muslims, and it was not unusual for a Mohammedan to enjoy the hospitality of a Christian knight. One of Osama's friends tells how he went to visit a distinguished cavalier of the First Crusade, and when dinner arrived his host removed all scruples by remarking, 'Eat; you will find it right. I do not eat Frankish food any more than you, but employ Egyptian cooks and eat only what they prepare. No pork ever comes into my house.' Osama himself had acquaintances among the Templars, whom he called his 'friends,' and whom he preferred to all other Franks. When he visited Jerusalem, they gave him one of their oratories, close to the Christianised mosque El-Aksa, to say his Muslim prayers in; he walked with them in the Haram Esh-Sherif, and was taken to the Dome of the Rock and House of the Chain. Of the hospitality of the Knights of St. John, too, he does not stint his praise. He was a witness of an ordeal by battle and ordeals by water, which did not increase his respect for Christian jurisprudence, and he cannot conceal his disgust for the want of proper surveillance over Frankish women, nor his indignation at the frequent breaches of sworn faith

faith by the Crusaders, who seldom kept pact with the 'infidel.' Whilst generously admiring their valour, he lays especial stress upon their defensive tactics, their cautious orderly movements, their precautions against ambushes and surprises, and their self-control after victory in denying themselves the delights of a headlong pursuit. Like a grave Oriental, however, he cannot approve the idle merriment, jovial roars of laughter, and mad pursuit of pleasure, which he noticed among Franks of all degrees. An Eastern gentleman can never understand childish buffoonery or broad grins in men of sense and position.

It is a pity his notices of his contemporaries are not more complete and methodical, and that they seldom penetrate beneath the surface of things: but Osama was no philosopher, only a clever, sensitive, keen-eyed observer, and we must be grateful for such vivid pictures as the following account of a deal in ransoms:—

'The Franks brought before me their prisoners, one after the other, to be ransomed. I was about to buy back those whose deliverance God Most High had prepared, when there came up a devil of a Frank called William Jiba, mounted on his chariot of war, and just fresh from surprising a caravan of Magraby pilgrims, about four hundred men and women. Prisoners came in a flood towards me, with their owners, and I bought all I could. I noticed a man, still in his youth, who saluted and sat down in silence. I asked who he was—"An ascetic, belonging to a tanner." I asked the owner, how much? He answered, "By the virtue of my faith, I will not sell him except along with this old man—the two at one price, forty-three dinars." I concluded the bargain . . . spent all I had with me, and gave my pledge for the balance. . . . On my return to Acre, there was William Jiba with twenty-eight prisoners still, one of them the wife of a man whom God Almighty had delivered by my means. I ransomed her, but did not pay on the spot. I went to the house of this scoundrel and said, "Will you sell me ten of these captives?" "By the virtue of my faith," said he, "I will only sell them *en bloc*." I went on, "The sum I have brought is not enough. I will buy some of them to start with, and the rest shall have their turn later." "I will only sell them *en bloc*," he repeated. So I went away. Now God (whose name be exalted!) decreed that the captives should every one escape that very night, and the country folk, being all Muslims round about Acre, concealed them. The rascal claimed them in vain, for God favoured their deliverance. Next day, William demanded of me the ransom of the woman I had bought back but not paid for. I said to him, "Hand her over and you shall have her price." "Nay," said he, "her price was due to me yesterday, before her flight," and he forced me to pay: which I did without regret, so delighted was I at the deliverance of these unhappy captives.'

Nothing

Nothing could be more graphic than descriptions and stories like these, in which Osama's autobiography abounds. It throws a fresh and vivid light upon the people and life of his day. With the materials now accessible from the Oriental side, it should be possible to draw an accurate picture of men and manners of the time of Saladin as they appeared to contemporary witnesses. Few periods are more worthy to be distinguished in literature. The conflict of races and the tumult of tongues, the meeting of East and West on holy ground, the social revolution implied in the grafting of the feudal system of Tartary upon the democratic foundations of Islam, the strong contrasts between the marauding life of the hill chieftains and the studious groups that hung upon the professors' lips in the cloisters of the city mosque, the unparalleled motley of creeds, systems, ideas, and languages, brought together from Asia, Africa, and Europe to fuse and mingle upon the sacred battlefield of faiths, offer rich occasions to the genius of a Froude or a Macaulay. The scene of the historical drama is laid in a land of moving associations; the air is full of the immemorial magic of the East; the romance of chivalry is joined to spiritual exaltation, the derring-do of battle to the quest of the Holy Grail. And the actors are not unworthy of their setting: among them are 'verray parfit gentil' knights, both Christian and Saracen, men of heroic deeds and generous magnanimity, standing out in fine relief from a crowd of truculent adventurers, whose word is as brittle as their sword is ready. Every condition that can lend glamour to a page of history seems to be fulfilled in the epoch of the Crusades—the Age of Saladin: only the illuminating insight is wanted to make the page shine among the great chapters of the world's literature. It is an office that should inspire the research, the eloquence, and the imagination of the highest historical genius.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Reports of 'Sir P. Macdougall's Committee.'* C 493, xxxvii. 386. 1872; C 588, xiv. 69; C 712, xviii. 1. 1873.
 2. *Report of the 'Militia Committee.'* C 1654, xviii. 29. 1877.
 3. *Reports, &c., on Army Organization.* C 2792. 1881.
 4. *Report on Army Re-organization.* C 2791, xxi. 185.
 5. *Report of Committee on the Short Service System.* C 2817. 1881.
 6. *Report of Committee on Territorial Regiments.* C 2793. 1881.
 7. *Report on Artillery Localisation.* C 3168. 1882.
 8. *Report on Cavalry Organization.* C 3167. 1882.
 9. *Reports on Army and Navy Estimates.* 216; 216. 1; 223; 223. 1; 232; 232. 1; 239; 259; 259. 1; 259. 2.
 10. *Report on the Manufacturing Departments of the Army.* C 5116. 1887.
 11. *Reports of 'Sir Fitz-James Stephen's Commission' appointed to inquire into the System under which Patterns of Warlike Stores are adopted, and the Stores obtained and passed for Her Majesty's Service.* C 5062; C 5062. 1; C 5062. 2; C 5413. 1887-8.
 12. *Reports on Army and Navy Estimates.* 120; 212; 225; 269; 269. 1; 269. 2; 285. 1888.
 13. *Report of Second Committee on the Militia.* C 5922, xix. 145. 1890.
 14. *Report of 'Lord Wantage's Committee.'* Parts I. and II. 1892.
 15. *Reports of 'Lord Hartington's Commission.'* C 5979, xix. 1. 1890.
 16. *The Brain of an Army.* By Spencer Wilkinson. New Edition. With Letters from Count Moltke and Lord Roberts. London, 1895.
 17. *The Letters of 'Vetus' on the Administration of the War Office.* Reprinted by permission from 'The Times.' With a Preface by General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. London, 1893.
 18. *Letters to 'The Times.'* By 'Vetus,' 'Reform,' &c. 1895.

THAT the condition of things at the War Office was such that it could not last has long been certain. The struggle of conflicting forces within its walls made itself felt by many signs visible enough to the country at large. Many causes have combined to prevent the true facts of that internal struggle from being understood by those who were only able to judge from these outward manifestations. The series of reports, books, pamphlets, articles, and papers of which we have quoted the titles

titles above, in proportion as they represent an intimate acquaintance with the situation, suggest more than they say. There is throughout a tacit understanding that the naked truth shall not be known. It seems to us that the time has at last come when this obscurity should be dispelled. There is no reason why tender susceptibilities should not be still respected. There is every reason why the one consideration, which determines alike action, speech, and writing, should be the safety of the State. It is not too much to say that wherever men were gathered in sufficient numbers to create a strong public opinion, there was for many years past a feeling of uneasiness as to the condition of our military preparation which has been vaguely felt throughout the land in many a quiet household. The City in particular, as was natural, has been conspicuous for the development of this growing sense, that the question of our national security must be dealt with as one of paramount importance, and that no private considerations or personal objects could any longer be allowed to stand in the way of the efficiency of our forces by sea and land. This undercurrent of intense feeling has not been unknown to any of our more prominent statesmen. It has had its effect on them. It is only just to them to say that a sense of their own tremendous responsibility, in presence of an armed Europe, and with experiences, such as prudence has often counselled from the public, of the suddenness with which a hot-tempered foreign officer might at any moment precipitate a crisis, has had far more. Incidents had occurred within the last few years, which had left to some of our statesmen the unpleasant choice between accepting national humiliation—such as, had the facts been known at the time, it was certain that no high-spirited country could have endured—or of calling for the employment of forces that were not ready for action.

It is true that, despite much that we have lately heard upon these subjects, it was not the Army but the Navy that was held to be in actual emergency inadequate. It must, in all circumstances, be for us the first and vital point to determine whether our naval forces are or are not equal to the tasks that may be imposed on them. Rarely, however, can any considerable national campaign be carried out without the co-operation of both services. Even in regard to the safety of our homes, great as is our national love for the Navy, it is safe to say that the instinct which called into existence our Volunteers is a sound one. It is very natural that officers in the Navy should be a little sensitive about anything that appears to imply a doubt of the completeness of the protection afforded by our fleets. To reduce, however, the inhabitants of these islands to a condition

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of helpless dependence upon external protection; to make of Britons the one race that ignores the claims of patriotism upon personal effort, is not an object worthy of the heirs of Nelson. Greatest of all the services which our national hero rendered us, greater even than the security which he gave us, greater than the bestowal upon us of that sea-power which made the voice of England potent in the councils of the world, was the example which he left us of an ideal patriotic devotion. To ask the compatriots of Nelson to become the idle spectators of struggles designed to leave them in secured ease, without being ready in their own persons, if need were, to defend their homes, is to make of our greatest national advantage a national curse.

Moreover, the arguments which have been adduced to prove that our sailors, unaided by our soldiers, can give to our homes that absolute security upon which our sacred duties towards them make us desire to insist upon, have never carried conviction to the minds of Englishmen at large. Those mistook the temper of the nation who supposed that the desire to see the Volunteers and the Militia made into an effective home force, and the anxiety that the regular Army should be in a condition to act with the help of the Fleet when any sudden call is made upon our resources by sea and land, was in any way in conflict with the wish for a strong Navy. Little as some of our naval friends think it, we are convinced that the Volunteers have been the best friends the sailors have had amongst us. They have been at once the representatives and the sustainers of the patriotic instinct of the nation. The notion that a fixed fund is set apart for our forces by sea and land, and that every penny devoted to Volunteer efficiency is subtracted from the *minimum* sum required to secure an adequate Navy, is a pure delusion. The danger was, lest the nation, devoted to commerce and anxious for peace, should shut its eyes to the changes which have passed over Europe since 1870. An increased interest in the military aspect of affairs on the Continent, which is closely connected with the Volunteer movement, and has created a body of civilian writers, members of Parliament, and others, who carefully study both Naval and Military questions, has saved us from that danger. Sailors, in their zeal for their own service, would have killed the goose that lays for them the golden eggs, had they succeeded, as they certainly have not, in abolishing the Volunteers, or in interfering with the effort to render them thoroughly efficient.

The desire therefore for the adequacy of our land forces has been only second to that which has resulted in giving us such a Navy as has never till now ridden the seas. But there has long
been

been a dim consciousness that, whilst the question of Naval efficiency has only been one between the Admiralty and the Treasury, the question how Army efficiency was to be attained was in dispute within the War Office itself. When the world was startled by the downfall of France a quarter of a century ago, Lord Cardwell, the then Secretary of State for War, called to his councils the ablest body of soldiers whom he could gather round him. The whole situation was exhaustively examined, and from the deliberations of those days certain reforms resulted which have gradually won for themselves an assured approval and acceptance. A Secretary of State desiring such assistance necessarily summoned the men who were known to have devoted themselves to a study of their profession, and those who had shown in the conduct of war capacity and originality. It was not a time for 'the pedantry of cold mechanic battle.' A young soldier who had not seen any actual fighting, but one whose capacity some of those who were round Lord Cardwell had detected, the then Major Baring, the present Lord Cromer, brought to the conferences a knowledge of the condition of the German army, a power of work, an hereditary financial instinct, and a literary facility that were invaluable. The late Sir Edward Hamley and Sir Patrick Macdougall, profound students of war, also contributed. Many others were examined as to facts. But of all the advisers of those days the mainstay and chief support was an officer, not then forty years of age, who from his earliest years had devoted himself to the study of his profession, at a time when to do so was to make himself the laughing-stock of the peace-bred officers of the forties among whom his lot was cast, who had seen service in every quarter of the globe, and had just returned from the successful conduct of a difficult enterprise—the Red River Expedition. In military matters the times were revolutionary. Armament had changed and was changing rapidly. The renovation, or more properly the re-creation, of the Prussian Army by the King, Von Roon, and Von Moltke, supported by the statesmanship of Bismarck, had introduced into the organization of armies ideas almost as novel as the tactics which were rendered necessary by the changes in armament and the experiences of the Franco-German War. The Army that was due to lose its place must be adapted to new conditions.

A little earlier, the long service system, on which our Army had been recruited, had completely broken down. One Commission after another had attempted to tinker it up. Each had reported the entire failure of all previous attempts. The times were revolutionary, but the Army was intensely and essentially conservative.

conservative: all armies are so by the very condition of their existence. The generation of habit which it is the great function of military training to bring about tends to beget permanence of tradition and conservatism of ideas. The conservatism of the continental armies had been broken up in each case by storm and disaster. Prussia owed the germs of her military system to her defeat at Jena, and the crushing of the relics of the great Frederick under the heels of Napoleon. She owed her new development to the ignominious collapse of the system of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau in 1849, when at Olmütz she found herself obliged to cringe before Austria, and in 1859, when she was unable to move to the help of Austria, though the success of Napoleon III. in Italy threatened the invasion of Germany. Fortunately for her, the extent of her failure on that occasion was unknown at the time to the French Emperor, and he was glad enough to conclude a victorious peace—which yet did not leave Italy, as he had promised, ‘free from the Alps to the Adriatic.’ Those comparatively mild lessons had been sufficient to prepare an army, at whose War Office there were no divided councils, for the changes which led up to Koniggratz and Sedan. The collapse of Austria in 1866 had made her the humble disciple of her conqueror. Sedan had annihilated the old French Army as completely as Jena had swept away the ancient Prussian.

Britain had undergone no corresponding disaster. The horrors of the Crimean winter had been partly glossed over by brilliant victories, and had left her at the end of the war more ready for its continuance than any other of the three principal Powers engaged. The frightful incidents of the Indian Mutiny, the heroic conduct of our troops, the victorious advance upon Peking had buried the remembrance of the administrative failures of 1854. After the Chinese expedition of 1858 the nation was in the condition of Belinda, hoping that no such hell as War was ever likely to give trouble again. When therefore in 1872 we began to set our military house in order, we had difficulties to encounter unlike those that had been met with by the reformers of any other army. Even in Prussia, though they had the cordial support behind them of an absolute monarch devoted to his army and adored by it, the reformers met with such difficulties from the conservative instincts of the officers that some of them, when in England, expressed the belief that what it had taken them ten years to instil into their army we should succeed in infusing in a much shorter time into ours, because of the power of our press. Alas! it was one thing that books should be written; it was another that they should be read. It

is yet another, as Mr. Gladstone once happily put it at a Literary Fund dinner, that they should be 'marked, learned, and inwardly digested.' The whole instinct of the mass of soldiers is against reading of any kind. As a rule it is the love of outdoor life, a fancy for the work of dealing with men rather than with books, that leads the young to enter the Army as a profession of their choice. Who would wish it to be otherwise? It is only slowly that some of them come to discover that the greatest soldiers, the most practical men, have preached to their followers the absolute necessity, if they would succeed in their profession or even be able to do their duty in it, of gaining a wider knowledge of the experiences of war than they can obtain without the study of books. How can they even know what a Napoleon or a Sir Charles Napier, let us say, has written on that subject, if they start with the belief that it is useless for them to read anything that Napoleon or Sir Charles Napier has penned? They have a sound dread of 'bookish theories.' They do not know that it is precisely those who have 'set' most 'squadrons in array' for victory who would tell them, that there are very practical experiences of which they will know nothing, unless they gain them through the medium of books. When, therefore, a complete change was introduced into the daily life of every officer and man in an old-established Army, the continuity of whose traditions had been broken by no Jena and no Sedan, it would indeed have been strange if there had not been vehement dislike to the innovations. The reasons for the changes were not understood. It is hardly too much to say that instead of taking us, as our Prussian friends supposed, half the time that it took them to get the new system established and well-understood, it has taken twice as long. For that long delay, however, there has in fact been a cause more potent than the absence of any decisive break between the traditions of the past and the present.

Whilst his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was the Commander-in-chief of the Army, officers serving under his orders had a natural reluctance, to some extent a feeling of honour and loyalty, which prevented them not merely from discussing his conduct in that capacity, but even from recording what it was as a matter of fact and historically. Now that he has become a private individual of the highest rank and honour in the State, men's tongues are loosed. Facts have in many quarters been made known which hitherto have never fully come before the public. No one can doubt that his Royal Highness, throughout his long reign over the Army,

took no step which he had not conscientiously decided to be not only right but advantageous to the Army and the country. No man could have devoted himself to the duties of his office, as he understood them, with greater energy; none certainly could have succeeded in inspiring officers and men with a stronger feeling of personal affection. It is, however, certain that his conscientious belief throughout this period of transition was that all change was to be deplored. He has lately announced that he now believes that all the changes have been beneficial. Yet he has, we understand, declared that, during his long term of office, he has accepted no change that was not forced on him, none that he could have helped. It comes therefore to this, that whilst no one in the Army, and certainly not the late Commander-in-chief himself, would now wish to return to the condition of things which existed in 1872, yet that, during all the time that those changes were in progress, his Royal Highness, according to his own account and certainly according to all other reports, felt it to be his official duty to oppose them in every way.

This was perfectly well known to all the statesmen who have had relations with the War Office during the quarter of a century from 1870 to 1895. It is an historical fact as to which there can be no dispute, and it is of the most vital consequence to the future efficiency of War Office administration that it should no longer be draped, as it has been, in phrases which conceal it. For if the truth in this matter be ignored, then the several Reports which we cite above are read in a false light. There is the greatest danger lest we shall for all time, or till a disaster teaches us wisdom, organize our War Department on false lines, because in these Reports, on which the future of the War Office is based, the central fact which was present to the minds of many of the most important witnesses and to those of the framers of the Reports themselves is omitted. Seeing that his Royal Highness conscientiously held these opinions, why should the fact be any longer ignored?

Thus then we arrive at the conclusion that, during all these years, whilst for the efficiency of the Army and the safety of the nation it was essential that the land forces should be adapted to the conditions of modern war, the resistant conservative tendencies of the Army found their embodiment in the person of the Commander-in-chief. How could such a Commander-in-chief be other than immensely popular with the officers of the Army, whose prejudices he represented? How could his very popularity be other than most dangerous to the efficiency of the body over which he ruled? Of the depth

and intensity of that conservative feeling in an army, Colonel Maurice, in a lecture read at Aldershot before the Duke of Connaught, gave an illustration, which we shall venture to borrow from him. He is speaking of an officer who towards the end of the long peace had attained by seniority very high rank, whose only war service was that recorded by himself in the following report of a conversation, which he was fond of detailing as a sufficient reason for opposing every improvement that was suggested in any matter whatever:—

‘When I was (i.e., as a last joined subaltern) at the battle of Waterloo, Sir Alexander Dickson rode up to me. Says he to me, “Mr. Smith, do you know what you are firing at?” and I to him, “I do not, Sir Alexander Dickson,” and he to me, “Mr. Smith, do you know that you are wasting your ammunition?” and I to him, “I do, Sir Alexander Dickson.” With that, Sir Alexander Dickson rode away, and we won the battle of Waterloo. Any change of the most trifling description is to be deprecated.’

Now to make the point of this clear, it must be realized that the assumption of the speaker was that the Battle of Waterloo was won because he, as an utterly inexperienced young subaltern, was ignorant of his work, did not know his orders, and therefore disobeyed them. So anxious had Wellington been to avoid that very waste of ammunition by his artillery, that he had directed that the guns should not reply to the French artillery, from which they suffered severely, in order that every shot should be expended upon the French columns, upon which it could not but tell. We know that the great body of Artillery officers admirably carried out these orders, and that the French columns suffered frightfully from those who did not waste their ammunition. Probably Sir Alexander Dickson was unable to replace the incompetent subaltern, and despaired of teaching him his duty in the stress of action. Yet thirty or forty years afterwards, this man, as a great Waterloo hero, relied on this experience, which was actually, according to Colonel Maurice, accepted, believed, and quoted by his juniors as an admirable reason for resisting all reform. We cite this illustration because the general public is apt to assume that there must be something to be said on both sides, when they find that there is a large body of resisting military opinion opposing certain changes in the existing state of things. The butchers have a trade proverb that ‘Everyone is not a butcher who wears a blue coat’; but the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of every man who wears a red one are apt to look up to him as a great military authority, and to quote the utterance of once or tolly as if it were the voice of military wisdom.

A proposition of Euclid demonstrates nothing to the man who has not followed its reasoning. To take one illustration out of many that we might select from the papers cited above, —probably it is the most complete one that could be cited: the paper by Sir Arthur Haliburton, the present Under-Secretary of State, appended to the Report of Lord Wantage's Committee, presents a chain of reasoning as conclusive and logically as unanswerable as any proposition of Euclid, in regard to the general character of certain of the reforms that were introduced in Lord Cardwell's time. There is no question that it carried conviction to the minds of practically all who read it. Yet it is safe to say that not one in a hundred of the red-coated drawing room dictators ever read a line of it, or could give the faintest sketch of the facts and arguments on which it is based. This has, however, been by no means the only difficulty in securing that result which, to the Prussian reformers we have cited, appeared so important: that of bringing home to the minds of our officers the wisdom of new methods, and thereby securing for them their hearty co-operation. The War Office, as we have said, was at war within itself. Successive Secretaries of State, obliged, as a matter of duty, to study their military Euclid, could not resist the logical force of the propositions which were submitted to them. With a really wonderful consistency, despite all party changes, one continuous policy has been maintained along the lines laid down by the very able body of soldiers gathered together by Lord Cardwell. To the Army, however, the decrees went forth as mere decrees, at the very time when everything depended upon their being carried out, not merely in letter, but heartily in spirit. Had the reformers been effectively in power, this would have shown on their part a rare ignorance of human nature and a want of understanding how to infuse new ideas among great organizations. But they were not in power. They could, by virtue of the authority of the Secretary of State, get orders issued; they could not get the system which was to work them established and well understood. It was an attempt to pour new wine into old bottles, and it met with the usual fate of that experiment. It was not possible to select as the generals commanding districts, or as the lieutenant-colonels commanding battalions, men who would infuse the new ideas among their subordinates, for the head of the Army avowed his disapproval of the ideas themselves, and, wherever possible, selected those who shared his own opinions and sentiments. Even those who were most firmly convinced of the necessity of the changes that were being introduced were obliged, in
common

common prudence, to be cautious in their expressions. They would have had few opportunities allowed them to influence their subordinates had their views been pronounced. Thus the views which, whenever they had been brought to the test of examination by Committees or Commissions or any form of public inquiry, had been confirmed, were at every disadvantage as regards their acceptance by the Army at large, or by that great body of opinion outside the Army which was affected by the current chatter of mess-room dogmatism, uninformed, and resolutely opposed to the investigation of facts as it was.

It is impossible to doubt that in this unequal contest between wisdom uttering its voice in vain and ears firmly closed, the invincibility of resolute ignorance must have asserted itself but for the character and position of one man, and but for the unrivalled opportunities which, happily for England, fate, as we call it, threw in his way. When Sir Garnet Wolseley returned from the successful conduct of the Ashantee Expedition, he was placed in charge of the Reserve forces, including Militia and Volunteers. He was the sole survivor at the War Office of the body of men who had been the framers of Lord Cardwell's reforms. He found that the regulations, of which, under the pressure of a former Government, the head of the Army had officially approved, were, by the same authority, quietly ignored in practice. The full details of the incidents which followed had perhaps better be left to the future historian or biographer. Whenever they are told, they will be of no small interest as a part of the inner history of the administration of the English Army during the reign of her Majesty. This much was notorious. The remonstrance of the Inspector-General of the Reserve Forces led, not without a fierce outbreak of civil war within the portals of the Horse Guards, to the appointment of the Militia Committee (No. 2 in our list). The Report of that Committee involved so severe a condemnation of the action that had been taken by 'the Horse Guards,' in violation of resolutions which had received the express sanction of Parliament, that two results followed. First, the overt reversal of what had been settled was brought to an end. Colonel Stanley felt as strongly as his predecessor the importance of maintaining the established policy. Secondly, the position at the Horse Guards of the man who had saved the Army from sinking backwards into the old ways became impossible. He was glad enough to accept the offer of a seat at the India Office.

It looked as if his military career had been cut short, and certainly, so far as the heads of the Army were concerned, that
result

result seemed to be contemplated. The views of its chief were fully supported by the successive Adjutant-Generals whom he selected for that purpose. The enthroned opposition, perhaps, secured its most decisive success in that direction when the application of the Governor-General in Council for the services of the young reformer as Commander-in-chief in India was rejected at the instance of the home authorities. But the disasters in South Africa were indirectly advancing the cause of Army Reform in England. Sir Garnet, called to the command there by the voice of the country and appointed by Lord Beaconsfield, ever ready to select the best man he could find, came back with a third campaign carried to what was at the time regarded as a successful close. In that position he would have been inconveniently strong as an outside critic. It was safer to put him into the relatively secondary position of Quartermaster-General. From that moment the forces were more nearly balanced. The weight of reasoning and of authority which had determined the action of previous Secretaries of State continued to operate. The Adjutant-General, a mere creation of straw, could not possibly resist the man who had carried campaign after campaign to a successful issue, who could appeal to the decision of every body which had been appointed for the investigation of facts, who was supported by every man of ability who had made himself acquainted with the history of the case. Reform began to move slowly forward. When, however, the time of the then Adjutant-General was drawing to a close, a fresh struggle to resist progress was made. The situation was comically reversed. Then, and, at a later date, a second time, Sir Garnet Wolseley refused the splendid prize of the Command-in-chief in India, which was now pressed on him by the very hands which had withheld it before. He had seen enough to know that if he went to India the clock would be at once set back. There is no question that for him personally it was a very great sacrifice. Few sacrifices have been made with more distinctly patriotic motives. At length the struggle to keep one of the ablest soldiers of the Army out of the position of Adjutant-General, because he had been too zealous an advocate of reforms which, in so far as they had been allowed play, had been successful beyond dispute, ended in favour of the future of the Army, because it was impossible to find anyone else who could be put over his head.

Then at length, after nearly ten years of delay, a more steady advance began; but it was still a struggle between contending forces, and the powers of obstruction fought behind every ditch. The successful result of the Egyptian campaign reinforced the authority of the Adjutant-General. Time had told upon the

Army

Army itself, and a new generation was springing up which had become thoroughly accustomed to new conditions, and fully appreciated the fact that the reforms that had been carried out were working satisfactorily, though much remained to be done. The experience of more than one campaign, however, showed that men were being still promoted to the command of battalions whom it was cruel to themselves, and far more cruel to the battalions, to leave in those positions. In one campaign in particular, it was notorious that it had been actually necessary to leave more than one battalion behind, because it would have been dangerous to allow officers and men to be exposed to the fatal risk of being handled in the presence of an enemy, as they would certainly have been handled, by their actual commanding officers. So clear was the case, that the facts were thoroughly understood even in the battalions themselves. In these circumstances sentiment within the Army itself was fast changing. The tradition of the advantages of a dull seniority system, in which mediocrity and incompetence were sure in the long run to find themselves enconced in power, had lost its authority. It was fast becoming recognised that the hardship to the individual of superseding an incompetent man was nothing that could be compared to the hardship to officers and men serving under him of having an incompetent man set over them, or the hardship to the country of spending vast sums on its Army to be rendered useless by the inefficiency of those to whom portions of that Army were entrusted. Everywhere the younger, the more active, the more able men were crying out for a stricter rule and more drastic selection.

It was in these circumstances that two Commissions in succession were appointed to report on the constitution of the War Office. The first (No. 11), that of Sir James FitzJames Stephen, reported strongly against the enormous accumulation of responsibility and of work which was thrown upon the shoulders of the Secretary of State for War. The second, that which is known as the Hartington Commission (No. 15), reported as strongly upon the accumulation of responsibility which was thrown upon the shoulders of the Commander-in-chief. Forcible, and in many respects true, as the language used by each of these Commissions was, it may be doubted whether either of them proposed remedies which were consistent with the experience of mankind in the government of large bodies of men. From the days of Moses and old Jethro downwards there has always been danger, lest there should be such an accumulation of work thrown upon the head of any great organization that the wise observer must declare, 'The thing

thing that thou dorst is not good: . . . for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone.' But two remedies are possible: one, that of Jethro, which, rightly interpreted, has ever since commended itself to the experience of mankind; the other that of the Hartington Commission, and in part that of the Stephen Commission also, of which it is safe to say that its condemnation can hardly be better put than in these words of Macaulay: 'Armies have triumphed under leaders who possessed no very efficient qualifications. But what army commanded by a debating club ever escaped discomfiture and disgrace?'

The confusion which reigns in the minds of many writers and speakers on this matter is passing strange. The way in which the terms 'decentralization' and the like are used to make confusion worse confounded would often lead one to suppose that all the experience of mankind in such matters has been lost. We do not less need unity because we do not want the head of that unity to be overweighted with frivolous detail. The decentralization which is obtained after Jethro's pattern, by the proper delegation of authority through an established hierarchy, for which the Moses has selected according to their merits 'able men' and made them 'rulers of thousands, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens,' is a valuable and effective decentralization. The 'decentralization' which consists in substituting 'a debating club' for an effective ruler is in the first place no decentralization at all. The debating club is more apt than the effective ruler to attempt to take into its hands what ought to be left to the 'rulers of thousands.' The ruler knowing his men knows how far he can safely trust them. The debating club has an irresistible tendency to decide questions not in accordance with the concrete facts which present themselves in the infinite variety of human affairs, but according to abstract principles, admirable for a debate or in an office, but such as will not apply in practical detail.

Nevertheless, if the history of the War Office in its relation to Army reform, as we have sketched it, be considered, it is by no means surprising that the Hartington Commission should have arrived at the conclusion they did. With that history a majority of its members were well acquainted. It consisted of the following:—Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Revelstoke, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Richard Temple, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Richards, Major-General Brackenbury, and Mr. T. H. Ismay.

Bearing in mind the fact that that history, as we have sketched it, was known to them in all its details, it is hardly necessary that separate members of that Commission should have declared the purpose which they all had chiefly in view. Anyone who has followed us so far must see for themselves, that the central purpose of that Commission must, from a patriotic point of view, have been to close the long war within the walls of the War Office. The complimentary phrases under which that purpose was concealed, the flattering terms in which the then head of the Army was mentioned whenever Lord Hartington or other members of the Commission spoke of him in the House of Commons, were justified in their judgment by a variety of circumstances. In the first place, they wished to leave him a golden bridge over which to retreat. In the second place, all the military members of the House itself had grown up during the period of the Duke's command, and felt for the Commander-in-chief a regard, which it was essential to respect. Then the popularity of the Duke with officers who had left the Army, and within the Army itself the feeling of personal attachment, which had long survived any prevalence of sympathy with his ideas, were sentiments, which it was all the more desirable to recognise because the members of the Commission themselves felt the necessity for bringing his connection with the Army to an end.

Other circumstances, however, which were involved in that long history necessarily acted forcibly upon the minds of a body largely composed of those who had held the office of Secretary of State. Clearly, had it not been for the power and influence of successive Secretaries of State for War, no progress would have been made at all. What more legitimate conclusion then could such a body draw than that the one thing to be done was to reduce the strength of forces which had proved obstructive, and to throw all power into that which had been the source of progress?

And yet, if the mere list of the titles of the several reports of Committees and Commissions, which we have placed consecutively from 1 to 13, be examined, they tell by their dates a very curious tale. No. 1 is that which is known as Sir Patrick Macdougall's Committee. It was the starting-point of the reform of the Army. It produced what has become known as Lord Cardwell's military scheme. No. 2 is that 'Militia Committee' which was secured by Sir Garnet Wolseley's vigorous remonstrance, and insured the actual carrying out of those measures which would but for his action have remained dead letters. That result, as we have recorded, was only
obtained

obtained at the price of his temporary disappearance from the War Office, his employment at the India Office, in Cyprus, and twice in South Africa. Observe the way in which this is traceable in the reports.

No. 5, ordered in 1878, was not presented at all till 1881. The succession of reports which are called for and produced in 1881-1882 mean what? Simply that Lord Wolseley had at that date returned to the War Office, and was pushing on investigation into the application, extension, and improvement of reforms which had slept during his absence. Undoubtedly this number of reports would have been unnecessary had the executive power been fully in his hands to carry out what was required. As it was, many of them represented the means by which the truth was so forcibly brought home to the Secretary of State that the reform was insisted on despite obstruction. Certainly in these matters the 'consultative element' was not absent. It had been available during all the years when nothing was being done. What made the difference was, that one vigorous will was present to steer the coach over the difficulties yet to be surmounted.

Nevertheless, on the surface, it was the power of the office of the Secretary of State which had saved the Army from stagnation; and, little palatable as the fact may be to many soldiers, it was the higher members of the civilian hierarchy who had preserved the continuity of the tradition of progress, even when for the time, in the absence of a vigorous executive, actual progress had almost ceased. For the purpose on which we are now engaged, the details of the various reports which concern the progress of the Army outside the War Office are for the most part irrelevant. They concern us only in that they tell in black and white the story of the conflict which has gone on within its walls, and in especial the aspect which that contest necessarily presented to the members of the Hartington Commission. Now for this purpose it is essential to note that the ablest single paper which appears among these documents is that by the present Under-Secretary of State, Sir Arthur Halliburton, appended to the Report of Lord Wantage's Commission (No. 14 of our series); and that throughout the whole course of these papers the clearest, the most well-informed, and the most consistent evidence that is given is that of Sir Ralph Knox, the Accountant-General. How natural, therefore, that men of the rank and experience of Secretaries of State, with these facts before them, should come to the conclusion that, if only the Secretary of State could have at his right hand a military adviser who would put him in the way of giving practical effect

to those resolutions which had been formed and maintained under the authority of successive Secretaries of State, all would be well. It is rather in fact remarkable that two of the most prominent statesmen concerned, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, should have seen so clearly as they did the fallacy involved in this proposition. It is all the more noteworthy because in the sequel Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, when he had the power in his hands, failed to give effect to the obvious logical deduction from the premises which he so admirably stated in the memorandum appended to the Report of the Hartington Commission. The function which the Secretary of State had in fact discharged had been to give authority, and, up to a certain extent, power, to the experience and military capacity of one man, despite the fact that the command of the Army had not passed into his hands. Nevertheless, experience had shown that the influence of the actual commander of the Army was so great, that no reforms that were decreed could be effectively carried out whilst he was opposed to them. Obviously, as Lord Randolph Churchill demonstrated, in words of such clear sense and logical force that the conclusion follows almost mathematically from the undisputed premises, the solution was to give authority to the man who could be best trusted to carry out the reforms which he had initiated, and for which he had struggled for nearly a lifetime single-handed, in the sense that on him alone had fallen the whole brunt of the fighting for them. In other words, the solution was that the Government should give practical application to the advice of Moltke as recently published :—

‘If the Government will and can select in advance the most qualified general for the post, that officer must also be given during peace authority to influence the troops and their leaders, and to create an understanding between himself and his general staff.’ *

The proposal of the majority of the Hartington Commission was to abolish the office of Commander-in-chief, and to place at the side of the Secretary of State an officer to be called his ‘Chief of the Staff,’ who would have had no responsibility to anyone but the Secretary of State, but would have been his military adviser in all things. All other power was to centre in a Committee of heads of departments. Now, seeing that the responsibility of the Secretary of State means, as it has lately been well said, ‘the power of the Cabinet to decide any matter as it pleases, subject to the chance of losing its majority,’ it is

* Letter to Mr. Spencer Wilkinson as quoted in the Preface of the new edition of ‘The Brain of an Army.’

obvious that, whatever other purpose might have been served by this system, one thing it certainly would not have done. It would not have made it possible to fix the responsibility of failure upon anyone. Yet to attain this object was the declared object of the Commission. We are by no means clear that it is a true statement of what is wanted, to say that the great object of organization is to fix the responsibility of failure upon some one. We should say rather that the great object to be secured in every organization is to have, in every position in the hierarchy, the best men that can be obtained for it, and to entrust each with definite responsibility and definite power.

The real excess of centralization in our system has, apart from the personal question, not consisted in too much power within the War Office being in the hands of one man, but in this: that so great a mass of work has been thrown on the War Office as a whole, that the actual power of any Commander-in-chief, or even any Secretary of State, has been very small, except in the matter of appointments. No decrees that can be framed, no constitution that can be devised, will give to any man the power really to decide more questions than he can consider in the hours of a working day. The notorious impotence of the Czar to get what he wishes carried out throughout his empire, the hopeless failure of even such a man as Napoleon, admirably described as it has lately been by Captain Mahan, to secure the enforcement of that on which his heart was set, illustrate what we mean. The moment too much work is thrown on a central office, the will of the man at the head of it ceases to be effective. He cannot deal with the mass of matter which is referred to the office. The actual decisions pass absolutely into the hands of a bureaucracy. Yet, strangely enough, neither in the Hartington Commission, nor in the letters of 'Vetus,' nor so far as we have seen in any part of the discussion, has this fact been brought forward at all. Under a Commander-in-chief, who was content so long as everything was done *in his name*, such a system was possible. When once Moltke's advice has been accepted, and a general who supplies his own brain to the command of the Army has been appointed, the great purpose must be to save that brain as much as possible for the weightier matters, and in the main for questions of principle. But in order that this may be done, it is in no wise necessary to withdraw any portion of the work of the Army from his control. What is wanted is, that as many questions as possible should be decided on the spot, and that only those should, as a rule, be referred to the War Office which are necessary to produce harmony in the working of
different

different districts, or to determine the necessity of change in established regulations.

'Vetus' and other writers have talked much of the German system. They forget that its excellence in working was soon after the great war illustrated for us by an English visitor, who described how the Chief of the Staff of the Army of the Rhine had only three letters to send off in the course of a morning. The Army of the Rhine is larger in number than the whole regular army in England. No one of the proposals which 'Vetus' * has engrafted upon the scheme of the Hartington Commission would tend even to produce such a result as this. On the head of the general officer commanding the Army of the Rhine fall, within his own sphere, very nearly all those responsibilities, which both to 'Vetus' and to the Hartington Commission appear so formidable when they are detailed severally. A few certainly do not, because naturally the absolute head-quarters of the empire must deal with some matters for the whole. But it must be remembered that the work of the headquarters in London is represented chiefly by the correspondence pouring in from all sides, and the work of those in Berlin on such matters may be fairly estimated by the amount of correspondence required by one of the great local armies. The reason why the correspondence was thus reduced was palpably not that a committee had been substituted for a man in the government of the Army of the Rhine. It was due to the fact that under the man were generals commanding corps, and under them generals commanding divisions, each able to give decisions in regard to which it was quite unnecessary to consult the Commander of the Army. Within the War Office what is on this principle palpably wanted is not, as 'Vetus' has endeavoured to prove, a greater independence of its parts, but on the contrary a closer unity.

In the earlier part of the pamphlet into which 'Vetus' threw his former series of letters, the writer makes a great point of the confusion and sense of helplessness which have been produced in every district by decisions from the War Office. There is much truth in this complaint, but in order that it should be remedied it requires to be considered in somewhat closer detail. If 'Vetus' had inquired more closely into particulars, he would have found that the most common and distracting injury which the War Office has inflicted on those immediately under its orders has been an

* We refer not only to the collected letters referred to in the headnote, but to the more recent letters in 'The Lance.'

uncertainty of decision, or rather the most direct and explicit conflict of decisions, due to that very independence of heads of departments which he desires to foster and develop. It would be easy to cite specific cases in which five bodies, each supposed to represent the authority of the Commander-in-chief, have each given decisions without the slightest knowledge of what has been decided by others whose work clashed with their own. In one specimen case it has been commonly bruited that a certain department complained that on a particular question it had not been consulted. The paper was accordingly minuted to it with the remark, 'We have already given five different answers to this request for a decision: shall we add a sixth?' Now that such a state of affairs leads to hopeless confusion, and imperatively requires a remedy, cannot be disputed. Those who in their district commands are called on to harmonize these conflicting decisions, often attempt an impracticable task; but 'one must have worn the shoe to know where it pinches.'

The one impression derived by those who have suffered from the pinch of these evils in reading the letters, not of 'Vetus' only but of 'Reform,' and the leading articles in 'The Times,' is that none of the writers have ever worn the shoe. It is in fact admitted that all men of experience oppose the establishment of government by a Committee or an Aulic Council. This agreement of practical opinion is ascribed to the prejudice of habit, and we are told by the advocates of the plan that they find their support among a small number of officers in the junior ranks. Now there are many subjects on which no doubt it is safe to appeal to youth with its inexperience, its energy, its vitality, its genius, from age with its caution, its experience, its authority. But even if it is assumed, and this is not even pretended, that the more thoughtful of the younger officers were in favour of a Committee, in this particular case such support would be worthless. For the brightest genius must have before him the facts to be dealt with, before he can apply his genius to the solution of the problem they present. Now officers in the junior ranks do not for such purposes as these come into contact with the War Office at all. The confusion produced by contradictory decisions, nominally issuing from the same source, is not felt, except in its effects, by any rank below that of the officers commanding regiments. Generally speaking, it is on general officers and their immediate surroundings that the necessity falls of producing some workable conclusion out of the conflict of authority within the War Office. Therefore, though the junior ranks suffer, they can by no possible means, except by hearsay, know where the shoe pinches.

pinches. To admit therefore, as the advocates of a Committee do, that they have to go to these sources for such small support of their schemes as they have been able to obtain in the country or in the Army, is to say simply, that only those who have never worn the shoe agree with them as to the cause of the pinching.

We are certain that we carry with us all those who have been actually and closely acquainted with the working of the War Office, either from within or without, when we say that 'Vetus' and his friends have not merely diagnosed the malady incorrectly, but that they have prescribed the exactly opposite treatment to that which was really needed. In every district in the kingdom the general commanding it has several branches of his Staff. If he keeps a proper control over them, no conflicting orders issue in his name, though in many details he may not be aware of the exact form in which his wishes have been conveyed. For the relief of the Army outside it and under its orders, what was required was that a similar harmony and unity should be introduced into the working of the War Office. To that end there is needed the personal control of a strong will, bringing all departments into a position analogous to that of the several members of the Staff of a district. The great check upon any undue assumption of individual authority by Staff officers within a district is the free communication between the general himself and the lieutenant-colonels under him. It will usually be his wish to support any necessary action by his Staff officers, but the moment there is a clash between different departments he will become aware of it from personal relations with his lieutenant-colonels. Similarly at the War Office every step that has been taken to bring the several departments together directly under the Adjutant-General has been a relief to the districts. The confusion that had arisen has usually been due to the fact, that of late years attempts were made to bridge the gaps between departments from below rather than from above. Committees, often of very junior officers, have been created for dealing with specific questions. It is almost impossible to know at what point such decisions will come in contact with others given with equal authority by other committees or by the representatives of heads of departments. Yet, though the committees nominally only receive their authority from the departments from which they emanate, they practically become executive in themselves. The heads for the most part have the strongest sense of the importance of making local authority responsible, and every committee is appointed with instructions to leave the districts to carry out local work in accordance with local circumstances

stances. But the temptation to a very young officer who finds himself able to write 'by direction of the Commander-in-chief' is too strong to be resisted. His tendency is to remember that Napoleon at his age was commanding the Army of Italy, and to forget that he is not Napoleon. That is due to a difference not of men but of circumstances; and now the circumstances favour him. He has for the purpose in hand the command of the Army. Accordingly, despite previous instructions, orders issue which are based on a wish for abstract uniformity often wholly incompatible with local conditions. This on a little inquiry will be found to be the cry that is raised from all parts of the Army, and to represent the basis that there was for the statements as to the dissatisfaction with the state of the War Office as such, which are put forward by 'Vetus' in his well-written but most unsound letters.

At the present moment 'The Times' has opposed itself to what we believe to be the practical experience of military men, as well as to the general current of thought on Army organization. The results might have been deplorable. When the present Government came into power, where were Ministers, wearied with a severe contest, hastily called on to speak in Parliament on a subject needing the most careful study and ample leisure, to look for guidance as to the current trend of the best thought, which might at least relieve them from the danger of rashly committing themselves? Had they turned to 'The Times' for their inspiration, they would have found, expressed with all the literary skill for which that great journal is deservedly celebrated, views that are opposed to the opinion of the vast majority of experienced soldiers, and that are, with rare unanimity, disavowed by the Clubs and the City for which 'The Times' usually speaks. All honour, therefore, to our present Ministers! The new Order in Council shows clearly enough, that what was by no fault of theirs said in haste has been most wisely repented at leisure. It is quite true that it is so worded that, by a perverse ingenuity in the actual working of the scheme, the language is susceptible of a double interpretation. For our own part, we confess that we should have preferred a more definite recognition of the fact that a greater unity in its relation with the districts, and certainly not a greater separation between its parts, is what is required within the walls of the War Office; that 'decentralization' means, allowing the blood and life to flow freely to the extremities instead of congesting it at the heart; and that it does not mean, dissecting the heart into five or more parts. Still, we are well content. The practical result of an effective centre has, we have no doubt,

doubt, been secured. From it in good time the life-blood will flow, vivifying the limbs. If we could have had any doubt ourselves of our interpretation of the Order, 'Vetus' would have relieved our anxiety.

Rumours were current that the advocates of a Committee were by no means willing to accept their defeat, and hoped, by using their parliamentary influence, to carry out a new campaign when Parliament opens. In the strained condition of our relations with foreign Powers, it is not possible that such an effort will now be made. We are in mid-stream, and cannot change horses. At any other time we should welcome the debate without fear of the result. We ought to have some interesting discussions in which not a few of the wise sayings of all time will find their place in meeting the irrelevant flippancies of the hour. We might from many sources supply the debaters with valuable material of this sort. Moltke and Lord Roberts have been freely offered them by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson. We would further commend their attention to the passage which we have already quoted from Macaulay. This passage from John Stuart Mill, who, whatever else he did not understand, was at least familiar with the working of a public office, should find its place in the discussion:—

There should not be several departments independent of one another, to superintend different parts of the same natural whole; as in our own military administration down to a recent period, and in a less degree even at present. Where the object to be attained is single (such as that of having an efficient army), the authority commissioned to attend to it should be single likewise. The entire aggregate of means provided for one end should be under one and the same control and responsibility . . . To maintain responsibility at its highest, there must be one person who receives the whole praise of what is well done, the whole blame of what is ill. It is enfeebled, when the concurrence of more than one functionary is required to the same act. . . . Things are much worse when the act itself is only that of a majority—a Board, deliberating with closed doors. . . . Responsibility in this case is a mere name. "Boards," it is happily said by Bentham, "are screens." What "the Board" does is the act of nobody, and nobody can be made to answer for it. . . . Boards are not a fit instrument for executive business.'

Nevertheless, in strict accordance with the present Order in Council, he adds:—

'The military and naval Ministers . . . should be provided with a Council.' (J. S. Mill, 'Representative Government,' chap. 14.)

Burke should contribute this:—

'If "the Ruler" is not everything in the command of an Army, he is nothing. What is the effect of a power placed nominally at

the head of the Army, who to that Army is no object of gratitude or of fear? Such a cypher is not fit for the administration of an object, of all things the most delicate, the supreme command of military men. They must be constrained (and their inclinations lead them to what their necessities require) by a real, vigorous, effective, decided, personal authority. The authority of the Assembly itself suffers by passing through such a debilitating channel as they have chosen.' ('Reflections on the Revolution in France': Works, vol. ii. p. 469.)

Other passages will be easily supplied when the hour comes. Indeed, those who join in the debates will find ample material for the support of the decisions of the Government.

There is, however, one suggestion which has been thrown out; it can hardly be dignified with the name of an argument. It has been said that the Government's scheme is all very well so long as the present Commander-in-chief is at the helm, but that we have to provide for future contingencies. Moltke's great merit was not that he admirably ruled the German Army whilst he was at its head, but that he developed an organization which retains its vitality now that he has joined the majority. True! And how did Moltke secure this result? By careful selection of the men whom he gathered about him; by carefully training them in his own views; by seeing that they had scope for showing their capacity or incapacity in relatively important positions. He has, himself emphatically declared that the distinction which some writers have attempted to draw between the necessities in these respects of an army in peace time and an army in war is a delusion. We are justified by his letter to Mr. Wilkinson in applying Macaulay's dictum to peace conditions as the necessary preparation for war. Should the English race have become so sterile in the production of great soldiers that no proper successor for Lord Wolseley can be found—a proposition the mere statement of which sufficiently condemns it—then better far that we should trust to some inferior man than to a Committee. Armies have triumphed and may triumph again under leaders who possessed no very exceptional qualifications, though the difference between the right man and the wrong is usually the difference between victory and defeat. The record of the government by committee is unbroken. The debating club command has never 'escaped discomfiture and disgrace.'

Statesmen like Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, when once that issue was plainly before them, when, with the facts cleared by the ample discussion which has gone on outside the columns of the press, they could not but see that it was a ques-

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tion between such an issue as that and some trifling sacrifice of personal consistency,—were to be safely trusted to choose, as they have chosen, the path of patriotism.

Their decision, in a crisis like that in which we stand, will receive the loyal support even of those who are most dubious of its wisdom. From an unexpected quarter in the Old World a sudden peril has arisen. No party—we might say no individual—in England or Scotland would wish, by word or deed, to embarrass the action of the Government. Patriotism calls us with no uncertain voice to sink our differences, and present towards Europe the resolute front of an united nation. Exactly a century ago, we were confronted by greater difficulties than any by which we are now menaced. From that ordeal we emerged with triumph. Our spirit remains the same: our resources are greater. We still hope for peace: but it must be a peace with honour. If war should come, it is well that our cause is just, and that the quarrel is not of our seeking, but has been fastened upon us by the planned insult of a treacherous friend.

In the hands of the present Government the dignity and safety of the Empire are, we believe, assured. Lord Salisbury has behind him a vast parliamentary majority. He has more. He has Great Britain as one man. He can rely on the most formidable Navy that any Power has ever possessed, and on an Army which is already more efficiently organized than at any previous period in the history of the nation. With reference to the special subject of the present article, we have but one remark to make in conclusion. We have shown what persistent energy, divorced from official power, has accomplished for our military forces in the face of many obstacles. Now that those obstacles are removed, and official power is concentrated in his hands, we have every confidence in the present Commander-in-chief and in the system which has placed him at the head of the British Army.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., G.C.H., M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians; Physician to George III, George IV, William IV., and to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.* By William Monk, M.D., Fellow and late Vice-President of the Royal College of Physicians in London. London, 1895.

THE eminent physician whose biography stands at the head of this article has been dead more than fifty years, and the rust of oblivion had already begun to creep over his memory, when the College of Physicians requested Dr. Monk to write the Life of their former President, certainly not the least distinguished man who has held that dignified position. Dr. Monk has visited Wistow, the seat of the Hallford family in Leicestershire, where all the letters and papers remaining in the possession of the present baronet were placed at his disposal. Of the earlier correspondence relating to members of the Royal Family, a portion, agreeably to the Queen's request, has been transferred to Her Majesty's possession. In this particular element of interest, therefore, the work is necessarily deficient. But sufficient materials remained to have enabled the author to make a somewhat better book than he has given us. Sir Henry Hallford was a many-sided man. He united in his own person the characters of physician, courtier, scholar, and country gentleman. He was the professional attendant of four successive English sovereigns. He was for some years the physician *par excellence* of the Royal Family and the English aristocracy, and was a welcome guest in their houses. His classical scholarship was extolled by such men as Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, Dean Milman, that fine writer of Latin verse, Mr. Baron Parke, and last, but not least, Sir Robert Peel. As a country gentleman he occupied a leading place in Leicestershire society for a quarter of a century, and Wistow from July to November was constantly filled with a succession of distinguished guests.

In so wide a field we should have expected that Dr. Monk would have culled more flowers. We are, however, indebted to him for a good account of Sir Henry's position in medicine, and of the estimates which leading members of his profession formed of his capacity. This part of the book is well done, and in a short compass tells us all that we want to know. But though this, as Macaulay said of Courtenay's 'Life of Sir W. Temple,' is enough to make a book valuable, it is not enough to make it readable. What we miss so greatly in Dr. Monk's pages is the human element, and this defect is all the more to be regretted because Sir Henry was not merely a
medical

medical machine, but a man of the world with a curiously blended character,—a man who, knowing well

‘quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti,’

delighted in society, was qualified to shine in it, and made admirable use of his social opportunities. Our biographer, of course, does not entirely neglect this aspect of his subject. He publishes some interesting letters written to and received from distinguished personages, in which subjects of general interest unconnected with health or sickness are occasionally mentioned. But we do not see the man before us; and Dr. Munk’s mistakes about such trifling matters as Sir Henry’s dress and personal appearance show that he has paid little attention to matters not immediately connected with the science and practice of medicine. This professional exclusiveness is the more to be regretted, as, with a larger admixture of personal detail and anecdote, the book might have attracted a very much wider circle of readers than we are afraid it is now likely to command.

To begin with Sir Henry Hallford as a physician, the first and most distinctive feature of his system was its specially practical character. It is said that, though highly successful in his treatment of disease, he had little scientific knowledge of pathology. This assertion was made by Sir Benjamin Brodie. But it is combated by Dr. Munk, who points out that Sir Henry had studied very carefully the science of his profession while attending lectures at Edinburgh, at that time the best School of Medicine in Europe, and that his note-books of that date are conclusive evidence of the fact. Sir Henry, however, was always anxious to alleviate pain, and to encourage hope in his patients—hope, in his opinion, being the best medicine they could take. With this object in view, he addressed himself to the treatment of symptoms more directly than was the custom of other physicians, who thought it their first and only duty to attack the disease at its roots. Sir Henry was a physician of the type of Sydenham, who, it has been said, ‘had an artist’s eye for the expression of disease, who could read its presence and character when the mere man of the laboratory could see nothing.’ His prognosis, in fact, was his strong point rather than his diagnosis; and if this method occasionally gave an empirical air to his treatment, the effect was entirely on the surface, and was no bar to a more radical investigation as the disease gradually disclosed itself. Above all, he was famous for getting his patients well. People seldom care to inquire whether a doctor is a great medical philosopher if he proves himself a successful practitioner. It was his practical success which

which accounted for Sir Henry's immense popularity and large professional income.

The illness of the Duchess of Devonshire is remarkable as being one of those cases, where Sir Henry's diagnosis proved more correct than that of others who in this respect were thought his superiors, and illustrates the justice of Dr. Hawkins's epitaph, *ad morbos dijudicandos sagax* :—

'After some days, when the anxiety about the Duchess had become extreme, Dr. Vaughan was added to the many physicians already in attendance. He had been in medical attendance on the Duke of Devonshire in the spring of 1804, and was so again after the death of the Duchess. He observed that, in addition to the symptoms detailed above, there was a yellowish tinge of the eyes and deep brown hue of the skin during the febrile paroxysm, and that pain was produced by a firm pressure in the region of the liver. Dr. Vaughan concluded that the fever was hectic, and its cause an abscess in the liver. In this opinion he stood alone among his colleagues, but he adhered to it to the last. The Duchess died, and on examination of the body after death by Mr., subsequently Sir Everard, Home, the only diseased conditions that could be detected were in the stomach and liver—gall-stones, "tubercles," and what Dr. Vaughan had predicted, collections of matter or abscesses in the substance of that organ.'

According to Dr. Munk, it was the accuracy of his diagnosis in this case which lifted Sir Henry at once into the front rank. From this time forward, as Lady Hallford told Dr. Hawkins, 'the door-bell at Curzon Street was rarely still.' He was soon after sent for by Mr. Fox. In 1809, when he was called to attend the Princess Amelia at Windsor, his close relations with the Court may be said to have commenced. His income had risen during the three previous years from 7,909*l.* to 9,850*l.*, and at this amount it practically stood for the next quarter of a century. Perhaps the best testimony to Sir Henry's skill is the fact that Dr. Baillie, who in his lifetime disputed with Sir Henry the first place in the profession, in his last illness entrusted himself exclusively to Sir Henry's care, and this too though they belonged to different schools and worked on different methods. Sir Henry, in his turn, pronounced a high eulogium on his old friend and colleague, with whom he had stood by the death-bed of Princess Amelia :—

'Before his time it was not usual for a physician to do much more than proscribe remedies for the malady, and to encourage the patient by such arguments of consolation as might present themselves to humane and cultivated minds. But as the assumed gravity and outward signs of the profession were now considered obsolete customs,
and

and were by general consent laid aside by the physicians, and as a more curious anxiety began to be observed on the part of the patient to learn everything connected with his complaint, arising naturally from the improved state of general knowledge, a different conduct became necessary in the sick-room. The innovation required by the spirit of modern times never could have been adopted by any one more fitted by nature and inclination to carry it into effect than by Dr. Baillie.

This passage is remarkable because the change which was introduced by Dr. Baillie was one which Sir Henry himself was peculiarly well qualified to develope. He explained to his patients their diseases, and the object of the remedies employed, 'with great clearness of conception, and in such simple, unadorned language as was intelligible to his patient and satisfactory to his colleague.' This practice is among his principal titles to distinction, as having been peculiar to himself.

'I cannot,' he wrote, *à propos* of the Duchess of Devonshire, 'reconcile it to myself to use terms of art, when the fact may be explained in plain language. . . . I object (and I objected at the time strenuously) to the use of technical language in the conveyance of that information to the family which the Duke of Devonshire required, and more particularly to the statement of the principal fact of the case in such terms of art as are intelligible only to the profession.'

He translated the learned diction, which had till then been considered the only proper language of the physician, into familiar words, so that it might be understood of the people. He has been called the Chesterfield of doctors. He might also be called the Euripides.

That Sir Henry was a peculiarly acceptable physician in a sick-room was generally allowed. Some of the most interesting cases here given are those of George IV., William IV., the Duke of York, and the Duchess of Devonshire. In all of them we see Sir Henry Hallford acting up to his own maxim, and fanning the spark of hope as long as there was any ground at all for thinking a recovery possible. He did not think that the fact of a patient being in great danger made it incumbent on the physician to tell him so; and, if the warning had to be given, he thought that it came better from the sick person's relatives than from the doctor himself. The patient informed by his family that he was in imminent danger might think that their fears were exaggerated, or that the physician had still some resources in reserve which might prove efficacious; but when the medical attendant told the sufferer of his danger, he would naturally abandon hope.

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We have written so far, with Dr. Munk for our guide, in illustration of the special quality of Sir Henry's professional excellence, and in explanation of his rapid rise and widespread and continued popularity. For an account of his attendance on the Princess Amelia and the Royal Dukes, on George III., George IV., and William IV., the reader must consult the book itself. Owing to the high opinion of him which George III. had formed during the Princess's illness, Sir Henry was commanded by his Majesty, in case of any return of his derangement, to assume the sole charge of his health; and, if further assistance were required, to call in Dr. Baillie and Dr. Heberden. It will be seen from these chapters that Sir Henry's relations with the Court were of a peculiarly intimate character. He was chosen, for instance, to convey to the King the intelligence that the Princess Amelia had left her whole property to General Fitzroy, to whom she had been recently married; and altogether he seems to have been the *amicus curiæ* quite as much as the physician. His position from this period of his life down nearly to its close reminds us of a passage in Sir Walter Scott's *Diary*, in which he records a dinner at Richmond, in May 1828, with Lord Sidmouth, who showed him some of the letters which had passed between Lord Chatham and Dr. Addington:—

'There was in them,' says Sir Walter, 'much of that familiar friendship which arises, and must arise, between an invalid, the head of an invalid family, and their medical adviser, supposing the last to be a wise and well-bred man.'

An entry also occurs in Lord Malmesbury's *Diary* which is not inapplicable to Sir Henry Hallford. 'No one,' he writes, after an interview with Dr. Ferguson in 1837, who had been talking to him about the Chinese War and the state of public feeling in regard to it, which he believed to be strongly in favour of Lord Palmerston, 'is a better judge of public feeling than a doctor, who is constantly seeing all kinds of people.' Sir Henry must have known as much of the history of the Roman Catholic question, as much of the intrigues preceding the Canning Administration, and as much of William IV.'s celebrated *coup d'état*, as any statesman of the day; and, if he had only published his reminiscences, what a book he could have given us! But though so much about the Court and on such intimate terms with four sovereigns of England, Sir Henry was not one of the political physicians, like Blackmore, Mead, and Garth, who were active Whigs, or Freind, Arbuthnot, and Raulcliffe, who were active Tories. There is no record or tradition, at all events.

events, of his having attempted to use his influence with either royal or noble patients on any great public question, or of his having been employed to feel the political pulse of any class or individual.

The great English doctor was often consulted by foreign potentates. A story used to be told in Leicestershire of his being consulted by the then Pope, presumably Gregory XVI., who was suffering from the stone. It so happened that the parish clerk of Wistow was suffering from the same complaint, and was treated by Sir Henry himself. Thereupon his brother, Mr. Justice Vaughan, observed that he now had the head of the Catholic Church and the tail of the Protestant in his hands at the same time—the word Catholic not being quite so well understood then as now.

Eminently characteristic of Sir Henry were his views on medical education, approved by Sir William Hamilton, and decried by Professor Huxley. In justice, however, to the late Professor, it should be added that he did not underrate the value of a classical training, provided that it was thorough, and not a mere smattering which interrupted more practical studies. In Sir Henry's essay on 'The Education and Conduct of a Physician,' he pleads earnestly for the intellectual dignity of Medicine; and contends that all members of the three learned professions should have received a liberal education, and have had the opportunity, if they chose to take it, of acquiring the highest culture. Of this culture, classical scholarship was, in his opinion, an essential and indispensable part. As such it had always been recognised in England, and had 'added a dignity to the profession, and raised it permanently in England far above the consideration which it obtained in any other country in the world.' He desired to see Medicine stand upon the same level as Divinity and Law, and this position could only be maintained by the physician keeping up to the same literary standard as the priest and the barrister. This standard had been maintained by a long succession of great names down to his own time, and he had nothing more at heart than to preserve it unbroken. Mead was taught Latin by a former Eton master, and was recognised by Bentley as a sound scholar. Radcliffe, like Arbuthnot, was educated at University College, Oxford. Garth, a poet and scholar, was at Peterhouse. Freind, the brother of the Head Master of Westminster, was at Westminster and Christchurch, and was even requested by Dean Aldrich to edit the 'De Corona' of Demosthenes. Heberden was at St. John's, Cambridge, and wrote Latin well. Musgrave, the editor of
'Euripides'

'Euripides,' was a physician at Exeter. Sir George Baker, who died in 1809, was at Eton and King's, where he left behind him a great reputation for Latin prose. Richard Warren was at Westminster and Jesus College, Cambridge, and won one of the classical prizes. Dr. Gregory, who died in 1821, was a good scholar, though not at an English University. The younger Heberden, who was at Charterhouse and St. John's, Cambridge, was Chancellor's Medallist; and the Latin of his Harveian oration is, on the whole, perhaps superior to Sir Henry's—more easy, without being less idiomatic. Dr. Chambers was at Westminster, and Trinity, Cambridge. Dr. Latham was at Brasenose, and carried off the Latin verse. Dr. Hawkins, who died in 1877, was at Merchant Taylors' and St. John's, and a double second.

Sir Henry himself was not only a scholar, but one who loved scholarship. When he was at Christchurch, his verses were thought so good that he had the honour of being asked to contribute to the '*Carmina Quadragesimalia*,' or Lenten Verses, which were required, as a rule, from the Westminster students only. Sir Henry gave an odd volume of these verses to an Oxford undergraduate, in whom he took an interest, with some critical remarks in his own handwriting on the title-page, which show much taste and judgment. Those were the days when he was engaged on his own '*Nugæ Metricæ*,' and he might be seen and heard reciting to his young Oxford friend some favourite passage which he had completed during the week, as they walked down the avenue of elms to Wistow Church on Sunday, or up the long narrow path to the adjoining church at Kilby. He used to pour them forth with great pomp and emphasis, and with appropriate action. The little boy who followed at a respectful distance seems even now to hear the words—part of a translation of the '*Deserted Village*':—

'En sacer ad lectum moriens quo sternitur æger
Et dolor et luctus anxia corda premunt
Pastor adest, funditque preces—fugere dolores,' &c.

the last two words of the third line being given out in his most sonorous style. It is needless to say that these lines are not faultless. But his '*Nugæ Metricæ*' were favourably criticised in this Review by Dean Milman, who notices that Sir Henry's Latin versification belongs to an age when the laws of prosody were not quite so strictly observed as they are now; and to the one instance which he quotes several others might be added. The Dean praises Sir Henry's translation of the soliloquy in '*Hamlet*'; but Lord Wellesley liked best the
lines

lines on Haydon's 'Picture of Napoleon at St. Helena,' and the song from the 'Duenna,' which, he said, 'showed great powers of Latinity.' Sir Robert Peel corrected his translation from Pope's Epistle to Gay, 'Ah, friend, 'tis true,' &c.; and perhaps other passages would not have been the worse for friendly suggestions. Our own favourite is the version of Pope's lines on his mother, 'Me let the tender office long engage,' &c. It is not very literal, but it is very correct, and renders the spirit of the original exactly.

Sir Henry's prose has been very highly praised, both Latin and English. It has always been said, and now we know it, that he wrote the Duke of Wellington's Latin speech for him on his installation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The Duke sent him a draft of what he would like to say in English, and Sir Henry gave him an admirable translation of it: we can think of no one, unless it is Dr. Johnson, who could have done it much better. But the two Latin pieces which have received the *imprimatur* of the Marquis Wellesley are the Harveian Oration delivered in 1830 and his speech on the opening of the New College of Physicians in 1825. Of these Lord Wellesley writes, 'The two Latin papers are most admirably and beautifully written: either I do not understand the language, or they are quite equal to any modern Latin extant.' Sir Henry himself confided the secret of his success to a friend. Before he sat down to any Latin composition he always read over one of Cicero's orations, three or four times, to get the rhythm thoroughly into his head.

As may be supposed, he excelled in classical quotations. One of his happiest is recorded by Lord Colchester. When Sir Henry heard of the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchilsea, he immediately thought of Antony's challenge to Augustus, and the appropriate answer:—

'Querat certamen cui nil nisi vita superstes;
Subdita cui cedit Roma, cavere meum est.'

One of the distinguishing marks by which Sir Henry will always be recognised in the history of English medicine is the resolute stand which he made against severing the connection of the College of Physicians with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He was beaten in the end; but it is to his eternal honour that he fought the good fight so long against 'the modern spirit,' which finally prevailed over the sacred band in the year 1835. Since that time it has been no longer necessary for a Fellow of the College to be a graduate of either University. This was the first step. Sir Henry died in 1844,

Dr. Chambers

Dr. Chambers in 1855. Ten years after that date Latin was discarded for the Harveian oration as well as the University degree. This indeed was enough to make Sir Henry turn in his grave. But the abolition of Latin was only the obvious corollary of dispensing with the University degree, and marks a distinct stage in the history of the medical profession. Here we take leave of the old school, of whom Sir Henry may well be taken as the last representative. We mean that he was the last of the physicians who were publicly known for their literature and scholarship, as well as for their medical skill, and whose reputation was founded upon both. He was truly the *ultimus Romanorum*, an expression first applied by Dr. Johnson to the elder Heberden, afterwards by Sir W. Hamilton to Dr. Gregory, but now most fitly applied to Sir Henry Hallford.

It is a curious fact that, in spite of his well-known opinions, it was at Sir Henry's instigation that the first exception to their general rule was made by the College of Physicians. To gratify George IV., Sir Henry secured the admission of Dr. Babington, who was not a graduate of either University. But he never changed his views as to the general principle, for which, as we have said, he contended valiantly to the last. Oddly enough, jealous as he was for the honour of his profession, he opposed the erection of a monument to Dr. Babington in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's.

What he would have said, had he been living at the present day, on the subject of specialism in Medicine, it is not easy to conjecture; but sixty years ago he was strenuously opposed to it, apparently on the ground that it was inconsistent with that broad and liberal foundation on which he wished medical education to be based. We wonder that nobody ever pointed out to Sir Henry the well-known passage in Herodotus, in which he describes the system of specialism in vogue with the Egyptian School of Medicine, then enjoying a very high reputation:—

Ἡ δὲ ἰητρικὴ κατὰ ταῦτε σφί δέδοσται· μὴς νοῦσαι ἕκαστος ἰητρός ἐστι, καὶ οἱ πλείων· πάντα δ' ἰητρῶν ἐστὶ πλεία· οἱ μὲν γὰρ ὀφθαλμοῖς ἰητροὶ καταστάσι· οἱ δὲ κεφαλῆς· οἱ δὲ ὀδόντων· οἱ δὲ τῶν κατὰ νηδὺν· οἱ δὲ τῶν ἐφανεῶν νούσων.

Sir Henry however might be right in thinking that specialists are not likely to occupy the same social position in the world as the Garths, Arbuthnots, and Heberdens, and that thereby the dignity of the profession is in danger of being lowered. This was Sir William Hamilton's opinion, as will be seen from his *Discussions*, &c., published in 1853. But the question to-day

as, whether the changed conditions of Medicine have not made specialism inevitable, and whether our knowledge of disease has not extended itself so widely during the last fifty years, that no one man can now cover the whole field.

It was Colonel Hawker who described Sir Henry Hallford as 'the Chesterfield of physicians.' The expression is not infelicitous. Considering that at the age of twenty-seven 'he was sworn,' as Dr. Munk tells us, 'Physician extraordinary to the King,' and that he was brought into close relations with the Royal Family at an age when many members of the medical profession have hardly yet risen from obscurity, it is not to be wondered at if his manners partook in a measure of the formality of the old *régime*; and that, in his mode of addressing persons of very high rank, there should have lingered something of the tone which was universal in the eighteenth century. That his manner should have exposed him to charges of insincerity among his own contemporaries, is easy to understand when we remember that envy, like jealousy, readily regards mere trifles as absolute proof of that which it seeks to establish. Sir Henry's deferential attitude towards great personages afforded a legitimate handle to his enemies for an occasional joke at his expense. But what has this to do with insincerity? One such story is sufficient to show the kind of ceremonialism of which he was accused. A well-known Baronet was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and a message was dispatched post-haste for Sir Henry. He was not at home, but his *locum tenens* hastened to the patient's house and saw the necessity for bleeding him without a moment's loss of time. In these circumstances the first basin that came to hand—an earthenware one—was naturally made use of. When Sir Henry himself arrived upon the spot, he rated his representative severely for having used anything but 'the finest china' for a man of Sir George's rank!

Those who believe this story will believe anything. We do not find it in Dr. Munk; but he repeats another anecdote told in the Life of Sir Astley Cooper. When Sir Henry was summoned to the side of Lord Liverpool, then lying in a state of unconsciousness, he entered the room with 'three profound bows' towards the sofa on which his lordship was reclining. This is as apocryphal as the last, and the explanation of such tales is very simple. Sir Henry's manners were, as we have said, slightly artificial and old-fashioned. For instance, when he had any royal or distinguished guests staying with him at Wistow, and his very old friend the Vicar of the parish was invited to meet them, Sir Henry always introduced him as 'my venerable Pastor.' But this language had become a second nature.

nature. There was no real affectation in it; and though he may have learned the ways and the words of a courtier, he always preserved his independence. About the year 1836, an old friend whom Sir Henry had introduced to Lady Jersey asked for her assistance in bringing some little publication under the notice of the King. Lady Jersey at once undertook to do her best, adding, however: 'But you have Sir Henry Hallford; you can want no other introduction: you have but to mention his name, and the palace gates will fly open.' Yet Sir Henry Hallford did not hesitate to disobey even a royal command when he thought it unreasonable or unnecessary. On the occasion of Queen Adelaide's illness in 1835, a messenger arrived at Wistow in the middle of the night, with orders to bring Sir Henry back with him immediately. He flatly refused to go. He perfectly well knew, he said, what was the matter with the Queen. He could do no good whatever by hurrying to London then; and, having given this answer, went back to bed. Dr. Munk does not mention this story. But he states that, in the year 1837, 'the feelings of Queen Adelaide were known to be of a less cordial and confidential nature than he had been honoured with by the King himself and all the other members of the Royal Family.' The explanation of the difference is probably to be found in the above anecdote, as to the truth of which we can only say that it was frequently repeated in the neighbourhood of Wistow by those who had the best opportunities of knowing, and that it is not a likely incident to have been invented. The Queen took her revenge on Sir Henry. When William IV. was taken ill in May 1837, Sir Henry Hallford, who had not forfeited the King's favour in any degree, was at once called to Windsor. As soon as the Queen heard of it, she sent for Dr. Chambers: a want of confidence, says Dr. Munk, at which Sir Henry was 'much pained.' It will be remembered that Radcliffe lost the favour of Queen Anne by telling her that the illness on which she consulted him was nothing but 'the vapours.'

In Sir Henry's conduct as a physician, apart from the question of professional skill, one, and only one, incident is recorded for which no complete defence is possible. Sir Henry seems to have thought that a doctor had done enough when he had done all that a doctor could. We see this in his refusal to hurry off in the middle of the night to Queen Adelaide, when he knew that no further medical advice was necessary. But he seems to have carried this principle too far in the case of Mr. Lockley. The story is well known, and we give it briefly in Dr. Munk's own words:—

'In

'In the autumn of 1838 an event occurred which all persons interested in Sir Henry Halford must lament. His friend and neighbour, Mr. Lockley, a much-respected medical practitioner, of Half-moon Street, when on his way along with Sir Henry to stay with him at Wistow, was seized with apoplexy in the railway carriage, and at Tring was removed from it into the station house. Sir Henry ordered a surgeon to be immediately sent for, and, having directed what he should do on his arrival, left Mr. Lockley and proceeded on his journey to Wistow.'

Sir Henry's conduct on this occasion was severely censured by the newspapers; and his own defence of it, which he published in a letter to '*The Times*,' is not perhaps entirely satisfactory. It amounted to no more than this, that being satisfied that he had left Mr. Lockley in competent hands, and that every care would be taken of him, he felt it unnecessary to delay his journey any longer. It is perfectly true that everything was done for the patient by Mr. Dewsbury which could have been done by Sir Henry Halford, and that Mr. Lockley's death, which occurred twelve days afterwards, could not reasonably be attributed to any neglect on the physician's part. But of course the imputation was made: and it was at first asserted that Mr. Lockley had died at the railway station the same evening. It must be owned, however, that Sir Henry would have come out of the affair better had he stayed with his friend till Mr. Dewsbury arrived, and had satisfied himself with his own eyes and ears that the local doctor thoroughly understood the case, and the treatment prescribed for it. It was suggested, as might have been expected, that if Mr. Lockley had been a great man, Sir Henry's conduct would have been different. But the physician who could refuse to wait upon a Queen, might very well smile at any insinuation of this kind.

Of Sir Henry's family, distinguished on both sides, and of the society in which he moved as a scholar and country gentleman, numerous anecdotes are still preserved in his native county. The Vaughans of Leicester, where the celebrated physician was born on the 2nd of October, 1766, came of 'a respectable family in Herefordshire,' as we are informed by the mural tablet in Wistow Church. Tradition connects them with Henry Vaughan, the poet of Brecknockshire, who died in 1691. There is no evidence to prove it; but the author of '*Olor Iscanus*' was not only a scholar who wrote Latin verses, but a lawyer and a physician too,—three types which have certainly been conspicuous in the ancestors of the Wistow family. In fact it may almost be said that the profession of medicine has been hereditary in the Vaughans.

William

William Vaughan, from whom they are undoubtedly descended and who died in 1712, was physician to William III. and a Fellow of the Royal College. William's grandson Henry was a surgeon at Leominster, of which place his father, a friend of Dean Swift, was vicar. Henry's son James was the Doctor Vaughan of Leicester who married the granddaughter of Sir Richard Halford of Wistow, and his son again was the famous physician of whom we are now writing. One nephew, the present Dean of Llandaff and formerly Head Master of Harrow, was Senior Classic and Chancellor's Medallist at Cambridge, and a skilful and elegant writer of both Greek and Latin verses. Another nephew, Henry Halford Vaughan, as an Oxford first classman, Fellow of Oriel, Professor of Modern History in his University, and a great Shakesperian critic, kept up the family reputation for scholarship and literature. One of Sir Henry's brothers was a Judge, and another nephew is now an eminent counsel, having also in his turn won the highest honours at Cambridge and the Camden prize for Latin Hexameters. Thus the Vaughans have been distinguished, generation after generation, in law, literature, and medicine.

The Halfords, an old county family formerly seated at Langham, in Rutland, migrated to Wistow either at the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. They, too, are not without 'illustration.' When the Civil War broke out, the baronet of that date was of sufficient ability and importance to lead for the king in Leicestershire. He came into collision more than once with his neighbour, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, and suffered in purse for some disrespectful observations upon him. Charles slept at Wistow shortly before, if not the night before, the battle of Naseby, and retreated in that direction after his defeat; but being too hotly pressed to allow of his resting there, was compelled to turn aside to Oxford. Many relics of him are preserved at the family seat. Among them is a portrait, which, though not an original Vandyke, is an admirable copy. No face was ever more faithful to the character of the man, or more suggestive of the doom which overtook him. The whole Stuart romance seems written on those well-known features.

During the century and a half after the decisive action fought upon that high grass-land, which now witnesses only the mimic war of the chase, and echoes to the cheerful cry of the Pytchley hounds, the Halford family jogged quietly on without meddling with State affairs. Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Halford, was married to William Smalley, Esq., an Alderman

of

of Leicester, whose daughter Hester was married to Dr. James Vaughan, and was the mother of the physician, who was thus the great grandson of Sir Richard Halford. It is said that Smalley was a grocer; but he was, on the mother's side, descended from the provincial aristocracy, she having been Millicent Whalley, daughter of the owner of Norton by Galby in Leicestershire, whose family trace themselves, as the heralds say, to the Norman Conqueror.

The old line of the Halfords came to an end in Sir Charles Halford. Dying without issue in 1780, he left the estate by will to the descendants of Elizabeth Halford, on the death of his widow, who afterwards married the Earl of Denbigh in the drawing-room of Wistow, and died in 1814. Henry, the eldest surviving son of James Vaughan, thus became the owner of Wistow, took the name of Halford, and was soon after created a baronet.

Wistow was formerly a small village standing about eight miles north-west of Market Harborough, and six miles south of Leicester. But in many parts of the Midland counties the old system of peasant farming was early supplanted by enclosures, and tillage superseded by pasturage. Consequently the rural population gradually dwindled away, and the houses or cottages which they inhabited being in no demand were pulled down. Not more than five or six houses remained at Wistow in the middle of the seventeenth century, and these all disappeared long ago. Besides the Hall, there are three or four farm-houses in the parish, and that is all. Wistow Hall is very prettily situated, on a slightly rising ground, looking across a fine piece of water to some beautiful meadows, through which runs 'a willowy brook,' dignified in the old maps with the name of a river, the river Serse. Above the lake is a fine stretch of undulating grass-land, dotted with clumps of tall old elms, which used at one time to be a deer park. The rent-roll of the estate in 1814 scarcely exceeded three thousand a year. It was drawn from the three parishes of Wistow, Kilby, and Newton, the whole of which are now in possession of the Halfords.

Here during three or four months of every year, generally from about the middle of July to the middle of October, Sir Henry lived as the great man of the neighbourhood. Before the days of railways the old Midland villages were still much as they were in the days of Mr. Poyser and Mr. Gilfil, 'when the keenest of bucolic minds felt a whispering awe at the sight of the gentry, such as of old men felt when they stood on tiptoe to watch the gods passing by in tall human shape'; and when

Sir Henry's carriage and four dashed through Kilby village, with the two postilions in blue and silver, the spectacle was talked of for days afterwards, scarcely yielding in interest to the memorable afternoon when the Quorn ran their fox to ground just outside the Parson's garden. Sir Henry was liberal to the poor: and when he left Wistow, the clergyman, who was known to play whist with the squire three nights a week while he stayed there, naturally became his representative in the eyes of the people, stated his authority, and governed his parish on principles of paternal absolutism without a murmur for more than half a century.

For nearly thirty years Wistow was Sir Henry's country residence. One of the most interesting figures to be seen there was his own wife, who was a daughter of Lord St. John of Bletsoe. She was a fine handsome woman, with a good deal of the fearless freedom of the old *régime* in her manners and conversation, a characteristic of 'society' before the French Revolution, the disappearance of which was so regretted by Charles Fox. It was, however, with his great rival that Lady Halford's name was connected. 'Ah,' she once said, when sitting down to chess, 'I used at one time to play chess with a very great man.' These words were always understood to refer to Mr. Pitt, between whom and the Hon. Miss St. John a warmer feeling than friendship is said to have existed.

In 1840 the then Duke of Cambridge was among the visitors at Wistow, and his presence in the village church was long remembered by the parishioners. He repeated the responses with great unction and in a tone which towered high above the clerk's. The congregation in those days did not participate in this act of worship, and the Duke's voice was the only one heard in church. His little eccentricities may now be repeated without offence. When it came to his turn to inquire 'why hop ye so, ye high hills?' which he did with his usual emphasis, as soon as the words were out of his mouth he bent down to a little boy beside him in the high square pew, and said in a loud whisper, 'Impossible, impossible, you know—they couldn't do it.' On another occasion a curate in the neighbourhood was invited to meet him. The Duke, with his usual affability, began a conversation with him after dinner:—

"Ald w!at are your pursuits, sir? Do you hunt?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, then, you shoot, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"H m—"

"Hm--a fisherman, eh?"

"No, sir, I don't care much for fishing."

The Duke was puzzled. "Oh, you read a good deal then, I dare say--a scholar?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid I'm no great reader."

"Then what the devil do you do?"

At Wistow Sir Henry kept open house, always paying marked attention to his own parish clergyman, who was his favourite partner at whist, and knew his play thoroughly. Once when Bishop Blomfield was dining at Wistow, Sir Henry called upon the vicar to say grace, whereupon the Bishop immediately rose and said it himself. Sir Henry showed his regard for his 'venerable Pastor' in another way when Sir John Vaughan was buried at Wistow. Sir John's son, a Leicestershire clergyman, was very naturally invited by another member of the family to perform the service. But after the funeral, Sir Henry went up to his old friend and said, 'Now I charge you solemnly that, when I come to be buried here, you yourself shall officiate, and no one else.'

He was fond of making the vicar his companion on his visits. They went together to Belvoir Castle, to Apthorpe, to Middleton, to Wynnstay. Once, when Sir Henry, on his way to Drayton Manor, parted from his fellow-traveller, he told him that Sir Robert Peel's was the only house he knew to which he could not venture to take a friend. How curiously illustrative of Sir Robert Peel's character is this little anecdote! Sir Henry's connection with the Court furnished him with one anecdote which never failed 'to bring down the house' at Wistow. It related to a well-known baronet who bore a stronger resemblance to Tony Lumpkin than to Sir Charles Grandison, and whose ignorance of books and history was absolute. He lived where one of the great battles had been fought in the Wars of the Roses, but of these things our baronet knew nothing. One day he took it into his head to be presented at Court, and George III., who had the right thing ready to say, remarked:--

"You come from the scene of a very celebrated battle, I understand, Sir William?"

"Well, your Majesty," was the answer, "it's true I did have a word or two with the blacksmith, but I'm very much surprised that your Majesty should ever have heard of it."

Sir Henry was rather an irritable man, though his wrath quickly subsided. A somewhat eccentric old rector, who was also a *bon vivant*, used to try him occasionally. People dined

earlier in those days, and one summer evening after dinner at Wistow Sir Henry proposed an early adjournment to the garden:—

"Give me another glass of wine, first, Sir Henry," said the Rector.

"Oh," said Sir Henry, sitting down again in a hurry and pushing the decanters round with some warmth, "if that's what you want I'll drink with you, foot to foot."

The same clergyman owned some five or six hundred acres of glebe, over which he had given Sir Henry's gamekeeper the right of shooting on condition that he supplied the rectory with game. One day, when a messenger was sent to the keeper's house for a supply, he was sent back empty-handed, as there was none killed. The old gentleman wrote an angry remonstrance to Sir Henry, who was much annoyed; and immediately sending word to the keeper to go out at once, and kill all he could in the next two hours, he had horses put to his carriage and drove off with his load of hares and partridges, which he shot out at the rectory door, and drove home again.

Sir Henry, it should be said, when he first resolved to try his fortune in London, had no resources of his own to rely upon. His father at that time was unable to assist him. He had no Fellowship, and he was obliged to begin life by borrowing two or three thousand pounds at exorbitant interest. The experiment answered, as we know, and from his own success Sir Henry drew the moral that there was no such stimulus to a man's energies, nothing so likely to lead him to fame and fortune, as to enter on his career penniless. He shared in that contempt for a small competence sometimes professed by men who want an excuse for their own insignificance, sometimes by those who, because they have succeeded without it, suppose they should have failed with it. That some natural geniuses have been choked by a competence, can hardly be doubted; but, we think, more have withered for the want of it. Sir Henry Halford, however, could not bear to hear such an opinion broached, and once grew so angry with a friend who insisted on the value of 'independence' that he almost drove him from the room.

His niece, who usually presided at his table, helped, if necessary, to make up his evening rubber. He himself did not dine out a great deal in the neighbourhood, but was a hospitable entertainer, and kept the country alive. In dress, in manners, in demeanour, he belonged to the old school. He wore the loose white cravat fashionable in the days of his

youth, and was generally to be seen in the morning, when at Wistow, in a snuff-coloured or plum-coloured coat with a high collar, and sometimes with nankeen trousers made short to show the speckled socks underneath. Trousers of this cut we have seen on only one other representative of the old régime, the late Rev. Thomas Short, of Trinity College, Oxford. Sir Henry wore powder in his hair, and partly perhaps owing to this, partly to his figure, which never became corpulent, he did not look his age to the last.

Sir Henry is believed to have been a sincerely religious man, though not without his failings. When, in 1844, the vicar went to take leave of him on his leaving Wistow for the last time, he found him with Mant's Bible spread open on the table before him. Of course persons will be found to say that this was only another illustration of the insincerity so often imputed to him. When the same action admits of two interpretations, the less innocent is sure to be the more popular.

Sir Henry Hallford published in his lifetime a little volume of essays and orations read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians. Some of them were also published in 'The Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians'; others were written expressly for a mixed audience, and all alike were in English. Of the two Latin orations we have already spoken; and the paper relating to the opening of the coffin of King Charles I. is well known. Besides this volume, Sir Henry published only a few tracts or pamphlets, and the duty of tending down his memory remains with his profession.

- ART. X. 1. *Index Kewensis*. Oxford, 1893-5.
 2. *The Popular Names of British Plants*. By R. C. A. Prior, M.D. Second Edition. London, 1870.
 3. *A Dictionary of English Plant Names*. By James Britten, F.L.S., and Robert Holland. For the English Dialect Society. London, 1886.
 4. *English Plant Names from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century*. By John Earle, M.A. Oxford, 1880.
 5. *Botanical Names for English Readers*. By R. H. Alcock. London, 1876.

TO those who know Kew as a beautiful flower-garden only, the first book on our list will be a surprise. Of the thousands who wander through the gardens in the course of the year, some few enter the Museums, and there may learn in an hour more practical lessons on the economic and artistic uses of plants than they could ever derive from the mere reading of books; some go through the late Miss Marianne North's gallery of paintings, and if they take the trouble to go through it on any system, they too may learn in the pleasantest and easiest way many lessons in the geographical distribution of plants. But very few are aware that Kew has not only the finest collection of living plants in Europe, but is also a great scientific establishment, where botanical and biological researches are being carried on at all times with a thoroughness and exactness that have made it the recognized head and model of all similar establishments in the world. In the tall red brick house near the main entrance to the gardens, formerly a royal residence and now the Herbarium, a small staff of well-chosen scientific men is at work, furnished with a large herbarium of plants, sent there for many years past by the most celebrated collectors in all parts of the world, and with an excellent botanical library. To that house all plants grown in the garden are sent for classification, and specimens daily arrive from all quarters of the globe in quest of identification. The work is incessant, but the results are excellent and far-reaching, and the latest outcome is the issue of the '*Index Kewensis*.'

It is scarcely too much to say that the Index is the most valuable aid to scientific botany which has appeared since the days of Linnæus. Botanists have been long expecting it, and their high hopes of its usefulness will not be disappointed. Though we have largely to thank the Kew staff for it, and congratulate the authors on the satisfactory completion of their work, yet our gratitude is in the first place due to Darwin. In his many researches he had to spend much labour in identifying plants

plants sent to him, and shortly before his death he entrusted a considerable sum of money to Sir Joseph Hooker, for the advancement of botany and biology, with the special desire of lessening for others the difficulties which had so often hampered and delayed his own work. His first idea was an enlarged edition of Steudel's *Nomenclator Botanicus*, a most excellent book in its day; but though posted up in an interleaved copy at Kew, it had fallen out of date, the last edition having been published in 1840. This scheme was soon found to be too great, and it was eventually and, as we think, most wisely determined to issue an Index and not a Nomenclator, the difference between the two being chiefly, that in an Index the synonyms are given once only in their alphabetical positions, whereas in a Nomenclator they occur not only in their alphabetical order, but also under each species: so that the size of the book and the necessary labour are almost doubled. Even as an Index the work is quite large enough; for nearly 400,000 names have been given, and some idea of the labour involved in the allotment of these names may be gathered from the fact that in 1887, when the work was still in progress, the MSS. weighed more than a ton.

The plan of the book is fully disclosed in the titlepage, which, as well as the short preface, is given both in English and Latin, and these are the only bits of English in the work. It is not an Index of all plants, for not only are cryptogams excluded, but flowering plants alone are admitted; nor does it profess to give all the names that plants have borne from the earliest times, but it starts with the time of Linnæus and ends in 1885, and for all practical purposes those two limits bound the practical requirements of botanical students. It gives moreover the writers who first named the plants, the works in which they were first described, and (a most laborious and important addition) their native countries. For the wonderful care shown in this part of the work we are indebted to the supervision of Sir Joseph Hooker. Within the above limits the work is most strictly kept, and the gardener must not expect to find in it a dictionary of gardening or a guide to the cultivation of plants.

The chief benefit conferred by the Index on botanists is the reduction in the number of genera and species. This was to be expected, for whilst it has been too much the custom in most of the gardens of Europe to multiply genera and species, it has been the tradition of Kew to reduce the list as much as possible. This has been so far carried out in the Index that it is probably not too much to say that the recorded names of genera and
species

species have been reduced by quite one-half. It would be hard to measure the gain of having the immense mass of synonyms of species—many of them apparently of equal authority—brought into order, with a definite place assigned to each, and the one right name settled by authority. Botanical students know too well what hours, and even days and months, of labour have been necessary if they wanted to work out any large family, say the grasses. Formerly it seemed hopeless to wade through the sea of names given by good authors, and to find out which was the right one. Now the student is spared all that toil. In a few minutes he may satisfy himself, with little fear of being mistaken, and arrive at a conclusion, which it would have cost him much labour to reach, and which, when reached, might have been altogether wrong.

The greatest benefit, however, conferred by the Index is that we have now, for the first time in the history of scientific botany, not only a thoroughly trustworthy guide through the mazes of botanical nomenclature, but a final Court of Appeal, whose judgments will most implicitly, as well as most thankfully, be accepted by botanists all over the world. Hitherto, one author was as good as another to the ordinary student; and if he found a plant well described and named, it was hard to compel him to search through many other volumes to find out whether it had not been better described and named by some other author. This dreary work is now done for him, and done for him in a way which he may trust. The search through countless volumes, not only of purely botanical books, but of voyages and travels, transactions of learned societies, pamphlets and monographs, and descriptions in gardening papers and magazines, must have involved labour which we cannot measure.

Looking upon the Index as the highest point which botanical nomenclature has yet reached, it will be interesting to mark the different steps by which that point has been gained. We therefore propose to give a sketch of the history of the present state of botanical nomenclature, confining ourselves as much as possible to England; that is, to give the history of the scientific or Latin names of plants now in use in England, and then the history of the English names of plants. The two histories are distinct, though in a few points they overlap each other, as where the Latin and English names are almost the same, in such cases as Rose, Lily, Violet, &c.; or where the channels in which the two histories have moved are practically one, as in the old English Glossaries, where the Latin and English names are given together.

The

The first real starting-point of scientific names is the botanical treatise of Theophrastus. By this we do not mean that he gave names to plants or invented any; they existed long before his time, both in common speech and in the early poets and other writers; but, with the exception of Aristotle, whose work on plants is lost, and Hippocrates, who only mentions plants so far as they are connected with medicine, he was the first writer on systematic botany who described the plants which others had only named. Of the older writers we need only mention Homer. He names very few plants,* but he is the first writer who mentions the palm (*Odys.* vi. 163), and he, or rather the author of the Homeric Hymns, heads the long list of poets who have celebrated the narcissus or daffodil.

It is not necessary to refer to any other writers. None of them scientifically described the flowers which they named; and though by all the Greek poets flowers are lovingly spoken of, the species named are few. But all the existing names, whether invented by the poets or in common use, were brought together by Theophrastus, who, as a pupil of Aristotle and Plato, and a ready writer, possessed good qualifications for writing a scientific treatise on botany; and his book, *περί φυτῶν ἱστορίας βιβλία δέκα*, is a good proof of his ability and research. It has not been so popular a book as his 'Characteres,' which has been translated into many languages, whereas the botanical treatise has seldom been translated, and never into English. How much botanical science, and especially botanical nomenclature, owes to Theophrastus, may be gathered from the fact that he names and describes about 380 plants, and of these names more than 270 are still in use for scientific purposes. In many cases the names are not now applied to the same plants to which Theophrastus applied them, but the names themselves remain, many of them unaltered from their original Greek form. Such names as *Anthemis*, *Asclepius*, *Dolichos*, *Itea*, *Mentha*, &c., are true Greek words, while many others are true Greek with a Latin termination, as *Arumtum*, *Erica*, *Helleborus*, *Cistus*, *Cratægus*, &c. And the influence of his names does not even stop there, for many are the popular English names also, and have been admitted as thoroughly established words in the English language: such are *Crocus*, *Cyclamen*, *Hyacinth*, *Narcissus*, *Anemone*, *Beet*,

* M^{rs} Agnes Clarke ('Familiar Studies in Homer') says that Homer only mentions six flowers—the poppy, hyacinth, crocus, violet, rose, and white lily. Other plants are named, but not their flowers, and in none of the poems is there any allusion to the perfume either of flower or fruit.

Lichen, Polyanthus, and many others. Most of these names are identical, but some are so disguised that it is sometimes difficult at first sight to recognize them. It is easy to see *Mandragoras* in Mandrake, and *Amigdalæ* in Almond; but it is harder to trace the pedigree of *Dallodil* to *Asphodelus*, and of 'dates' to *Dactylis*.

After the death of Theophrastus, a gap of more than 300 years severs us from the next writers, who link our present plant names to the old names of the Greeks and Romans. There may have been books on plants which have been lost, and there are abundant references to trees and plants in almost every author of note; but the only existing work which can claim to be ranked among gardening books before the time of Pliny is the *Georgics*, where some of the plants named are well, though very shortly, described, and it is clear that Virgil was a plant lover; in no sense, however, can the *Georgics* be described as a scientific treatise. In the first century after Christ, however, two authors appeared, who have left an indelible mark on botanical science, Pliny and Dioscorides. They were so nearly contemporaries that attempts have been made to prove that Pliny copied from Dioscorides or Dioscorides from Pliny, but the opinion of the best critics is that they wrote quite independently; and though their works contain much in common, they are quite distinct, and written with very different objects. Pliny's 'History of Plants' was merely a part of an Universal Natural History, but of that it occupies a large part, seventeen books out of the thirty-seven. It is impossible to estimate the effect which this work had on all natural history for many hundred years. Pliny's statements were accepted without doubt; and the more wonderful they were, the more readily were they copied by one writer after another. Though the history is full of mistakes and impossible legends, it contains a vast amount of information which but for him would have been lost. He seems to have read diligently all that had been written about plants, and to have been very careful to find their native countries, and some of the descriptions are excellent. Of course, the plants are described by him in the only way they could be described in those days; a little-known plant was described by indicating the points in which it was like a well-known plant. Centuries were to pass before botanists gradually arrived at the modern system of describing a plant as it is in itself, and not by comparison with others. Even now the plan is not altogether extinct; we have remains of it in such specific names as *helleborifolia*, *erithmifolia*, *plantaginæ*, &c., and in such generic names as *coloneaster*, *pinaster*, *oleaster*,

oleaster, &c., in which the final 'ster' is said to stand for *instar*; and among English names we have the Parsley fern, the Holly fern, &c. When Natural History, in common with many other sciences, was beginning to be studied in England, Pliny's 'Natural History' was translated by Philemon Holland in 1601, and probably by this translation he did as much to popularize natural science as any writer of his day. It became the great storehouse of facts from which all writers drew, and there can be little doubt that Shakespeare knew it well. It is really more a paraphrase than a translation, and it shows that command of language and rhythm which seems to be the natural inheritance of writers of that day.

How many names of plants Pliny added to botanical science we cannot exactly say, but the number is very large. It was chiefly through him that the Greek names of Theophrastus were Latinized and so got a firm footing. Many also of his names have passed into English, of which one curious example will suffice. *Stavesacre* looks a thoroughly English word, and when written, as it generally was in the old books, *Staves Acre*, it resembles an old English field name; but it is merely Pliny's *Sophia agria*, or wild raisin. In the form *Stavesacre* it was applied to a plant (*Delphinium staphisagria*) supposed to be good for skin diseases, but it has passed out of use, and the name is seldom heard.

With Pliny we join Dioscorides, to whom we owe the greater part of our modern Latin names which are derived from the Greek and Latin writers. The influence that he had on botany was far beyond that of Theophrastus or Pliny, and it was so because his work was not merely a botanical treatise or history of plants, but it was strictly confined to plants which were connected with medicine, and spoke only of their medical qualities; it was a *Materna Medica* περί ὕλης ἰατρικῆς.

After Dioscorides there is a long gap before we come to anything that can be said to have had an influence on botanical nomenclature in England. But there are many works extant which show that the knowledge of plant names was well maintained. The Glossaries, for instance, from the seventh to the fifteenth century are full of plant names; but of these it will be more convenient to speak when we come to the English plant names; and there are important works which only give the Latin names, and which deserve a short notice. One of these is the 'De Naturis Rerum' of Alexander Neckham. The book is an Universal Natural History, written by a remarkable man, certainly the most scientific Englishman of whom we have any record in the twelfth century. He was born in 1147, and was

foster-brother

foster-brother to Richard Cœur de Lion; after being educated at St. Alban's and travelling abroad, he became Abbot of Cirencester and died in 1217. He was a voluminous writer, and might almost be called an elegant writer both of Latin prose and verse; but his best work is the '*De Naturis Rerum*,' a great portion of which reappears in his poem, '*De Laudibus Divinæ Sapientiæ*.' The book was published in 1863 in the Rolls Series, and is the most interesting account we have of the state of Natural Science in the twelfth century. Many of his descriptions are taken direct from Pliny and Dioscorides, but mixed with these there is a large amount of original observation and personal anecdote. As far as plant names go, the chief interest of the book lies in their being almost without exception the same names that are now in use for the same plants. Of the other mediæval works, one is the '*Sinonoma Bartolomei*,' written apparently in 1387 by John Mirfeld or Marselde, and published in the '*Anecdota Oxoniensia*' in 1882, under the able editorship of Mr. Mowat, of Pembroke College; it is a general glossary, but contains a large number of plant names. A medico-botanical glossary of the latter part of the fifteenth century was published by the same editor in the '*Anecdota Oxoniensia*,' in 1887, under the name of '*Alphita*,' and contains a very large number of plant names, chiefly taken from the '*Schola Salernitana*.' Though none of these three books exercised any great influence on the scientific nomenclature of plants, they show its then existing state, and prove that the accepted names were closely followed, and handed on from one century to another. On this account they deserve a notice in the history of English plant names.

In the great literary and scientific revival that took place in the sixteenth century, botany made a fresh departure. The discovery of America had brought a vast number of new plants to Europe, and their study doubtless stimulated the more complete study of those of the Old World. The great commercial activity of the century must also have had its influence; ships were bringing new products from all parts, and among these plants were not forgotten. But from whatever cause it arose, the great impulse and renewed activity in the discovery and study of plants were quite remarkable. They produced a large body of students, whose labours were unwearied, and a wonderful amount of botanical literature. Among these students were such men as Lonicer, L'Obel, Cæsalpinus, L'Écluse, Mattioli, Caspar and John Bauhin, Conrad Gesner, Pona, Leonard Fuchs, Prosper Alpinus, Dodæns, and many others. And these men were not stay-at-home botanical students; they were great travellers,

travellers, whose delight was to collect and examine plants in their native countries. Caspar Bauhin collected them in Germany, France, and Italy with great labour and danger ('quod præcipuum erat, plantas locis natalibus inspiciendo, nullis laboribus, nullis molestiis, nullis sumptibus pepercimus'); L'Ecluse collected them in Spain, Hungary, and Bohemia; Du Choul searched Mount Pilatus, and John Pona Mount Baldus; Leonard Rauwolf made a long journey to the East in search of them, and Prosper Alpinus examined those of Egypt.

One result of all this activity was a great amount of botanical literature. The Preface to Caspar Bauhin's '*Pinax*' contains an Index Authorum, which gives a very good idea of the books published before his time; and as he made it his special object to study every botanical work, we may feel sure that nothing of importance is omitted. In that Index the titles of more than two hundred books are given, all of which were published between 1540 and 1620. And these books were not merely botanical pamphlets; it was the age of great folios, and at least half of the books named were such. It was also the age of illustrations, and in many of the grand folios the figures of the plants are excellent.

In England, at the same time, the same activity prevailed. In 1527 appeared '*The Grete Herball, whiche geveth parlyt knowledge and understanding of all maner of hearbes.*' It was a book of great pretension—'*This noble worke is compyled, composed, and auctorysed by dyvers and many noble doctours, and expert maysters in medecynes*'; but it is a book of no value, entirely medical, with many very coarse plates, and quite deserves Turner's account of it: '*al ful of unlearned cacographie, and falselye naming of herbes.*' In 1538 appeared Turner's '*Libellus de Re Herbaria novus*,' followed in 1548 by '*The Names of Herbes in Greke, Latin, Englishe, Dache and Frenche, wyth the commune Names that Herbaries and Apotecaries use,*' and in 1551 by his '*New Herball*,' and these three works mark a very decided advance of botanical science in England. Then in 1596 came Gerard's '*Great Herball*,' a book chiefly taken from L'Obel, with the plates from Tabernaemontanus; but, though full of mistakes, it was a great advance in English Botany, and when 'very much enlarged and amended by Thomas Johnson, Citizen and Apothecarye of London,' in 1636, it became a standard work, and has continued a favourite to the present day.

But this great activity in research, with the abundance of books produced by it, led to a confusion of plant names, which every year became worse and worse. Each collector and each

writer was at liberty to name his plants according to his own fancy: if he could identify them with plants named by Theophrastus, Pliny, Dioscorides, and Galen, he did so; if not, he invented a name which any one else might accept or not. The result was hopeless confusion; and to remedy this and, as he hoped, to finish it, Caspar Bauhin devised and carried out his '*Pinax*.' This was what would be called in these days an 'epoch-making' book, and it really was a wonderful work, which was of untold benefit to the botanists of the seventeenth century. Caspar Bauhin himself must have been a very remarkable man: he was a physician and apparently in practice; he was Professor of Botany, of Anatomy, of the Greek Language, and of Practical Medicine at the University of Basle, of which he was four times Rector. As a Professor he was most diligent; for he tells us that he did not content himself with the statutory obligation of taking excursions with his pupils twice a year, but that he took them at all times of the year, and for many years in succession. He travelled, as we have said before, in many countries in search of plants; he begged plants from all quarters; he corresponded with botanists of every country; he dried his plants, and had an herbarium of over four thousand species; and he added to all this the writing of the '*Pinax*,' which he intended to follow up with a complete '*Theatrum Botanicum*,' to contain accounts and figures of all known plants, but he had only completed a small portion when he died in 1624. The task which he set himself in the '*Pinax*' was to gather together all the names of plants given by every author up to his own time, to arrange them in their proper order, and then to assign one name only, rejecting all synonyms. It was in its day what the '*Index Kewensis*' is in ours. It is still a work of great use to all who want to trace the histories of plants, and it held its ground till the time of Linnæus, who highly valued it, and quoted it throughout in his '*Species Plantarum*.' As a matter of interest to ourselves we may note, that though he says he corresponded with English botanists, he gives no names; but he quotes Turner and Gerard, and in the list of those who sent him plants or seeds is '*Jacobus Cargillus, Medicus de Scotia*.' The one great fault of the '*Pinax*' is that it was based on no principle, the name finally selected by Caspar Bauhin being the one that seemed best to himself. But he laid down no guide for the right naming of new plants, and so, though a great part of the evil was cured, the evil itself still remained, especially in what was its worst point, the great length of the names. As each new species was established, it was necessary to invent a new name, which should distinguish it

it from its near allies, and as that could only be done by a multiplication of words, the name practically became a description of the plant. Thus we find in Bauhin such names as *Antirrhinum majus altum folio longiore*; *Rhaponticum folio Lapathi majus glabro*; *Papaver erraticum Pyrenaicum flore flavo*; and Parkinson, who wrote shortly after Bauhin, and whose excellent *Herbal* and *Theatrum Botanicum* were for many years the favourites of English gardeners,—a position which they still hold from his admirable descriptions of flowers, and his great love for them,—was forced to adopt the same method, and we find in the *Herbal* such names as *Iris bulbosa major purpureo-violacea*; *Anemone Chalcidonica maxima veracolor*, &c.

But in the early part of the eighteenth century we reach a new stage in nomenclature, and we very soon begin to tread on firmer ground, which has gradually become firmer and firmer; and upon it botanists have ever since thankfully and confidently taken their position. Linnæus—his real name was Carl von Linné—was born in 1707, and to him we owe the precise and accurate system of modern plant-naming; and great as is our debt to him for his other labours, it may well be said, and has been often said by the best judges, that his system of nomenclature was the greatest boon he gave to science. Of his other great work, the systematic arrangement of plants, we need not here speak, for our business is only with the names. Though the scientific naming must always be closely connected with the scientific arrangement, they can be kept quite distinct; and Linnæus' arrangement of plants—the Linnæan system—has given place to the natural system of Jussieu, while his nomenclature remains. In 1750 he published *Philosophia Botanica*. In it he formulated the canons of botanical nomenclature, which at once put an end to the old loose methods of naming, and brought order and system into what before had been chaos.* There is no need to enter here into all these canons; but two or three have had such a lasting influence on plant names, not only in England, but all over the world, that they cannot be altogether unnoticed. The chief of them all are those which established the binominal nomenclature, i.e. that every plant was to have two names, and two names only. Of these two names the first would tell the genus, and with very rare exceptions must be a substantive; the second would tell the species, and must always be an adjective, or an adjectival substantive; while the class or order to which the plant belonged was not of necessity to appear in the name. That

* The motto of the canons is 'nomina si nescis, perit et cognitio rerum.'

was really the foundation of all Linnæus' laws of nomenclature, and, if he had done no more than that, he would have earned the lasting gratitude of scientific botanists; but upon that one great canon were founded others which have been of lasting good, and of these, perhaps, the chief was that every respect was to be paid to ancient names. This rule he carried out himself most strictly, gathering names from all the old writers, and often applying them to plants to which certainly they were not applied by the old authors; still his principle was sound, and its complete adoption by the scientific world may be seen in the fact that in the botany of English plants there is scarcely a name which is not taken from the old authors.

We are now in a position to mark the several stages through which our present scientific names have passed, ending in the 'Index Kewensis.' The names of the great helpers are few, but all shared in the work, and they are Theophrastus, Pliny, Dioscorides, Caspar Bauhin, and Linnæus. Others in different ways helped in the work, but none can claim the rank which we give to these five. Since the days of Linnæus there have been many great botanical writers, each of whom has done some good service; and the many *Genera* and *Species Plantarum*, and the books on the botany of different countries all over the world, and the monographs of different families of plants, have made valuable contributions to the nomenclature of plants; but nearly all have loyally accepted the canons of Linnæus. In 1867 a congress was held at Geneva, specially to revise the laws of nomenclature; but though it added a little to the canons of Linnæus, it did nothing to alter them in their great fundamental principles.

One point in the Latin scientific names is worth noticing; the help they often give to botanical students and gardeners. Many harmless jokes have been made about the long Latin names. The 'Spectator' and the 'Tatler' had many little hits at them; Crabbe tried to ridicule them, but not very effectually; 'Punch' has had many a good-natured laugh at them; Edward Lear in his Nonsense Books had delightful pictures of *Baccopipia gracilis*, *Puggiwiggia pyramidalis*, *Polypoidia singularis*, &c.; and in an article in this Review in 1842, the subject was discussed at some length, the attacks of the writer being less directed against Latin names than against the vulgar English and French ones given by the florists to the garden varieties of popular flowers. But those who understand them—and how little knowledge of Latin is required is shown by the quickness with which half-educated gardeners catch their meaning—know that in these two names which every plant bears,

bears, there is often wrapped up a great amount of helpful information. Many of them give the geography; many tell the discoverer; some tell the geological formation where, or the elevation at which, the plant flourishes.

Latin and Greek scholars again are never tired of abusing the barbarisms of botanical nomenclature; but they do not sufficiently bear in mind that the object aimed at may often be better gained by not using classical forms, and that the barbarism does not arise from ignorance, but is of set purpose—'Les noms tirés du grec ou du latin par le savant suédois ne sont peut-être pas toujours ceux qu'un Athénien ou un Romain aurait faits, mais ils sont botaniques, scientifiques, destinés à toutes les nations' (A. de Candolle). We agree with the Geneva Conference, that where a name has got a fair scientific footing, it is better, though it may offend against pure grammar and orthography, to retain it, rather than substitute a new name of absolute classical purity. It is a fixed canon that the two names must be in Latin, not necessarily classical Latin, but at least Latin in appearance. A large proportion of the names are Latinized Greek, and many are not even that, but are old names that are put into a Latin shape. The name of the Banana, *Musa sapientum*, looks like good Latin, and the specific name is so, and is derived from Pliny's account of it, 'quo sapientes ludorum vivunt,' but the generic name is Arabic. The name of the Pepper Tree, *Schinus molle*, might be mistaken for Latin, but *Schinus* is Herodotus' name for a different shrub, and *molle* is the native Peruvian name of the plant. *Datura* is a true Latin word, but as a plant name it is from the Arabic *Tatorah*.*

Something also must be said about pronunciation. The same rule may be applied here which we apply without scruple to all Anglicised Greek and Latin names, namely, that where a name has become really an English word, it should follow the ordinary English pronunciation. We no more offend by saying *anémone* (*à-ném-on*) than by saying telescope or academy, or by saying orator and senator. Of course the rule has its limits, and where the plant has not an established English pronunciation we hold that the Greek or Latin pronunciation is the better way. As we prefer clématis, so we would call St. John's wort *hypericum*, and the evening primrose *onocrotis*, but we

* There are few countries and few languages that have a more varied list of plant names. *Cydon* is from the Arabic name for Cydonia; *Juniper* from the Sanskrit *Bambā* or *Mumbā*; *Tulip* is from the Persian *Tulip*; *Camellia* is from the Chinese *Camellia*; *Almond* is from the Arabic *Almond*; *Thyme* is from the Greek *Thymum*; *Yucca* is from the Spanish *Yucca*; *North American words*, &c. The list is endless.

should not find fault with those who pronounce these words otherwise, retaining, however, our right to protest against such utterances as *gladiolus*, or *viola*.

It is not necessary that names derived from proper names should be confined to the discoverers of the plants. The practice of naming plants after eminent men has been of use in perpetuating the memory of those who have done good service in botanical research, who were content to labour for the mere love of work. Linnæus himself selected the little Northern flower, *Linnaea borealis*, to bear his name, as a symbol of success under great difficulties, and not, as has often been said, through humility: for humility was certainly not among the virtues of Linnæus.* All the great names we have mentioned have been handed down to us in this way, and of some of these the memory would have perished had it not been preserved by a plant name.† We have these great names preserved to us in *Lobelia*, *Fuchsia*, *Daltonia*, *Clusia*, *Banksia*, *Matthiola*, *Suertia*, *Gesnera*, *Gerardia*, *Lonicera*, &c.; and men of our own day have been rightly honoured by such names as *Benthania*, *Brunonia*, *Edwardsia*, *Hookeri*, *Lindleyana*, &c.‡ Sometimes, however, names were not entirely given out of compliment, and Linnæus himself set the bad example. He was so pleased with the humble behaviour of his friend John Browall that he named a plant *Browallia demissa*; and on Browall's elevation to the episcopate, he named a second species *B. exaltata*. This did not please Browall, and he showed his wrath in so marked a manner that when Linnæus discovered a third species he named it *B. alienata*, and then the alienation was complete and lasting. Commerson followed the bad example of Linnæus, with whom he was contemporary. He travelled in South America, and among other well-known plants discovered the *Bougainvillea*. Having adopted Tournefort's and Linnæus' systems in the classification of plants, he was very angry with an older botanist, Collett, who wished to arrange plants by the leaves only; and to show his contempt he gave the name *Collettia* to a genus of plants which have no leaves, and are almost entirely composed of thorns. In our own day a still more unpleasant name perpetuates a history that had better be forgotten. The Fiji tomato is called

* He also took the *Linnaea* for his crest.

† * *Nomen generis ad Botanici optime meriti memoriam conservandum instructa sacre servanda sunt*, is one of the Linnæan canons.

‡ For a full list of English botanists whose names have been preserved in plant names &c. see 'A Biographical Index of British and Irish Botanists' by J. Britton and G. S. Boulger, London, 1893.

Solanum anthropophagum, because it was one of the plants specially grown for cannibal feasts; human flesh being indigestible without the addition of some special vegetables, of which this was one.

We now come to the English names, including not only those of native British plants, but also of commonly cultivated foreign plants. In speaking of them we shall discuss neither the etymology of the English names, nor the kindred ethnological questions. Interesting though these subjects are, they are far too large for our present purpose, and would require a volume. The etymology has been most ably handled by Professor Earle in his 'English Plant Names,' and by Dr. Prior in his 'Popular Names of British Plants.' It will be enough here to say that Professor Earle makes out a good case for the Anglo-Saxon origin, or at least the Anglo-Saxon use, of a very large number of our present common names; while, as appears from the list given in his Introduction, Dr. Prior has gone to no less than forty-six different languages in search of their origin. Our business is simply with the names as we now have them, to show, and that very shortly, how long they have been in use, and how they have descended to us.

The principal sources of authority for the succession of English names of plants are the Glossaries which range from the eighth to the end of the fifteenth century. These are not Dictionaries, but helps written for the reading of particular authors only, and so are rather to be classed with the glossaries or indexes often given at the end of the works of various authors. In most cases no special authors are mentioned, and it is certain that none of them were confined to any one author, though it is not difficult to see what writer the compiler had before him. None of them are meant to be plant lists pure and simple, but all contain many plant names, the greater part of which are common to all, and were probably copied one from another. When Pulteney published in 1790 his 'Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England,' he knew that such glossaries existed, chiefly at Oxford; but he says that none had been published, and, as he was unable or unwilling to consult them himself, he makes no use of them. Since that time several have been published, some in the Rolls Series, and some in Wright's Vocabularies and the Saxon Leechdoms; others are still unpublished, but it is not probable that they materially differ from those we already have.

The earliest Glossary is that of Epinal, supposed to be of the eighth century. This was first published in 1883 in

photolithography, and subsequently in 1886 as one of the 'Oldest English Texts' of the Early English Text Society, both under the able editorship of Professor Sweet. It contains more than 120 Latin names of plants with the English translation, and, of the English names given, more than 90 are exactly the same as those now in use. It thus shows that many of our present plant names are more than a thousand years old, and some, no doubt, date their origin from the Roman occupation of England.

The Epinal Glossary is succeeded by many more, the list beginning with one that bears the name of Archbishop or Abbot Telfric, and ending with a pictorial one about the end of the fifteenth century. Though none of them are lists of plants only, some have separate divisions, with such headings as *nomina herbarum*, *nomina arborum*, *incipit de lignis*, *de herbis terre*, *nomina fructuum*, *nomina bladorum*. Besides these Glossaries, mention must be made of the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Herbarium of Apuleius of the eleventh century, published in the Rolls Series, with a translation into modern English by Mr. Cockayne. It is purely a medical treatise, but it takes its place among the lists of plant names, because each of the short chapters is headed by the English name of some herb. There is great similarity between these old lists, which were at more or less copies of one that held some place of authority, yet they differ from one another, and each has had a share in handing on the names from century to century, and fixing them to particular plants.

When we come to the sixteenth century, we at once enter on a new and very advanced stage in the history of English plant names; for now we get lists which are not merely small parts of a large collection of words, but entire books specially devoted to plant names. In 1538 appeared William Turner's '*Libellus de Re Herbaria novus*,' which may take rank as the first original book on plants published by an Englishman. The *Libellus* was followed in 1548 by '*The Names of Herbes in Greke, Latine, English, Duche, and Frenche, wyth the commune names that Herbaries and Apotecaries use.*' Turner's successors—Gerard, Parkinson, and John Ray—all paid special attention to English names of plants. William Howe (1650), Stephen Skinner (1671), and Menzel (1682) laboured in the same field. To the works of these writers, which are all, in different ways, direct treatises on the subject of plant nomenclature, we are largely indebted for the preservation of English names.

But the record of the transmission of plant names would be very incomplete, if we did not take into account the old English

English poets and other writers, who, though not writing specially on botany or gardening, had much to say about flowers. All of these certainly influenced the history of English plant names as much as those who wrote the more special treatises. Their influence was even greater, for their readers numbered far more than those who read the special treatises. The number of Englishmen who in poetry or prose wrote of flowers is very little less than the number of those who wrote at all; for nothing reveals the love of gardens and flowers, which seems almost a part of every Englishman, more clearly than the natural and almost unconscious way in which the mention of them abounds in English literature. In this respect lovers of the old English names owe them a deep debt of gratitude. To name a few only who wrote before the end of the seventeenth century: Gower mentions many of our common plants, nearly always with a reference to their mystical meaning. Chaucer revels in flowers, both in the fields and in gardens; and though his chief love and reverence is for the lily, he never seems to lose an opportunity of showing how any flower gladdened his heart. Spenser doubtless had a real love for flowers, but his fondness for the classics made him prefer plants which the Greeks and Romans had celebrated, to the common flowers of England which he must have known so well. There is a well-known passage in the first book of *'The Faery Queene,'* in which he tells of many trees, each with a happy epithet or short description; but the stanzas are paraphrase and almost a translation of a similar list in Ovid (*Metam.* x. 90-105), where he describes the grove of trees that loved the lyre of Orpheus.

Shakespeare is undoubtedly the chief English poet who has immortalized English flowers. Not only has he preserved the names which he knew in his Warwickshire home, but he has given them a beauty which will make them last as long as the English language. His love and knowledge of plants are beyond question, and many books have been written dealing with that part only of his writings. Canon Ellacombe, for instance, in the 2nd edition of *'The Plant Lore of Shakespeare'* (1884), enumerated more than two hundred instances, and in that number were included all vegetable substances as well as flowers. All the books that touch on this aspect of Shakespeare's many-sided character agree in indicating the force he has exercised on our plant names. After him, no Englishman had much to say of plants, especially in *'Pan's Pantheon,'* and William Browne in his *'Britannia's Pastorals'* mentions flowers. George Herbert and Henry Vaughan

always

always speak of flowers with love and respect, and both of them learned and taught many good lessons from the commonest kinds. Milton cannot be reckoned among the poets who have done much for our flowers; he was so full of the classics that he seems almost to have thought it beneath him to speak of other than the classical plants. He sometimes mentions the commoner flowers, and always in a pleasant way; but in his own touching account of his blindness we may probably discover one cause of his comparative silence:—

‘With the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev’n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summer’s rose.’

The mention of Herrick, whose poems on flowers (chiefly garden flowers) are among the most delightful in the language, and Cowley, who wrote poems on flowers both in English and Latin, closes our list of flower-poets before the end of the seventeenth century. From that time to our own it would be hard to find any poet worthy of the name who has not shown us that English poetry owes much of its charm to English flowers.

Of writers other than poets, we have already mentioned Philemon Holland’s translation of Pliny as a book which did much to perpetuate the names of plants. Bacon’s celebrated essay on Gardens may well be reckoned among the treasures of garden literature. After him John Evelyn holds a high place; for though his ‘*Sylva*’ is specially devoted to trees, and so might perhaps be more fitly classed with the Herbals of the seventeenth century, yet it stands above and in many respects apart from them all, and retains its peculiar value. ‘Evelyn’s “*Sylva*,”’ said Sir Walter Scott, ‘is still the manual of British planters, as his life, manners, and principles, as illustrated in his Memoirs, ought to be the manual of English gentlemen.’

But though the works of special writers on plants, together with general literature, have done much to fix the names of the plants, they did not fully succeed in fixing them in popular usage. No doubt educated people were agreed in the English names which they gave to plants, but it was not so with the English peasantry. Their vocabulary was a limited one; and when they did not know the exact English name of a plant, they were not slow in giving it another name which they had heard or in inventing one. Messrs. Holland and Britten give many instances of the loose way in which popular names are given

given to different plants. Thus the name of *Cuckoo-flower* is given to at least ten different plants, *Cowslip* to eight or nine, and *Bachelor's Button* to more than twenty. It is the same all over the world. Sir Joseph Hooker says that 'throughout his travels he was struck with the undue reliance placed upon native names of plants,' characterising it as 'an erroneous impression that savage and half-civilized peoples have an accurate knowledge of objects of Natural History, and a uniform nomenclature for them.' Dioscorides made the same observation, and Athenæus before him complained that the same plant was called by different names in different parts of Greece.

It is indeed well known that plants have exchanged their names largely. The *Forget-me-not* is a good instance of this. In all the old Herbals the name is given to the *Ground-pine* (*Aruga chamæpitys*) on account of its offensive smell, and sometimes also to the *Speedwell*. Mills, in his '*History of Chivalry*,' invented the legend of the drowning knight throwing the flower to his lady, and fixed the name on the pretty blue flower which had previously been called *Mouse-ear* from its old Greek name, *μωσσωτίς*, and both name and flower became popular; but 'Punch,' going back to its original associations, suggested it as a delicate name for the onion; and in Mexico the same name, 'no me olvide,' is given to an orchid. *Clote* is another name that has been given to various plants; in the old Glossaries and Herbals it always means the great burdock; but it was gradually attached to other large-leaved plants, and in Dorsetshire it is now given to the yellow water-lily, as we learn from Mr. Barnes's '*Poems of Rural Life*':—

'The bendèn bulrush, a-awayèn slowly,
Do skirt in zummer thy river's zide,
An' perch in shoals, O,
Do vill the holes, O,
Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote.'

This looseness, however, is not confined to the uneducated. Among the flowers which *Ophelia* wove into a garland were

'Long-purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do Dead-Men's-Fingers call them.'

No doubt the flower meant was the purple meadow-orchis; but Clare, an excellent observer of country plants, says:—

'Gay Long-purple, with its tufty spike,
Sh'd wade o'er shoes to reach it in the dyke.'

Tennyson,

Tennyson, who was saturated with Shakespeare, and a real lover and keen observer of flowers, says:—

‘Round thee bloom, self-pleached deep,
Bramble Roses faint and pale,
And Long-purples of the dale.’

And in both these cases the plant meant is the Long-Purples of the Eastern Counties, the Purple Loosestrife. In this instance the difficulty is easily explained, but there are many pleasant puzzles in English plant names which are not so easily solved, and a few of these are worth notice.

Spenser has—

‘Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
Her snowy brows like budded belamours.’

No one can say positively what the belamour is. It is possible without much straining to say that it is not a flower at all, for in two other places Spenser certainly uses the word to mean a lover of either sex, and it is so used by other writers; here, therefore, it may simply mean anything beautiful; but if it must be taken for a flower, the flower is unknown.

Shakespeare’s ‘cursed Hebenon’ is undoubtedly a plant. Gower speaks of ‘Hebenus that slepy tre’; Spenser speaks of a ‘heben’ bow, spear, and lance, and ‘heben sad’; and Marlowe, among a list of poisons, gives ‘the juice of hebon.’ Most of the commentators were content to take their choice between ebony and henbane, with a preference for henbane on account of its poisonous qualities. But when the passage came to be studied more closely, and by medical men, it was found that neither ebony nor henbane would produce the results that are so minutely specified by Shakespeare. The results of the poison were:—

‘The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine:
And a most instant tetter bark’d about
Most loazar-like, with vile and lousesome crust,
All my smooth body.’

The question, then, was, Is there any plant that produces these effects? and Dr. Nicholson in 1879, and the Rev. W. A. Harrison in 1882, in two exhaustive papers written for the New Shakespeare Society, brought forward sufficient proofs that the symptoms described were produced by Jew poisoning, and by no other poison;

poison; and that the name of the yew in many Northern tongues, especially in Denmark, was very similar to Hebenon.

In his 'Comus,' Milton describes a plant given to him by 'a certain shepherd lad, well skilled in every vertuous plant and bealing herb': it had

'a small unsightly root,
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl;
He called it Humony.'

We have already said that Milton is very vague in his plant names, and in his description of plants,—he confuses the wild convolvulus and the honeysuckle,—and no such name or plant as Humony is known. The most probable solution of the name is that agrimony is meant; that Milton somewhere found the Greek *ἀγριμόνη*, and fancied that the word meant wild harmony.

'Culverkeys' has long been a puzzle. The word first appears in a delightful poem, 'The Secrets of Angling, by J. D.,' i.e. John Denny of Pucklechurch, in Gloucestershire. It is quoted with approval by Izaak Walton, and by him attributed to John Davors. One of the stanzas that he quotes ends—

'Purple Narcissus, like the morning rayes,
Pale Gianderlas and azour Culverkeyes.'

And in the last day's angling we have the pretty word-picture of a meadow: 'Looking down the Meadows, could see here a Boy gathering Lillies and Ladysmocks, and there a Girl cropping Culverkeys and Cowslips.' The word has been a puzzle to all writers on plant names. Dr. Prior suggested the wild hyacinth; Messrs. Holland and Britten the columbine; but Dr. Murray has proved that the name is applied to many flowers, especially the cowslip, which however could scarcely be called 'azure,' and which is certainly distinguished by Walton. Dr. Murray says, 'Commentators on Denny and Walton have wrongly guessed Columbine and Meadow Cranesbill'; but this may be said for the Meadow Cranesbill, that it is azure, that the keys or seed-vessels resemble culvers' feet, and that it is abundant in the meadows of J. Denny's county of Gloucestershire.

Of all English plant names none has been so disputed as the Jerusalem artichoke. When first introduced into England, it was called Artichoke of Jerusalem, and so it was called by all writers up to the beginning of the present century; Gerard, Bacon, Parkinson, and so on to Dr. Johnson, have no other name for it than Artichoke of Jerusalem. But some clever guesser boldly said that the 'Jerusalem' was a corruption of the Italian

Italian *girasole*. It is not known who first started this derivation, but we have found it nowhere earlier than in a forgotten yet delightful gardening-book, 'The Manse Garden,' written by Nat. Paterson, of Galashiels, in 1827, a book full of humour and excellent gardening instruction. It was an attractive derivation, and seems at once to have taken the popular fancy, being adopted without question by such writers of authority as Dr. Prior, Asa Gray, A. de Candolle, and even Dr. Murray. But there is absolutely no authority for it. The plant did not come to us from Italy, and the Italians did not call it *girasole*: furthermore the mistake could not have arisen if more attention had been paid to the flower. The Jerusalem artichoke is a sunflower, of which there are two sorts. The one to which the artichoke and our common sunflower belong is a *helianthus*, and derives its name from its resemblance to the heraldic 'sun in its glory'. In spite of Moore's assertion that 'the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets, the same look that she turned when he rose' the *helianthi* have no such habit, and in a collection of sunflowers on a sunny day the flowers will be seen turned in every direction. But the other sunflower is the marigold, the *leontopodium*, *solsequium*, 'solsece vel sigel-hwerfe' (i.e. sun-seeker or sun-turner), the turnsole, whose praises and constancy to the sun were the theme of many an old poet and religious writer, who loved to draw from it the lessons of constancy and devotion and to point the moral of the superiority of the constant flower to the inconstancy of man. The word 'Jerusalem' often a difficulty; many plants were so named, none of which came from Jerusalem, and the name was given either as a mark of exotic character, and sometimes perhaps from the idea that the plant came from the East, just as grapes were said to be of Constantinople, because that was their most celebrated mart. There are modern instances of the same practice of associating plants with places of which they are not natives. The Cherokee Rose, for example, is a delicate white rose, barely hardy in England, but growing well in America and Europe, and reaching its fullest luxuriance in Mexico and Teneriffe. It is a native of China, probably a variety of our common monthly rose, and was at some unknown time introduced into Georgia and other parts of the Southern United States. There it met with a congenial soil and climate, and when it came to Europe, bearing not only the trivial name of Cherokee Rose, but the scientific name of *R. Chamaemorus*, which, however, has given place to that of *R. laevigata*.

From their earliest days the Americans have shown a great talent for plant naming. The first settlers were not without

few ideas on the subject beyond that of connecting the plants of their new home with those of their native land, and they at once assigned English names to plants to which the English type was not allied. The same may be said of the names which they gave to their birds. In this way they gave the name of Mayflower to *Epigæa*, of Crowfoot to a *Geranium*, of Dewberry to a blackberry very different to our dewberry, of Goat's-beard to a *Spiræa*, of Fig to the *Opuntia*, of Hemlock to a pine, of Cedar to several plants that were not even Conifers, and every plant that climbed in any way they called a Vine. Many of these names we have adopted, and in one instance at least the American name has entirely displaced the old English title. Until the beginning of the last century 'pine-apple' was the English word for what we now call a fir-cone; but the early American settlers, naturally enough, transferred the name to that which bore a likeness to a gigantic fir-cone, forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that the plant was not a pine, and that the edible part could scarcely be called an apple; for the pine-apple is in no sense a fruit: it is but a collection of unopened flower-buds clustering round the stem, much in the same way as the shoots on a Brussels sprout, or the buds of the cauliflower. But the name was at once adopted, and with the curious result that the old English 'pine-apple' could no longer hold its own, and had to go back to the Greek, and call itself a fir-cone (κώνος).

Among all plant names probably none are more interesting than those of the Bible. An excellent little book on the subject appeared in England before the end of the sixteenth century: Newton's 'Herbal of the Bible,' taken chiefly from Lemnius. The whole subject has been well summarised in the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' where Sir Joseph Hooker clearly proved from his own observations in Syria that the oak of the Bible was not, as generally supposed, the terebinth, but a true oak, *Quercus pseudo-coccifera*, which is distributed through South and East Europe into Asia Minor and Syria. There it becomes a fine tree, but in England it seldom becomes more than a bush. The 'lilies of the field' have not been so clearly identified; many plants have been suggested, but the opinion which now finds most favour is that it is a general expression for all the beautiful flowers in which the Holy Land is so rich. The chief objections to this view are that there is no other instance of 'lily of the field' being used in that comprehensive way (as 'grass of the field' is used for all the green things upon the earth), and that κρίνον is almost too specialised a word to be taken in such a general sense. If it is a true lily, none can have

have a better claim to the honour than the scarlet Turk's-cap lily (*L. Chalcedonicum*), which abounds in Syria.

With Bible names we may connect the Saints whose names have been given to plants from very early times. In 1591 John Bauhin published a little book, '*De Plantis a divinis sanctisque Nomen habentibus*,' in which he collected from different authors all plants which had been so named. St. Peter, St. John, and the Blessed Virgin Mary have, as might be supposed, by far the greater number; but it is rather startling to find a special place of honour in such a list given to tobacco. But so it is; by five different authors mentioned by Bauhin it is named, not indeed after any particular Saint, but as if it were a specially holy plant, *herba sancta sana, Nicotiana sive Tabacum*.* That it should have had such honour paid to it on the Continent is the more remarkable when we remember, that Shakespeare, writing at the same time and with the keenest eye to everything about him, never once mentions the plant, or makes the slightest reference to it. After Bauhin's time there seems to have been no book specially devoted to saintly plant names till 1828, when there appeared a remarkable book, '*The Circle of the Seasons*,' by Thomas Forster, a very clever man, but one of the most successful literary impostors of the century. He allotted a Saint to every day in the year and almost a flower to every Saint, and supported his statements by quotations from poems of an antique character and by references to a work called '*Anthologia borealis et australis*,' which, without any suspicion, was freely quoted by Hone, and then by the Rev. F. Oakeley, in a very pretty little book, '*The Catholic Florist*.' But no one could find the '*Anthologia*' or the poems so freely quoted, and it was not until Forster was almost on his death-bed that it was discovered that no such book or poetry existed, except in his own MS. Since that time many books have been written, attributing different flowers to the Saints, some of which rest on good authority; but the number of English flowers with saintly names is not large.

From early times attempts have been made to popularize botany by insisting on the use of none but English names for all plants grown in England, whether native or exotic. It cannot be denied that the Latin names are, and always must be, a stumbling-block to many, and the number of scientific synonyms is another obstacle, though it will be largely removed by the '*Index Kewensis*.' No one would wish to lose even one of the old names of our native plants; they are a precious inheri-

* Spenser also calls it 'divine Tobacco' (F. Q. III. v. 32).

tance to us, and delightful links with our forefathers; and they have in many cases an inherent beauty and fitness which we could ill afford to lose. Even in the case of our exotic cultivated plants we would cling to the old names which have been handed down to us through the last three or four hundred years and more. But every effort to popularize plants by merely giving them English names has completely failed. In his 'Proserpina,' Mr. Ruskin ran a tilt against Latin names, chiefly on the ground that they had been no help in teaching him botany, and boldly proposed an entirely new system of arrangement and nomenclature. He suggested a plan which 'to be thoroughly good must be acceptable to scholars in the five great languages, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English; and it must be acceptable by them in teaching the native children of each country.' It is scarcely possible to imagine a system less fitted for its purpose than the scheme he proposed. He arranged all plants under thirteen classes with Greek names, beginning with *Charites*, which included Roses, Apples, and Strawberries, and ending with *Meirids*, which included *Conium*, *Papaver*, *Solanum*, *Arum*, and *Nerium*. Plants were classified according to their supposed moral or æsthetic qualities. Mr. Ruskin seems to have been quite serious in his suggestion; but no one else has taken it seriously, and the book remains as one of the prettiest of Mr. Ruskin's works, adorned with all the delightful language and beautiful drawing of which he is such a master,—a literary curiosity, and nothing more.

At present the great champion of the exclusive use of English names is the editor of the 'Garden' newspaper, who has not only invented a number of names and encouraged his readers to help him in inventing more, but continues to use such new names, and very often without giving a hint of the scientific ones, so that only a constant reader of the paper can guess what plant is spoken of. But the effort has not as yet succeeded, and we cannot wish it success. If it could possibly be carried out, it would end in our being isolated from all gardeners who did not speak or write English, and it would merely increase the present confusion. How little the use of English names only is a help can be seen by the loose way in which English names, as already mentioned, are applied to our native plants, the same plant having a different name in different counties, and often in the same county. A familiar instance of such confusion is the harebell and bluebell: the harebell of Scotland is the bluebell of England, and the harebell of England is the bluebell of Scotland. As to exotic cultivated plants, the adoption of English names will not rid us of synonyms. Every

one has a full right to give any name he likes to a plant, but no one can enforce it on others. Plant names can never be forced into growth; like the plant itself, the name springs up, no one knows how, and only custom can fix it. Horace's rule for names is everlasting; they can only spring and grow—

‘Si volet usus,

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus, et norma loquendi’;

and one curious result of this *usus* is worth noting, that many popular native names disappeared in favour of their classical rivals. We do not know for instance that there were ever any other names for Rose or Violet; but we do know that the now common names of Cyclamen, Crocus, Aconite, Orchis, Anemone, Arum, have quite superseded the old English names of these plants in every-day language.

We must draw to a conclusion. Plant names are to description what local colour is to a painting. They bring special scenes before our eyes. Of what use is it to read of a walk through a forest, surrounded by lovely blue flowers with dark green leaves, while overhead was the thick foliage of gigantic trees, among which pink or yellow orchids waved their long tresses, and gorgeous birds and butterflies flitted in every direction? The description is too general to enable the reader to realize the scene. In Mrs. Peary's account, for example, of her long stay in Greenland, it is tantalizing to read of the abundance and beauty of the flowers which appeared on the melting of the snow, without a hint as to what the flowers were, except the Iceland poppies. On the other hand, it is refreshing to read her husband's delight in the one flower which he saw at the edge of the great Ice Cap in lat. 81° 57' N., because he tells us it was a dandelion with a humble-bee buzzing round it.

‘Good alone is good, without a name,’ said the king in ‘All's Well,’ and poor Juliet in her distress tried to make out that there was nothing in a name; but in spite of the king and Juliet we hold the contrary opinion. The more a gardener knows of his flowers, the more he sees to love. So far from the study of their names leading him into dry, profitless paths, he will find that it will brighten much of his other labours in the garden, prove a resource to him indoors, and increase the interest of every part of his much-loved garden.

- ART. XI.—1. *Report of Select Committee on Irish Industries.* London, 1885.
 2. *Report of Royal Commissioners on Technical Education.* London, 1884.
 3. *Report of Royal Commission on Irish Public Works.* London, 1887, 1888.
 4. *Reports of Congested Districts Board, Ireland.* London, 1893-1895.

'We desire to adapt our remedy to the character of the country's needs. Our desire is to hold the scales evenly between the various sections into which the people of Ireland are divided, without distinction of creed or class. Our desire is to remedy every grievance from which any section of the Irish people can legitimately be said to suffer. Our desire is to establish an industrious peasantry in the ownership of the land which they at present cultivate, and, in those cases where the relation between landlord and tenant is not thus done away with, to do something at least to remove the friction which in many cases makes the relation between them a misfortune to both. Lastly, our desire is to be not only just, but generous, in promoting the industrial and material development of the country, and so to sow the seeds of future prosperity.'

THE above words with which Mr. Gerald Balfour closed his first address to the House of Commons as Irish Secretary afforded most satisfactory evidence, were evidence required, that the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury recognises to the full the nature of its responsibilities. But it is not quite so clear as every sincere Unionist must desire, that the public opinion of Great Britain is equally alive to the precise character of those responsibilities, or understands, as it ought, the unique importance of the present opportunity.

That there rests upon Great Britain, as the predominant member of the Imperial partnership of the United Kingdom, a direct moral responsibility for the welfare of Ireland, is a proposition that scarcely requires stating, so often and so generously has it been admitted and acted on,—during the present century, at all events. The important, but also the difficult, thing is to express this sense of responsibility in the right way. And the importance of this is as great to England as it is to Ireland. The latter is entitled to demand that measures taken in obedience to the dictates of Imperial duty shall be founded on such a right understanding of the problem as will ensure to the weaker partner the help she really requires; the former is not less entitled to expect the legitimate fruits of her honest desire to fulfil the duties of her position. It is equally super-

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fluous to argue that hitherto the statesmanship of the Empire has failed to satisfy either the needs of Ireland or the hopes of England. To the natural irritation born of frustrated hopes, of beneficent intentions baffled of their effect, of chagrin at the apparent failure of the applied remedies to produce any evident and material improvement, may be ascribed, more than to any other cause, the measure of reluctant acquiescence in a counsel of despair which Great Britain was induced to give to the theory of the Home Rule problem propounded by Mr. Gladstone. And now that she has recognised in that passing contemplation of surrender an abandonment of her duty both to Ireland and the Empire, now that she has refused to make the humiliating admission that the proper medicine for Ireland's disorders is not to be found in the pharmacopœia of British statesmanship, the responsibility and the duty are plainer than ever. More than ever is it desirable that the right and adequate remedy should be speedily applied, lest a fresh confession of failure evoke that final and deeper sigh of despair which may betoken an irrevocable repudiation of a great Imperial task. Within the lifetime of the present Parliament, if it runs, as may well be hoped, its full course, we shall reach the hundredth anniversary of the passing of the Act of Union. It is highly improbable, even in this age of centenaries, that the centenary of the Union will be celebrated with enthusiasm by either party to that great national bargain. But at least it should not be beyond the rational hopes of the Three Kingdoms, or more than their statesmen can contrive to accomplish, that the second century of the Union shall open with a fairer promise than the first has yet offered that the legal union between the two countries may in time become one of mutual affection and prosperity.

It is not, however, as we have hinted, quite so clear as we should like it to be, that the public opinion of Great Britain, though it expects the Government to preserve the tranquillity and promote the permanent prosperity of Ireland more effectually than its predecessors, recognises the conditions under which alone such expectations can be realised. Nothing can be more futile than the attempt to reduce to its strict arithmetical value the proportionate force exercised by the Home Rule question in influencing the verdict by which Lord Rosebery's Administration was condemned. But this at least may be safely asserted, that the chief source of the satisfaction which the prevailing political calm affords to the average citizen is the belief that owing to the decisive character of the Unionist triumph the Irish question, from a parliamentary
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point of view at all events, has ceased to be urgent. No doubt the man in the street is quite justified in coming to this conclusion. The Irish problem, in the unsightly shapes it has assumed for the last sixteen years, is no longer with us. Ireland, Mr. Healy and his rivalries notwithstanding, is at peace. Within the island there prevails a sense of security unknown for twenty years, joined to a general optimism, a hopefulness happily coupled with helpfulness, to which the present century scarcely affords a parallel. It is no part of our present purpose to analyse the sources of this unwonted quietude, upon which, as upon all political phenomena, opinions differ widely. We merely note the fact with satisfaction. But our satisfaction is modified by the reflection that John Bull is not unlikely to find in it a justification for the confidence with which he evidently contemplates the immediate future, and may forget that duties as well as advantages follow from the decision to which he came in 1895.

This easy attitude of English opinion is not without its dangers. It certainly places a preliminary obstacle in the path of those who are responsible not alone for the present peace, but for the future welfare of Ireland; and it tends to retard our statesmen in their endeavour to take full advantage of such an opportunity as in the long history of the relations between the two countries has rarely presented itself. For it makes it possible that England may forget that which it is her duty to remember. If the possession of a majority of 152 has conferred upon Lord Salisbury and his colleagues advantages for which their predecessors sighed in vain, if it has reduced to relative insignificance those who were for a time the arbiters of the fate of English Parliaments, the same circumstances impose on the Administration a duty and an obligation in regard to Ireland greater than the responsibilities of any less powerful Government. The recognition of this fact is the more desirable, because Ministers are neither able nor willing to ignore it. Whatever the intentions of the people in placing it in power, the Unionist party unquestionably appealed to the people for an explicit negation of the Home Rule demand. It has through its responsible leaders proclaimed its belief in the competence of an English Government, under the existing institutions of the Three Kingdoms, to satisfy the just claims of Ireland and to establish the material welfare of the country on the basis best suited to its character and resources. Its policy, as it has not unfairly been described by a Nationalist leader, is founded on the belief 'that without Home Rule the Imperial Parliament has the will, the time, and the capacity to govern Ireland properly.'

properly.' In a word, Lord Salisbury has to prove the case for the Union, and he has six years to do it in.

In stating the case thus broadly, we are far from seeking to exaggerate the task of the Unionist Administration. It would be ridiculous, as it is unnecessary, to ask for such a demonstration of the advantages of the Union as shall by the year 1901 have satisfied the Irish people, or a majority of them, that the connection with England ought to be maintained in their own interests. At the best it may be nearer sixty years than six before so profound an alteration is effected in habits of thought which have prevailed for six centuries. Irish sentiment, as Mr. Balfour, with a rare insight into Irish character, has observed, lives on memories and is fed on memories. And in Ireland memories die too hard for sentiment to alter otherwise than slowly and imperceptibly. No one who understands anything about the country need feel the least surprised, no matter how beneficent and successful the present Unionist régime may prove, to find the theoretical allegiance of Ireland to Home Rule expressed just as strongly at the next General Election as it must be admitted to have been proclaimed at the last.

But the appeal which has to be made is an appeal to sense as much as to sentiment, and the twofold proof to be offered is of the kind which can be submitted to practical tests. Before another General Election takes place, it has to be shown to Ireland, by intelligent sympathy with the general wants of the country and by a substantial amelioration of its social and industrial condition, that the Union is not only compatible with, but indispensable to, the rapid development of her material welfare. It has also to be shown to Great Britain, to that predominant partner into whose hands the iron law of invincible geography has for ever delivered the destinies of Ireland, that, without any undue demands on her generosity, without any excessive sacrifice of the parliamentary time which belongs to the Empire, such an advance can be made in the social and material condition of the island as will encourage the electorate to persevere in an Unionist policy, and to refuse its countenance to any English party which may still seek to identify itself with Home Rule. There need be no fear that the ready acceptance of such a policy by Great Britain will be jeopardised by the necessity of making considerable calls on her public spirit in order to effect it. Parliament is quite prepared for whatever legitimate efforts may be required of it in order to prove its ability to do for Ireland all that an Irish Parliament could effect; and much more will England be ready to show that, in return for an advantage to
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the Empire which she has elected to retain without the sanction of Ireland, she is able to do that which no Irish Parliament could achieve. Since she deems the Union worth having for her own purposes, she will assuredly be willing to pay for it.

The task that we have indicated, arduous as it is, is not too heavy for statesmanship to accomplish within six years. If it be not achieved, the failure can hardly be set down to lack of time alone: the burden and the blame of a fresh disappointment must rest, in part at least, with those who have undertaken to execute it. For it is a curious reflection that those eras upon which the brooding memories of Irishmen are prone to dwell with all the extravagance of the Celtic imagination, are among the briefest episodes in their history. Strafford, Cromwell, William the Third, have given their names to some of the best-remembered chapters in Ireland's story; yet the period covered by the longest of these was shorter than the legal life of Parliament. There is time before the new Chief Secretary and his colleagues which may suffice to fill a happier page than has yet been written in Irish annals, and to open out a field of progress in which men of all creeds and parties may heartily and continuously co-operate. The value of this last achievement, if performed, is as manifest as it will be inestimable. In every department of Imperial policy, save only the government of Ireland, the value of this principle of continuity has been fully recognised. It has always been applied by successive Governments to the problems of colonial administration; it has in the main and with rare exceptions regulated our dealings with India; and it has of late, though tardily, been admitted in the conduct of our foreign affairs. In Ireland alone has it been thought permissible to ignore this invaluable rule of statesmanship. The mistake of centuries is still persisted in, and England blows hot or cold with every change of Government. Thus the words used three hundred years ago by Edmund Spenser describe to-day, almost as accurately as when they were written, the methods of English administration:—

For this is the common order of them, that who cometh next in place will not follow that course of government, however good, which his predecessors held, either for disdain of himself, or to have his doings drowned in another man's praise; but will straight take a way quite contrary to the former: as, if the former thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reforme them, the next by discountenancing the English will curry favour with the Irish, and so make his government seeme plausible, as having all the Irish at his command; but he that comes after will perhaps follow neither the one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such

sort as he will sucke sweete out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poore countrie, which, if he that comes after shall seeke to redresse, he shall perhaps find such crosses as he shall hardly be able to beare, or doe any goode that might worke the disgrace of his predecessor.'

Such quaintly exact parallels to contemporary experience meet the student of Irish history at every turn, and measure the failure of centuries to work any real improvement in the methods or effects of government in Ireland. If history be rightly defined as philosophy teaching by examples, there are few such instances as Ireland affords of wilful or incorrigible disregard of its repeated lessons.

In their endeavours towards that justification of Unionism of which we have spoken, the Government will find themselves aided by the concurrence of certain favourable symptoms, not often present in the Irish body politic, in which it is not oversanguine to find encouragement and promise. Foremost among these must be reckoned the remarkable social quiescence of which we have spoken, and which, to whatever cause it should be attributed, the advent of a Government pledged to maintain the Union has done nothing to disturb. Nor does it seem likely that a renewal of those special difficulties with which Lord Salisbury's former administration had to cope need now be apprehended. Such disturbances as retarded, though they did not prevent, the initiation of the remedial complement to coercive legislation are happily not among the probable difficulties of the immediate future. The statement may sound a bold one: but the political calms of Ireland, though they naturally attract less attention, are scarcely less remarkable than her storms. If under the stimulant of political passion Ireland becomes the most turbulent of countries, she can be of all countries the most orderly when the period of agitation has passed. To English minds the Rebellion of 1798, the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, the Repeal Agitation of O'Connell, the Young Ireland movement, and the Land War of our own day, are apt to stand as an epitome of Irish history for the past hundred years. But it is forgotten that for twenty years from the Union, and for nearly as many from 1848, profound quiet in general prevailed. The truth is that even the Irish genius for politics is unequal, as a rule, to more than one agitation in a generation, and the warning of experience combines with the actual weakness of Irish parties and the probabilities of the case to promise an era of peace at least as long as the legal term of the present Parliament.

A second and equally favourable omen of success co-exists with the peacefulness of Ireland to give encouragement to
Ministry.

Ministers. We have alluded already to the unwonted optimism which at present prevails in the country, and which is by no means confined to the classes attached to the Union. The prevalence of a revived confidence, a general sense that a period of prosperity and progress has arrived which will of itself aid largely in producing the benefits it anticipates, will be denied by no one who for the last six months has followed the movements of Irish opinion. An atmosphere of expectancy is everywhere apparent, indicative of the belief that conditions are now present more favourable to a large-minded endeavour to develop the material resources and elevate the social welfare of Ireland than any that have been witnessed since the Act of Union was passed. No doubt the drawbacks to such a lively expectancy are sometimes as conspicuous as its advantages. But just now they are hardly so. Belief in the ability and desire of her rulers to promote her general well-being will go far towards ensuring success for the measures they may take to effect it. For the spirit now abroad is something more than a sense of favours to come, or a satisfied assurance that English money is going to be poured into the country. It is happily a spirit, as we have said, as much of helpfulness as of hopefulness. The period of the parliamentary recess has furnished remarkable instances not only of the desire for improvement, but of a readiness to participate in a serious endeavour to promote it. For the first time in the present generation at least a craving for social progress, a desire to promote the permanent welfare of the country, is proving stronger than those barriers of political and religious antipathy, jealousy, and suspicion which have long stood in the way of an united Ireland.

That premature or visionary schemes are mixed up with more practical proposals is only what might be expected. But the ventilation of the former need not delay the adoption of the latter. In all movements of ideas much that is ill-considered, harmful, and even impossible, is sure to be mingled with what is useful and expedient. The 'crank,' the 'faddist,' and the interested promoter of selfish schemes presented in the guise of public improvements find a golden opportunity for crying up their nostrums, and the multiplicity of suggestions must be bewildering to those whose duty it is to sift them. It is not difficult to imagine the Chief Secretary, as he sits in Dublin Castle endeavouring to separate the grain from the chaff, expressing in the same words the same weariness which Swift experienced more than a century and a half ago:—

'I am weary of so many abortive projects for the advancement of trade; of so many crude proposals in letters sent to me from unknown hands;

hands; of so many contradictory speculations about raising or sinking the value of gold or silver. I am not in the least sorry to hear of great numbers going to America, although very much for the causes that drive them from us, since the uncontrolled maxim that "people are the riches of a nation" is no maxim here under our circumstances: we have neither manufactures to employ them about, nor food to support them.

If the foregoing analysis of the existing situation in Ireland be at all accurate, it is plain that we have to deal with a situation of the utmost delicacy, which calls for the most prudent and yet the most sympathetic statesmanship. The young and tender plant of unity may easily be chilled by the frost of English indifference or neglect. The wistful yearning for rest from the vain strife of the last fifteen years may as easily be discouraged, and changed to the dull despair that may herald an angrier discontent. Belief in the will and capacity of the Government to foster the development of the country may give way to the old disdain of Saxon methods which is never far removed from an active effort to thwart them. It is therefore of the utmost consequence that there should be no avoidable delay in giving effect to the policy defined by Mr. Gerald Balfour in that part of the passage quoted at the head of this article which we have ventured to italicise, as indicating the true corner-stone of that edifice of prosperity which Unionists desire and expect to see reared in Ireland. In doing so it cannot, of course, be forgotten that the Government is equally pledged to legislation of a more familiar kind, and that Parliament will be called on to deal to some extent in the coming session with both the land and the education questions. For the present, however, it ought to be possible to fulfil all legitimate expectations in these directions, without raising in an acute form those great agrarian and denominational controversies which as yet, we fear, can hardly be divorced from the prejudices of long-standing animosities, political and religious. The problems which the Government have undertaken to deal with immediately are limited in their scope, and need not be enlarged. As regards the Land Bill, no great difficulty should be found in arranging for such a modification of Mr. Morley's measure of 1895 as will satisfy the fair claims of the tenants and the justice of the case. Large demands for a measure of compulsory sale have indeed been put forward, but these are the effect of the unsatisfactory working of the Land Purchase Acts rather than of any general dissatisfaction with the principle on which they are based, and a lubrication of its too complex machinery is all that is required to enable Mr. Balfour's Act of 1890 to operate.

operate smoothly and extensively. When the funds provided by that great enactment have been exhausted, it will be time enough to consider what steps may remain to be taken to complete the operation of creating a peasant proprietary. With respect to elementary education, the present Government is in a much better position than the last to deal with the difficulty of the Christian Brothers Schools. As for the demand of the Roman Catholic hierarchy for the creation and endowment of a Catholic University, the Government may fairly be excused from calling the attention of Parliament to such a proposition, until those who look for it have arrived at some agreement as to the form which it ought to take. With these large questions out of the way, the road is clear, and should be kept so, for those remedial measures which are necessary to the fulfilment of Ministerial pledges, and essential to the permanent prosperity of Ireland.

In recommending the promotion of the industrial and material development of Ireland we cannot too emphatically state our belief that the means to this end do not lie in the mere naked application of the vaunted principle of equality of treatment as between the Three Kingdoms. Equality of treatment is not justice to Ireland if it only means the same treatment; for that is not true equality which is applied with procrustean indifference to objects essentially dissimilar. To succeed at all, equality of treatment must be accompanied by an endeavour to produce as close an approximation of conditions as the measurable disparities prescribed by Nature will allow. In the dealings of a rich country with a poor one, generosity is involved in the idea of justice. It will be objected at once that this only asserts a truism, and that the legitimacy of the principle as applied to Ireland has been often admitted. But though the principle has been constantly enforced and illustrated by both political parties, the experience of half a century has proved that justice to Ireland does not consist simply in the application west of St. George's Channel of the political and economic doctrines successfully applied in Great Britain, even if tempered by eleemosynary largesse. The admission of Ireland to further political privileges has not produced political contentment, and the aridities of Whig economists moistened with doles have not effectively advanced her material prosperity. These latter, it may be hoped, have been finally abandoned by their authors; and broad-minded proposals for the development of Irish resources, in the mode best suited to Irish conditions, should no longer be encountered by the old shibboleths.

For in dealing with Ireland it is hardly enough to remember
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that the country is essentially different from Great Britain in natural resources and in its material and geographical conditions, or that, as Mr. Lecky has well said, the springs of spontaneous energy are much weaker in Ireland than in England. It must also be recognised as reasonable that Ireland should be compensated for such inequalities as are directly traceable to the errors of her history. To insist on the inviolability of economic laws, in a country which has been the scene of a violent and coercive breach of their most fundamental principles, is neither justice nor consistency. We have no sympathy, we need hardly say, with the extravagances of those who find in the restrictions placed on Irish commerce and the destruction of her woollen trade, the sole or even prime cause of the industrial backwardness of Ireland; nor, remembering how the commercial theories in vogue two centuries ago differed from the economic philosophy of to-day, can the criminal indictments brought against England in respect of these restrictions be sustained with any show of justice. But that Ireland suffered a civil wrong, for which she is entitled to reasonable damages, must, we think, be allowed. And those damages are still unpaid. It is indeed happily true that, throughout the present century, the equality of the Three Kingdoms in respect of their fiscal system and the conditions of commercial enterprise has been absolute. But it is undeniable that the restrictions which prevailed throughout the eighteenth century very seriously retarded Irish progress in the industrial race, and that they left Ireland, save for the one department of her industries which was almost continuously encouraged, unable to profit, as she might otherwise have done, by the facilities for industrial development which were offered her by mechanical inventions and improved locomotion.

The foregoing considerations sufficiently establish in our judgment the postulate with which we started, that obligations arising out of the common history of the two countries combine with due regard for her own interests and that of the Empire to impose on the predominant partner the duty of utilising immediately and effectively the opportunity which is now presented. What, then, are the measures which are required to place the material welfare of Ireland on a firm and durable basis, and how are these obligations to be met? Perhaps the feature which must be kept most constantly and prominently in view in any proposals for the development of the natural resources of Ireland is the almost purely agricultural character of the country. Setting aside Belfast and the linen-producing counties of Ulster, which are outside the problem we are dealing

with, there is no part of the island in which non-agricultural industries assume sufficient importance to give it the character of a manufacturing district. In 1891 the total rateable valuation of Ireland was roughly 14,000,000*l.*, of which no less than 10,000,000*l.*, or more than two-thirds, represented the valuation of agricultural holdings. Even where industries of some actual magnitude and yet greater potential value are found, they can scarcely be said to stand by themselves. Omitting agriculture, it is probable that in the south and west of Ireland the fishing industry gives employment to a greater number of hands than any other industry. Yet a Royal Commission has reported that of 19,000 persons engaged in the sea-fisheries in 1887, not more than 4,000 could be described as exclusively occupied with that employment. The remaining three-fourths are the amphibious occupiers of small agricultural holdings along the sea-coast, who are also the proprietors of small curraghs or fishing-boats, and who eke out the scanty proceeds of a farm which does not support them by the earnings of a precarious industry which they only half understand. It is obvious that this circumstance imposes important limitations on any projects of amelioration which cannot judiciously be overstepped. Owing to the universality of agriculture as the means of livelihood, the development of the poorer districts, where the need of other industries is most felt, can only be very gradual, and must be confined for the present to an attempt to occupy usefully the time and the hands that can be spared from the farm. If industries are to be planted and fostered among the people, it must be mainly by encouraging those home employments which can be pursued as adjuncts to the normal means of livelihood. Ambitious attempts to substitute the factory for the farm are certain to fail, and the manufactures of Southern Ireland must be confined almost literally to the products of what Bishop Berkeley finely calls 'that wonderful machine, the hand.'

Thus limited, the problem before the Government divides naturally into two branches. How is the industry of agriculture, which must ever be Ireland's main dependence, to be made more profitable? By what means are the subsidiary and cognate industries allied to or compatible with the pursuit of agriculture to be planted and encouraged? The first of these great questions is involved, of course, in its largest bearings, in the yet graver difficulty which is pressing for the attention of our statesmen in England even more than in Ireland; and it may be convenient, before we enter on it, to note what has already been done by public and private effort towards the development of the minor industries, and the degree

degree of encouragement which experience leads to the belief that they can be successfully stimulated. Such experience has been afforded in recent years by the operations of two bodies, one private and the other public, which have given special attention to the home industries of Ireland. The degree of success which has attended the efforts of the Irish Industries Association and the Congested Districts Board is a hopeful augury of the fruitfulness of a policy which will seek to work out the material regeneration of Ireland through the organization of her industrial resources.

The Irish Industries Association was incorporated in 1892 to organize the home industries of Ireland. Its object is to bring the various centres of these industries into communication with one another; to improve the designs used by the workers in them, and to aid in securing a speedy market for their products. Both the lace and the woollen homespun industries, with which the Association has been chiefly concerned, have long been identified with Ireland; but though never lost, they have been cultivated only spasmodically, and rarely with substantial results. The Industries Association found the lace-making industry in a very critical condition. Its decline was the almost inevitable result of the conditions under which it was conducted. It is easy to understand how a cottage industry, carried on without skilled supervision, and with no more training of young hands than the mother of a humble family can find time to bestow on her daughters, must deteriorate with each generation in the quality of the workmanship, and must lack almost absolutely that prime necessity of every industry and art, novelty or originality of design. For lack of efficient instruction and effective design, Irish lace, even in the best districts, had all but reached so low a level as to lose its market value. The Industries Association came to the rescue just in time to avert its final ruin. Through its efforts the chief centres of the industry have been given the advantage of systematic instruction, and provided with fresh designs. A yet more important service has been the revival of a market for the lace, which enabled the Association in 1894 to remit as much as 8,000*l.* to the workers in the country. The sum is not a very great one, but it proves that much can be done in a brief space to make a cottage industry profitable to those who pursue it; and the fact that three-fourths of the lace finds its way from the Irish cabin in which it is executed, to the milliners of Paris, testifies to the taste and skill which are brought to bear on its production.

Another cottage industry has given promise, under the foster-

ing care of the Association, of yet greater possibilities. That the weaving industry of the West has a future before it, prosperous enough to effect a material improvement in the welfare of Donegal and Mayo, has been abundantly proved by the joint experience of the Industries Association and Congested Districts Board in the last two years. The hand-weaving by which the cottiers of the North-west have long been in the habit of adding to the inadequate produce of their farms is a purely local industry. In almost every case the raw material as well as the labour comes from the farm. The wool is the produce of the cottier's sheep, sheared by himself; the washing, carding, and spinning are done by members of his family, and in Donegal the dyes are extracted from the lichen of the native rocks. But though a light, flexible, and durable cloth was thus produced in the cabins of the West, the problem of securing a market for his stuff proved too knotty for the peasant to solve; and, as with the lace industry, his produce has suffered from want of proper instruction and originality of design. These defects and drawbacks the Industries Association and Congested Districts Board have set themselves to remedy, the latter by placing improved appliances within easy reach of the weavers, and the former by providing an effective system of instruction and inspection, and by creating a market for such homespun as comes up to the standard of excellence which competition demands. At Ardlara, the chief mart for the South Donegal homespun, cloth to the value of close on 2,000*l.* was sold through the Association alone in the latter half of 1894; and prices have increased in the past eighteen months by from 3*d.* to 3*d.* per yard, the demand at present being much greater than the supply. Though slow at first to admit the desirability of new methods, the Donegal peasant has been induced to recognise the superiority of the new looms to the old, and to see that, with new patterns and more care, he can turn out a better and more attractive cloth, such as can find a ready market both in England and America. So great is the aptitude shown by the people for the cloth manufacture, that industries started in 1890 by Sisters of Charity for the relief of distress have within five years, by the aid of loans and capitation grants from the Congested Districts Board, developed into thriving woollen factories; and at Foxford a prosperous industry capable of affording employment to 150 hands has been established in one of the poorest and most congested districts in Ireland.

Such results as these afford sufficient testimony to the industrial possibilities of the West of Ireland; but though the system thus so successfully applied has been extended to other cottage industries,

industries, its operation has been limited to the poorest parts of Connaught and Munster. There is no reason why the spread of industrial activity should thus be confined. The methods of organization we have been describing, admirably as they have succeeded so far, can hardly be applied on a large scale. The funds of a purely voluntary society like the Industries Association are necessarily limited, and the resources of the Congested Districts Board have already been found altogether inadequate to its multifarious duties, of which that of aiding struggling industries is but a small part. If industries are to be established in rural Ireland, an effective system of industrial education is essential. As yet none exists. That it should be so is a somewhat melancholy and disappointing outcome of the time, the thought, and the public money which have been lavished on education in Ireland. But unluckily the money has for the most part been devoted to a system which has ignored or neglected the primary wants of the children entrusted to its training.

Excellent as is the system of the National Board Schools for imparting the literary education at which it almost exclusively aims, it has only given Ireland clerks where she wanted artisans, and supplied her with village politicians when she needed skilful tillers of the field. The National Schools turn out every year material enough to fill capably every vacant desk in the mercantile offices of the Three Kingdoms and the lower grades of the Civil Service; they scarcely produce manual skill enough to provide the labour for a single factory. The children are taught everything but the use of their hands, and the result is what might naturally be expected. Children who know nothing of industries cannot succeed in industrial life. Nor is it their ambition so to succeed. The purely literary education they receive imbues them in many cases with disdain for the work of the hands; and the consequences are disastrous, for there is not room in Ireland for the book-learning of the National Board pupils. Attempts have been made by the Board to remedy this state of things, but with very moderate success. It has not yet been proved that its agricultural schools are of much real value in teaching practical agriculture, while its efforts in other directions have not been more successful. 'Handicrafts for boys,' according to the testimony of the Board itself in its latest report, 'have not been taken up to any material extent throughout the country as a branch of school work'; a result which is not surprising, when the teacher is obliged to provide at his own risk the raw materials for technical instruction. Such effective help as the Board

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leads to industrial or technical education is vicarious, taking the form of grants in aid of qualified industrial teachers for convent schools. The business of industrial education has never been seriously taken up by the Board, and has been a mere adjunct to the literary education so efficiently imparted. The failure of the Board system has only been partly compensated by the remarkable success which has attended industrial teaching by institutions from which less was to be expected. It is to the Industrial Schools for her street Arabs and waifs, and to the Reformatories for her juvenile criminals, that Ireland mainly owes whatever measure of technical education she possesses; and there is surely something wrong in an educational system under which it is only from criminals and paupers that the industrial classes can be recruited.

That the prosperity of the labouring classes, not only in the poorer districts of the West, but throughout the country, could be materially improved by an efficient system of education in handicrafts and home industries, cannot be questioned. The success which has attended the Industries Association, the Congested Districts Board, the Industrial Schools, and several of the Convent and Christian Brothers Schools, sufficiently attests the fact. Nor is there any reason why the like success should not attend like efforts on a larger scale. We cannot too emphatically assert our belief that, until the importance of industrial education is recognised by the State as equal to that of purely literary instruction, the best efforts to foster Irish industries must often end in failure and disappointment.

But it is in the great industry of agriculture that the need of education and organization is most felt. It would be travelling too far afield to discuss the possible remedies for the long-prevailing depression under which in Ireland, as in Great Britain, that great industry has so long suffered. Irish interests are in this respect bound up with those of England, and she must look for improvement in her economic conditions to processes that, under the existing commercial policy of the country, even the most paternal Government can do little to influence. The recognition of this truth forms the basis and animating motive of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, a body mainly composed of the farming classes, which has in a comparatively brief period succeeded in doing what in Ireland has often been of all things most difficult. It has united for a common object men of opposite creeds and politics, and embraced within its ranks representatives of every grade of the agricultural community. We have spoken of the spread of a spirit of helpfulness as well as of hopefulness
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in Ireland; and the statement is surely justified by this fact among others, that a society, starting with the proposition that the Irish farmer must work out his own salvation, and with the declared object of teaching him 'that by his own intelligence, energy, and will he can do for himself what neither Government nor any outside power can do for him,' has taken firm root in the South of Ireland. The chief instrument by which this organization seeks to improve the condition of Irish agriculture is by the promotion of the principles and methods of co-operation as applied to farming industries. The co-operative system has, in more than one European country, produced astonishing results; and has, for instance, enabled Denmark to outstrip Ireland in the production of the very commodities in respect of which the latter once held an unquestioned supremacy in the English markets. It is claimed by the President of the Society, Mr. Horace Plunkett, M.P., that its members have benefited largely by its action, and the organization is daily growing in power. Whether it will be strong enough to resist adverse influences—its efforts to eliminate the profit of the middleman has provoked some hostility from the small traders in country towns—it is perhaps premature to predict. But as it has obtained the active help of Members of Parliament of opposite views, it may be hoped that the Society will not be killed, like too many other movements, by the frost of politics, and that it may even ripen, as its founders desire, into a permanent Chamber of Agriculture, representative of the whole country.

But while it is thus happily apparent that Irish agriculturists are able and willing to help themselves, it is not on that account the less, but the more, incumbent on Ministers to offer to a depressed industry whatever aid they may prudently afford. And there is one demand which is being put forward with a unanimity so general as to deserve sympathetic consideration. That an agricultural country should have a separate Board of Agriculture is not an unreasonable claim; and although it would be foolish to suppose—recent experience in England has provided a lesson to the contrary—that the establishment of a department will cure any of the more deeply-rooted causes of depression, such difficulties as are traceable to the defects of the administrative machine ought surely to be removed. In Ireland, where, even more than in England, the advice, guidance, and authority of a strongly constituted central body are needed, the supervision of agriculture is divided among a number of public departments of varying powers and sometimes conflicting interests. Without asserting that the separate functions exercised by the Privy Council, the Local Government Board, the

the Board of Works, the Irish Land Commission, and the Congested Districts Board, are otherwise than efficiently discharged, it is manifest from the bare enumeration of these bodies that there is not, in the relation of the State in Ireland to the greatest of Irish industries, that unity and simplicity of organization which it is evidently desirable to establish. The conceptions and the initiative of statesmanship cannot well be given effect to through a Circumlocution office; and were there no other object to be gained than the simplification of official machinery, the creation of a centralised Board would plainly be expedient. The creation of a Board of Agriculture, or, as we should prefer to call it, a Board of Agriculture and Industry, supported as it is by a consensus of opinion, both practical and political, and endorsed by every section of the Irish press, is however still more desirable for the help which an efficient department could give to the policy of fostering the industries allied to farming. What is really required is that the whole of rural Ireland should receive such sympathetic and intelligent supervision as the Congested Districts Board affords to the backward districts of the West. Of course we do not mean that all Ireland is a congested district or that it should be treated as such; but the Congested Districts are not all Ireland, and it would be a grave error, in considering how to improve the material welfare of the country, to attend only to the special needs of a part of the island which, though capable of vast improvement, is certainly not that in which the greatest additions may be made to the sum of national prosperity.

If Great Britain has as yet failed to ascertain how the material resources of Ireland may best be developed and made available for the benefit of her people, it has not been for lack of frequent and careful enquiry. While in her body politic she has endured a long course of experimental vivisection, Ireland has been the subject of equally continuous investigations into her material condition by all the means of diagnosis known to the State. The perennial poverty of the country has been the constant subject of discussion. Royal Commissions and Committees of the House of Commons without number have been appointed at the instance of successive Governments, as each fresh evidence of the backwardness of the country has forced itself on the attention of Parliament. They have, all of them, unfortunately been much more successful in indicating the opulent possibilities of the land, than in showing how these may be transformed into realities. They have remarked on the extraordinary natural facilities afforded by the climate, situation, and fertility of Ireland, and they have invariably proclaimed their inability to
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reconcile the natural wealth of the country with the unnatural poverty of her people. 'Man seems the only growth that dwindles here,' is the depressing conclusion which one draws from the optimist testimony contained in the reports of these enquiries, from the time of Sir John Davis to the present day.

It would be wearisome to refer in detail to the earlier of these numerous enquiries, and it is the less necessary because many of the suggestions resulting from them have been either fulfilled by legislation or condemned by experience. In recent years, however, the material condition of Ireland has been the subject of three separate and most interesting investigations. Of these, the proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Sir Hardley Wilmot, in 1885, and of the Royal Commission on Technical Education, which reported in 1884, and gave special consideration to the case of Ireland, are the most valuable as records of facts and evidence; while the Royal Commission on Irish Public Works, which sat in 1888, is the most important for the practical character of its suggestions. Though the immediate objects of the two enquiries were thus separate and independent, it is noticeable that they reached conclusions in many respects identical. Both attest the defectiveness of the agricultural system pursued in Ireland, and attribute it to the absence of proper means of education: both emphasise the importance, and are satisfied of the feasibility, of promoting handicrafts and home industries in the manner we have described; and both, it is remarkable to note, concur in indicating as the indispensable condition precedent to the development of Irish resources, the provision of increased facilities for the conveyance of goods and products.

The testimony to this effect was so complete that one of the first acts of Lord Salisbury's Government, on taking office in 1886, was the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into three great questions directly affecting the material and industrial development of Ireland. These were the condition of the Deep Sea Fisheries, Arterial Drainage, and the state of Irish Railways. The Commission charged with this threefold task was one of the most useful that has ever presented a report to Her Majesty. Like most effective Committees, it was small in number, and it was unbiassed by political considerations; at least, no politician sat on it. It was presided over by the late Sir James Allport, an engineer of great eminence in his profession, and a man of much practical sagacity, and its conclusions were presented in a report of unusual power and comprehensiveness. Indeed it is to be regretted that a State paper of so much value, summarising with so much lucidity
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such full and authoritative information, is not accessible in any convenient form, and lies embalmed in the imposing but gloomy and forbidding sarcophagus of a Blue-book. The conclusions at which this Commission arrived are worth recalling, and can be briefly stated. In reference to the Fisheries, it proposed an expenditure of 400,000*l.* for the provision of harbour works, and recommended the constitution of an effective loan fund for giving assistance to the fishing industry. With respect to drainage, it devised and recommended an effective and workable system of arterial drainage to be carried out by, and mainly at the cost of, the localities interested, but assisted and controlled, where needful, by an external State authority. Most important of all, it recommended considerable amendments of the law relating to railway extension under Imperial and local guarantees; it indicated the new lines most needed for the development of commerce, and the conditions of construction essential to their success; and it made certain far-reaching suggestions for the better management of the Irish railway system which it deemed to be necessary in the interests of trade and commerce.

The principles thus insisted on have been enforced in the Light Railways Acts, and in the policy which founded the Congested Districts Board. Through the latter body indeed many of the *denderata* we have mentioned have been supplied in the remote sphere of its operations. We have referred already to its successful participation in the revival of the woollen industry, and the results it has achieved in stimulating the Sea Fisheries of the west coast are evidence of the possibilities that lie before enlightened and continuous attention to the needs of struggling industries in Ireland. But while it is impossible to speak too highly of the zeal and assiduity with which the Congested Districts Board has done its work, it has become plain that the funds at its disposal, and in some respects its legal powers, are altogether inadequate to the task assigned to it by the Legislature. It ought perhaps to be added that a careful study of its reports conveys the impression that the Board is rather too eclectic and prone to sanction experiments a little prematurely. It may be worthy the attention of the Chief Secretary, should he elect to comply with the demand for an Irish Board of Agriculture, to consider whether, without destroying its distinctive and independent character, the Congested Districts Board might not be affiliated to the new department, from which it would derive an element of stability and authority in which, as at present constituted, it appears to be somewhat deficient.

Of the yet unfulfilled recommendations of the Allport Commission, its suggestions in regard to Irish railway management are in our judgment both the most important and the most practical. They agree with public opinion throughout the country; and we are persuaded that by no single step can the Government more effectually forward the policy to which it is pledged. The idea that the State is largely responsible for the development of Irish railways is not a novelty. The proposal, often mooted and recently revived, for the purchase of the Irish railways by the Government, is almost as old as the railway system itself. The notion of State railways was formally considered by a Royal Commission as long ago as 1836, before the great trunk lines were made; and it has been revived periodically, as experience has shown that the unaided efforts of Irish enterprise will never organize a really satisfactory system. It is not generally remembered now that in 1847, when Parliament was endeavouring to find means of alleviating Irish distress, Lord George Bentinck proposed, on behalf of the Conservative party, 'to stimulate the prompt and profitable employment of the people by the encouragement of railways in Ireland,' and, as an alternative to the system of relief works suggested by Lord John Russell's government, advocated the expenditure of no less than 16,000,000*l.* on the construction of railways. The suggestion was scouted at the time mainly on the ground of the undesirability of interfering with private enterprise, and what was called the commercial principle. Then, as always, the Whigs deliberately expressed their preference for eleemosynary doles as opposed to reproductive industry. Under the guidance of the Irish Board of Works, Government embarked on the most colossal misapplication of Imperial bounty of which history has any record; it devised with infinite ingenuity a number of roads to nowhere; and it threw the best part of eight millions of money into the Irish bogs. But the policy of aiding railway construction was so obviously reasonable that not long after his contemptuous rejection of his rival's proposal, Lord John Russell consented to the issue of 600,000*l.*, out of the Consolidated Fund, towards the promotion of Irish railways. The policy then sanctioned has ever since been pursued, and, within fifty years, upwards of 4,000,000*l.* have been advanced by the State in aid of railways.

While neither Parliament, nor expert opinion, as ascertained at successive enquiries, has ever sanctioned the proposal for the acquisition of the Irish railways by the State, there has been, upon the one hand, a general admission that they are not to be treated on the same footing as railways in Great Britain, and,

on the other, that their organization is defective and requires to be readjusted. The history of the connection between the State and the Irish railway system fully justifies the recommendations of the Allport Commission for State interference. These were very strongly put forward; and the verdict 'that Irish railway management combines want of enterprise and business qualities, coupled with a too narrow view of its own interests,' still remains applicable to most of the Irish companies. A few of the specific defects to which attention was drawn in support of this general statement have been remedied since the Commission reported; but the most serious of them still remain unattended to. They must, we fear, continue to exist while nothing is done to remove the worst blot on the Irish system, the multiplicity of companies. There are in Ireland fifty-five companies with some three hundred directors to conduct a traffic over less than 3,000 miles of rail. The obvious disadvantages which flow from this do not require to be stated.

The remedies suggested for these defects by the Allport Commission were, briefly, the amalgamation as far as possible of existing companies, and the establishment of an effective railway tribunal, administrative rather than judicial in character, strong enough to protect the public against the possible evils of a monopoly. Its ideal was thus centralization of railway management in the hands of a single board, which should be elected and controlled by an external department. The latter body, under the title of the Irish Railway Commission, was to have vested in it the powers of the existing Railway Commissioners, to have full authority to deal with all questions of railway management, and to be entrusted with the duty of arranging the terms of amalgamation. The question of rates it was proposed to deal with by separate legislation.

These recommendations, which we believe to be practicable, and to which we hope effect may yet be given, are based upon principles which have been recognised as valid in the Light Railways Acts, and have been illustrated by the operation of those enactments. Of the lines actually suggested by the Allport Commission as necessary to the expansion of industrial activity in Ireland, all but two have been laid, and with one or two others cover some 236 miles. But the truth of their observations as to the *inertia* of capital in Ireland is proved by the fact that not one of these commended itself on commercial principles to any of the principal railway companies. The support of the latter for the extension of their own systems had to be bought by free grants from the Government. But though it be true that, as stated by a witness before the Commission,

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'there is now no place in Ireland that a railway could be made to that would pay in the first instance,' the Government and the localities interested have wisely recognised that there are many in which the traffic ultimately to be gained and the industries indirectly fostered by railway extension, may often render it desirable on Imperial grounds to construct a railway which cannot be made on strictly commercial principles. A country may be capable of development, but incapable of developing itself; and when, as in the case of Ireland, that country is a part of the assets of a great and wealthy firm, it becomes not alone a matter of Imperial concern, but of actual commercial self-interest, to aid in improving it.

We lack space to advert to other methods by which the desire of Great Britain to promote the prosperity of Ireland may be prudently forwarded; but there is one, to which attention has often been drawn, which we should be glad to see effectively adopted. The destruction of the once extensive forests of Ireland has often been deplored. It is undeniable that the want of trees in Ireland is and has long been felt in many directions, and the means of providing them have often been considered. Arthur Young, in his 'Tour in Ireland,' comments on the destruction of the old forests and the importance of replacing them; and though there be some exaggeration in his statement, 'that no application of the best land in that kingdom will equal the profit of planting the worst of it,' there is no doubt, that of the five million acres of waste land in Ireland, at least half might be usefully planted. In recent years the subject has been very carefully enquired into, and the evidence given before Sir Eardley Wilmot's Committee points to the desirability of an extensive and scientific system of forestry in Ireland. No doubt some of the proposals which have been put forward have been hardly practicable, and have even been made ridiculous by the over-optimism of the enthusiasts who have recommended them, and who have revelled in the contemplation of an arboreal El Dorado, in which a hundred millions of money lie concealed. But though it is not likely that planting can be made a direct or immediate source of wealth, it can play an appreciable part in the development of agriculture and industry in Ireland. On the west coast the want of trees as a shelter against the influence of the Atlantic affects most injuriously the attempts to develop that region. It has been proved that, despite its exposure, trees grew there formerly; and the experience of the Congested Districts Board, though not uniformly satisfactory, is already sufficient to show that they can be made to grow there again. It is certain that the effects of planting in affording shelter for crops, in prevent-

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ing the denudation of land in river-beds and the consequent silting up of navigable streams, and in facilitating drainage, are neither fanciful nor remote.

A further advantage which would accrue from planting is worth considering. Ireland, its Killarneys and Avocas notwithstanding, is not so attractive in the variety or charm of its scenery as the Tourists' Association would have it supposed. To quote Arthur Young again, 'The greatest part of that kingdom exhibits a bleak, dreary view for want of wood'; and the century and a quarter that have elapsed since this criticism was passed have not wholly freed it from this reproach. Tourists cannot be brought to Ireland or anywhere else by Act of Parliament, nor can they be expected to come from motives of benevolence. Even railway extension and the provision of hotel accommodation may fail, if the country be deficient in natural beauty to attract them. Plantation is sorely needed from this point of view in Central and Western Ireland, to soften the gloom of its barren waste lands. And its effects would not be merely æsthetic. It would unquestionably enhance the value of a quantity of land which is now almost worthless, by giving it a letting value for shooting and fishing. Scotland, a century or so ago, as readers of Dr. Johnson's *Tour* there will remember, was almost barren of timber. It is not so now; and the fancy prices which Scotch proprietors can command for their deer forests and shootings are largely owing to the good sense of their grandfathers in attending to forestry.

We are of course aware that there are serious difficulties in the way of any large scheme of planting. Private enterprise is usually slow to undertake it, even where the circumstances are otherwise favourable. The outlay is large and the return remote. Yet it may be remembered that though a man may not live to sell the trees he himself has planted, a ten years' old plantation will add not only to the beauty, but to the saleable value of his land. In Ireland this natural difficulty is not the only one, but is aggravated by the existence of grazing rights over even the most worthless tracts which the people will not readily abandon. Though nearly a fourth of the land of Ireland is waste, there is hardly an acre that can be said to be unoccupied. This difficulty has been felt by the Congested Districts Board, whose forestry operations have been practically stopped by these rights. Any further steps in this direction must be preceded by taking powers to acquire these rights; and, as was done in the case of the enclosure of manors, by compensating their owners or providing them with land in exchange for the wild sheep walks on which the peasantry graze their stock.

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We have endeavoured to indicate the path upon which, as it seems to us, the Unionist Administration can most safely and expeditiously proceed in its policy of developing the resources of Ireland. But it would be a mistake to ignore altogether certain sentimental considerations which weigh more powerfully with an imaginative people than the practical sense of England is apt to allow for. It is impossible to be too practical in the actual means taken to develop the industries of the country, but that should not preclude sympathetic appreciation of the natural aspirations of Irishmen, so far as these can be satisfied within the principles of the Constitution. To give prosperity to the country, and in doing so to change if possible the attitude of chronic disaffection into one of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution of the Three Kingdoms, must be the end and object of British statesmanship in Ireland. To that object broad-minded measures for securing the material well-being of the country are the first essential. But there is a means of reinforcing the effects of these efforts by an appeal to the imaginative side of the Irish character which has, we think, too long been neglected. The influence of the Crown as the golden symbol of Imperial unity might, we believe, have real efficacy. It can hardly be said that the most has been made of this influence, though Ireland has not been backward in its personal loyalty to the throne when it has had an opportunity of showing it, and this for a reason so well expressed by an old writer that we need not seek to improve on it. 'I joyne with their laws,' says Sir John Davis, commenting on the effect of the Statute of Kilkenny, 'the personall presence of the King's son, as a concurrent cause of this reformation. Because the people of this land, both English and Irish, out of a naturall pride, did ever love to be governed by great persons.' Loyalty is, like most emotions, a reciprocal feeling. It cannot manifest itself in the people if it be not sought for by the prince. The kingdom of Ireland sees too little of its Royal Family, and their frequent presence would have a valuable effect.

In saying this, we are by no means to be taken as sympathising with the criticisms by which the Viceroyalty has so often been assailed. That institution has been denounced as an anachronism which ought not to have survived the Union, as a useless extravagance, as a sham Court, as a badge of inferiority keeping alive the idea of the separateness of Ireland, while denying it a Parliament. Nevertheless, the arrangement, with all its drawbacks, has never been really disliked in Ireland. Viceroys have sometimes been unpopular, but the

Viceroyalty

Viceroyalty never ; and its retention in some form is inevitable as the visible ensign of the majesty of the State. But the functions of royalty are best discharged by royal personages. In the first three centuries of English rule the Sovereign was frequently represented in Ireland by princes of the blood. It is time that, if possible, the Sovereign should be so represented again. The members of our royal house have long been distinguished for their assiduous discharge of the high public functions that fall to them. We venture to affirm that the member of the Royal Family who should undertake the task of representing the Queen in Ireland would render a high public service to the Empire and give sincere gratification to a large section of Her Majesty's subjects. In such an arrangement the political functions of the Lord Lieutenant would, of course, be absorbed by the Chief Secretary, who would become a Secretary of State.

In the views we have ventured to put forward we have confined our attention to questions which clearly and indisputably belong to a social and industrial programme. We have eschewed, as far as possible, all contentious topics, preferring to deal only with those which might reasonably be the subject of deliberation at such a conference as Mr. Horace Plunkett's proposed Recess Committee. We have for example omitted the subject of Private Bill legislation, as possibly trenching in some aspects on the Home Rule controversy ; though we are inclined to hold that both in Scotland and Ireland enterprise is often hampered by the prohibitive cost of promoting Bills at Westminster, and that a reform of the system under which matters manifestly of purely local concern are referred to London should not long be delayed. A summary of our suggestions embraces the creation of a Board of Agriculture and Industry, armed with the powers and charged with the duties now distributed among a number of departments ; an extension of the powers and resources of the Congested Districts Board, which might be affiliated to the new department ; the provision of an effective system of industrial education ; the encouragement of extensive forestry operations on the barren waste lands of the West ; the further development of Light Railways, and the re-organization through State intervention of the Irish railway system ; and such an arrangement of the respective duties of the Viceroyalty and the Chief Secretaryship as will make it possible that the functions of the Viceroy should be undertaken by a member of the Royal Family. With some of these questions, it is certain that the Government will attempt to deal ; and it is earnestly to be hoped that Parliament
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and the nation will treat the proposals of Ministers in no niggard or pedantic spirit. Should they so treat them, and should legislation in these directions be in consequence defeated or delayed, an error will have been committed which Parliament and the Empire may long have cause to mourn. And the error will not have the excuse of ignorance, for it will be a deliberate persistence in the mistakes which the experience of two generations has condemned in no ambiguous fashion.

That the lack of capital has combined, with the absence of a peasant proprietary from an agricultural country, to retard the material development of Ireland, is by no means a recent discovery. It has been deplored through the century by every statesman and publicist who has given attention to the subject; but unfortunately Parliament, though it lamented the absence, long refused to permit the introduction of capital in the only form in which Ireland could be sure of getting it; namely, as the contribution of wealthy England to impoverished Ireland. When early in the century the attention of statesmen was first directed to the expediency of seeking the solution of the Irish problem in the development of the material resources of Ireland, the economists of the day professed to have discovered the primary source of all the woes of Ireland in its lack of capital. They were equally certain that no difficulty would be found in remedying so patent a defect. And their confidence was hardly astonishing. They saw an island in the full enjoyment of the same civil privileges as England, with the same commercial system, and with a large surplus population apparently only waiting to be employed. They saw that, owing to the poverty of the country and its over-population, owing to the consequent excessive subdivision of holdings, and owing in part also, it must be allowed, to the absence of thrift from the catalogue of Irish virtues, there was little likelihood that capital could be generated by the processes usual elsewhere. They saw Ireland, with apparently the same facilities as England for the extraordinary material growth which marked the second quarter of the century, standing still in the race. And they saw all that in other countries aided the expansion of commerce—great navigable rivers, immense water-power, considerable mineral wealth—left idle and useless. They recommended the remedy which English experience naturally suggested. Viewed from the English standpoint, what fairer field could be found for the reproductive investment of the accumulated wealth of England? Ireland wanted railways to open up the country; she needed better methods of cultivation to enable her to reap the full benefit of the fertility of her soil; she needed to have her natural resources,

resources, her fisheries, and her mines brought within reach of the outer world. The magic word Capital seemed the open sesame before which the forbidding doors of poverty were to be flung open and an Ireland of industry, opulence, and content revealed. But, though the discovery was made and duly announced, capital refused to come. English wealth sought new outlets all over Europe, all over the known globe. But it never came to Ireland. And thus, while in Great Britain the nineteenth century unfolded year by year its marvellous roll of progress, of unparalleled enterprise, Ireland remained stationary, the forgotten and unvisited lumber-room of a mansion in which all else had been transformed.

The horrors of the famine years once more compelled attention to Ireland's condition. Again the same discovery and the same disappointment. Again the high priests of political economy deplored the absence of capital and prophesied its introduction. But they persisted in applying the English standard to Ireland. They would not hear of any interference by the State with the normal operation of economic laws, though it was patent that economic laws had only operated to exclude Ireland from the race of industrial progress. They intoked the great commercial principle which had worked in Great Britain with such splendid results; and they protested against the sacrilege which would contaminate the sanctity of private enterprise by State interference. They were willing, indeed, to be the almoners of the magnificent benevolence of England, to advise grants of public money for the relief of distress as large and generous as they proved to be demoralising. They were ready to start public works which could be of no permanent advantage, and to provide the wages of temporary and useless labour on a scale so lavish that, in the picturesque but scarcely exaggerated language of Mr. Disraeli, 'we beheld a nation breaking stones upon the road.' But with the slavish deference of doctrinaires to the fetish of their theories, they refused then and for long afterwards to allow the State to expend a single sixpence in beneficial, permanent, and reproductive improvements. Nor was it until the spoliation of a Church had supplied the resources that they consented to do their principles the violence of employing, for the benefit of Ireland, capital which they were precluded from devoting to other than Irish purposes.

The history of Ireland for seventy years is a history of repeated and persistent efforts to apply the commercial theory to a country in which it can never have free play. No endeavour to assist or improve her industrial position can be

successful which does not fully recognise the vast differences of conditions for which allowance has to be made. Yet, save in the measures passed through Parliament in the latter half of Mr. Arthur Balfour's Irish Administration, they have not been taken into account in the many measures for the amelioration of the state of Ireland which Parliament has adopted. Ireland is still in many respects as much an undeveloped estate as those distant colonies to whose claim to be brought effectively within the ambit of the Empire, by a judicious use of Imperial credit, Mr. Chamberlain has recently called attention. And if it be found possible, by invoking the assistance of the State, to revive industrial activity in the South and West of Ireland, England will do well to judge of such a policy by some less rigid rules than those she is in the habit of applying to her own more fortunate case, and may well defer to the practical rule of conduct laid down by Edmund Burke: 'It is a settled principle with me to make the most of my actual condition; and not to refuse to do a proper thing because there is something else more proper which I am not able to do.'

We will not affect to suppose that the result of such a policy as we have been discussing would be immediately apparent in the political attitude of the majority of Irishmen, or that in pursuing it Parliament would find itself rewarded and encouraged by the gratitude and approval of those in whose behalf it is undertaken. For it has happened before, and may happen again, that the innate suspicion of change, the settled and even stagnant social Conservatism which is a marked feature of the Irish character, has been as powerful as the purely political desire to embarrass the Government by preventing the people from taking their proper share in the work of their own regeneration. It is a curious fact, but one which no one well acquainted with Ireland will deny, that the chronic political discontent of the people has had its counterpart in an equally chronic social contentedness which has had its share in the causes that have kept back the country in the race of progress. Paradoxical as it sounds, contentment has been a scarcely less powerful obstacle than discontent to the industrial development of Ireland. An easy acquiescence, half helplessness, half indolence, in the conditions of every-day life, has caused the Irish cabin to present for centuries the strangest contrast between political discontent and social happiness of which the world affords an example. We believe, however, that we have not exaggerated the extent or the power of the changed spirit of which we have spoken, and which, shared as it is by men of all parties, creeds, and ranks, should prevent the people from standing

in the way of their own self-interest. It is in that assurance that we have thought it expedient to call attention to the present aspects of the Irish problem, as we believe it to be modified by recent events. Convinced that whatever difference of opinion there may be as to details, the validity of our main propositions is unimpeachable, we invite for them the attention of the public in the spirit which animated Edmund Spenser, when, three centuries ago, he recommended the application of very different remedies to the same inveterate disease:

Thus have I, Endirius, as briefly as I could, and as my memorie would serve me, run thro' the state of that whole country, both to let you know what it now is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment. Not that I take upon me to change the policy of so great a kingdome, or provide rules to such wise men as have the managing thereof, but only to shew you the evils, which in my small experience I have observed to be the chiefe hinderance of the reformation: and, by way of conference, to declare my simple opinion for the redresse thereof, and establishing a good course of government.

So far we have spoken only of England's Opportunity in Ireland, and of the policy which, in our opinion, it is the duty of Unionists to adopt. From that policy we trust that no wars or rumours of wars will divert our statesmen. But recent events warn us of the possibility, that a section of the Irish people may seek in our European or American difficulties an opportunity against England. If there is any disposition on the part of professional politicians in Ireland to pass from reasonable bluster to treasonable action, we have every confidence that our Government, while still pursuing a policy of conciliation, will meet such disaffection with the firmness, vigor, and decision which have made, and can alone maintain, the greatness of the English nation.



THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Life and Letters of George John Romanes.* Written and edited by his Wife. London, 1895.
2. *Christian Prayer and General Laws, being the Burney Prize Essay for the Year 1873.* By George J. Romanes, M.A. London, 1874.
3. *A candid Examination of Theism.* By 'Physicus.' London, 1878.
4. *Thoughts on Religion.* By the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Canon of Westminster. London, 1895.
5. *Mind and Motion and Monism.* By the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London, 1895.
6. *Darwin and after Darwin.* Part II. Post-Darwinian Questions. By the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. London, 1895.

WE offer a cordial welcome to the book which stands first on our list. Mrs. Romanes has brought to her task not only the intimate knowledge and warm sympathy of a wife; she has also shown the high purpose and the deep interest in modern trials of thought, without which no account of her husband would be complete. We use no conventional words of praise when we say, that the memory of Romanes will be cherished by all who in any measure learn what manner of man he was. Nor can any book so vividly portray his fine character as this biography, which paints the man in his home life and among his friends. A few pages written by one of his children will do much to make strangers understand him. It is right that a child should contribute to the biography of one who loved children warmly, and, because he had their own

singleness of heart, always made them happy in his society. In saying this, we do not mean to suggest that his own systematic writings do not reflect his personality. On the contrary, he had no professional pursuits which were not linked to his deeper mental interests; and his controversial writings, like his scientific experiments, were sustained by the same spirit of earnest enquiry which was the motive power of his personal development. But it is precisely this unity of work and character which is here represented with success.

Mrs. Romanes has not failed to give welcome guidance to those of her readers who are not naturalists. But we think that she has judged rightly in leaving her husband's experimental work to speak for itself, and has touched lightly on the question which it raises,—a question that is difficult in itself and surrounded by the conflict of strong convictions. She has associated the record of scientific investigations with letters, which, in marked contrast to the reserve of his published works, reveal her husband's gifts of affection and loyalty of nature. Conspicuous among these letters are those which pass between him and Darwin. Here the discussion of great scientific subjects is irradiated by the warmth of friendship. It is to this correspondence, doubtless, that many readers will in the first place turn. But the 'Life' will not remain in the hands of anyone merely as a storehouse of 'Darwiniana.' Those who buy it for the sake of the master will learn to value it for the personal and scientific worth of the pupil. In itself the disciple's attitude is touching. Those who love others generally command love in return, and the ideal affection which Romanes felt for Darwin prepares us for the warmth with which his own memory is cherished by his surviving friends.

We do not propose to review in detail the features of a book which many of our readers will already have studied for themselves; neither shall we dwell upon the history of the special scientific work which Romanes did in regard to mental evolution and the completion of the Darwinian theory. Our purpose rather is to trace the central stream of his mental history, which represented a current of recent thought so strong that, with obvious reservations, it may be called the movement of the age. He represented its earlier—we hope that he also foreshadowed its later—progress.

The age has been one of exultant physical science,—justly exultant and splendidly laborious;—an age of great and greatly appreciated savants. Romanes was a true man of science, thoroughly at home in its world, better acquainted, probably, than any man now living with the whole range of biology, and

in special regions of it a hard and successful worker. He had the true scientific temper, insatiable in the appetite for facts, eager to put all statements to proof, resourceful in devising fresh lines of enquiry. Exact in defining the conditions of research, jealously watchful for failures in methodical verification, he was also confident in that use of hypothesis which has borne so eventful a part in modern science. The age has been physiological by preference, speculative even when most anti-metaphysical, Darwinian when most rebellious against authority. Romanes was the loyal friend and disciple of Darwin, a speculator, who sought to extend the doctrine of evolution in ground which his master had left unoccupied, and, both in the old and in the accepted sense of the word, a physiologist.

But the age has also been one of faith, or at least one of religious enquiry and discussion, intensely interested in efforts to state everything in terms of its new knowledge, eager to settle, whether by reform or extirpation, the relations between its science and its creed. Romanes was a religious enquirer, more earnest than any tendency of thought or mode of literature can, even by a figure, be said to be. He longed, as only individuals can long, for certainty and for the knowledge of God,—for God, if so it might be, but, at any price, for certainty. He was a man, not of religious thought only, but of faith,—of faith which, through the strain and stress of inward conflict, fights out its own place among the living. Here, too, we may hope that he was like the age, which has discovered that faith is a hard, and even a rare, thing, but which will not conclude that the act of belief is less likely to be real, because its difficulties exact from us the fullest use of all our powers.

In other points the course which Romanes followed resembled that which is pursued by the age. His mental progress may, we think, be distinguished by four stages, more or less clearly defined.

Starting from a traditional orthodoxy, he, in the first place, parted from his religion on a supposed theoretic necessity. The impression created by a selection of things was allowed to overpower the effect of the whole; the deepest convictions of the mind were sacrificed to a criticism of one of its expressions; the fortunes of Christianity were staked on an argument from design which seemed to be contradicted by enlarged knowledge. Secondly, like modern thought, Romanes looked for a new religion which should be on better terms with modern science,—a religion which might stand to reason and by a process of elimination might be purged of offence. Like modern thought

again, Romanes did not so much fail to find this new religion; he rather rejected it when found, because it had no title to the name which it claimed.

The third stage through which he passed was the purification of agnosticism; the careful limitation, that is, of the realm of natural science and of the inferences which it supports. Would it be fair to say, here also, that he represented the stream of cultivated opinion? Certainly not, if the current of opinion is really strong which seeks to fill with an irrational religion the void that is created by learned agnosticism. At any rate this was not his line of advance, and we make the assertion confidently, though his use of the word 'reason' in his 'Thoughts on Religion' may literally admit of the notion which we contradict. He followed neither of the two methods of irrationalism,—neither that of compartments which degrades religion by a divorce from reason, nor that nihilistic one which enthrones religion on the shattered ruins of science. Such an irrationalism is really the enemy of true religion. Under the mask of a reaction against materialism, it veils only sickness of thought and distaste of trouble. If it could succeed, it would destroy the patient work of critics and apologists. Moreover, all unbelief, and unbelief of science as much as any other form, makes for schism. It is a bad thing when people who are at odds in matters of faith, instead of trying to come to terms with each other's certainties, console themselves with a balance of scepticisms, each being 'immune' to the other's special doubt, and each secure in his own doubt against the other's special truth.

Romanes' third stage was not the disparagement of reason, but a careful attempt to define the realm of science and scientific inference. From this he entered a fourth stage,—the examination of faith as a fact and in its moral use, and the clear appreciation of the necessity of faith if the world is what faith reports it to be. From the speculative view of faith he passed to the practical question,—How does it act? Granting for the moment its worth, what are its methods, and what its sources of strength? Here, too, we think that Romanes represents a remarkable change, which has passed over men who profess to regard religion from the outside. As an illustration of our meaning we may quote the remarks of a distinguished Frenchman, who is speaking of the encouragement that Christians may derive from the attitude of modern enquiry:—

'Il y a autre chose encore, il y a ce respect des faits, qui aujourd'hui à l'ordre du jour: un fait c'est une chose qui s'impose tous en dépit des systèmes . . . et le Christianisme n'est pas

hors les faits, hors la loi de la science. C'est très considérable, Messieurs.' (M. Ollé Lapruné, 'Revue du Clergé Français,' 1 Juillet 1895, p. 202.)

M. Ollé Lapruné is speaking of external facts; but the remark may, we think, be also extended to interior facts. Once it seemed useless for those who claimed no faith to examine its natural history. But now realism occupies itself with religion in all its forms. Men search the Bible not only for matter which they may believe, but for directions for gaining the power of faith; they seek in its pages something of the intellectual clearness and moral splendour of its writers. The change from an abstract to a practical study of faith is indeed one of the hardest and most important steps. It requires more moral effort, and makes a larger demand on the character, than any change but the transition from the study to the exercise of faith.

This final stage of the exercise of faith lies beyond the four steps of mental progress which we have briefly indicated and now propose to retrace. From first to last, the inner conflict, it must be understood, was carried on in the midst of special scientific work which Romanes never discontinued, and did not affect the strictly scientific convictions from which, as his posthumous volume shows, he never swerved. Presenting parallels to a general movement, his course has, perhaps, been rarely repeated in individuals. He was one of those men who are fitted for that intimate apprehension of God which Newman calls a 'real,' as opposed to a 'formal,' faith, and which is closer than most men either require or attain. The largeness of his capacity for religion shut him off from many of those succours by which others sustain their march, and interposed a long delay before he finally reached his goal. Had the result been other than it was, many of his closest friends would have been faced, not only by a great grief, but by a great difficulty. If the barriers had not fallen, a devout heart, a character of singular beauty, abundant gifts of charity, courage, and gentleness, might have seemed to stand as an effect without their adequate cause. All who knew him, knew that, as was said of Scott, 'warmth of heart and frankness of love were the centre of his nature.' From its essential quality, his genuine humility could not be so widely known. But it formed an important element in that intellectual history, which, with the aid of the 'Life' and of his own published writings, it is our purpose to trace in fuller detail.

George John Romanes was born of Scottish parents at Kingston, Canada, in 1848. On his own initiative he left the
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Scottish Establishment to join the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and went up to Cambridge with the clear convictions which such a step implies. But already, in his second year, a change of mind was produced by his reading. He was as much repelled by Paley as he was attracted by Darwin. He did not yield to the new influences without a struggle, but, after taking his degree in 1870, prepared to write for the Burney Prize an Essay on 'Prayer,' in the hope that the necessary studies might dispel his difficulties. His Essay gained the Prize, and its vigorous, compact treatment of the subject shows no trace of the difficulties under which its author laboured. It was composed in the midst of mental disappointment,—to use the words of Romanes himself, in 'loneliness and desolation,'—and for the most part was dictated from bed, where he was slowly recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

One point which is clearly evidenced by the Essay must be mentioned,—the wish to retain and confirm his belief. Those who regard his history only from the outside might be tempted to explain his final return to faith by the overpowering force, acting upon a sinking life, of the desire to find happiness in religion. Such an explanation is erroneous and inadequate. If the wish to believe must be credited with his later movements, it must be credited also with his earlier. The desire remained when Romanes was in the full vigour of strength and happiness; it belonged no more to the physical weakness of the close of life than to the exuberant power of successful manhood; though working in a different manner, it characterised equally the beginning and the end of the long struggle between rationalism and assent.

In 1878 Romanes published, under the pseudonym of 'Physicus,' his 'Candid Examination of Theism.' The book expresses the result of a considerable period of thought. Completed in 1875, its publication was delayed in the hope of further light. It is a vigorous and earnest work, marked by strong feeling and ready power, stating its argument clearly, and pushed to the furthest point within the author's view. There are few signs of the wish to reserve any questions or of misgiving as to the answers. The conclusion is as near pure materialism as a logical conclusion will permit, and the argument finds its strength in the destruction of Teleology by the doctrine of Natural Selection,—not, be it observed, Evolution simply, but Natural Selection as providing a mechanical substitute for intelligent design. The utilitarian philosophy comes in as an ally, corroborating by a separate analysis the genesis of conscience from the persistence of matter which has been
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divined by evolutionary speculation. By the two allies every problem, which admits of any examination at all, can, it is urged, be solved on mechanical lines. Conscience is thus explained 'in every detail'; 'the hypothesis of mind in nature is as certainly superfluous as the persistence of force and matter is true.'

Though the volume contains many things of which these two sentences offer no suggestion, they fairly represent the elements which for our purpose are important. Much is involved in the estimate of Mill as a 'great and accurate thinker'; but the true spring of the argument is the doctrine of development by Natural Selection. It would indeed be deplorable, if a theory which has done, and is doing, so much for science and the world were really antitheistic, and if so helpful a thought were doomed to go to pieces on the rock of Christian convictions. We do not for a moment believe that such is its tendency or its fate. It affects Theism only as the discovery of America affected it,—by widening our view of the effect of which Theism proposes the cause. To Romanes, indeed, as to most people even twenty years ago, Evolution gave a new face to immemorial troubles. To him, as to others, the balance of the fight seemed fatally altered. As 'Physicus,' and long afterwards, he insisted that the old defenders of Christianity were right; they had the known facts on their side; but now new facts had come to light, and the battle against belief was decided by overpowering reinforcements. We have alluded to the enthusiasm with which Darwin had inspired Romanes. It was an enthusiasm permeated by dismay.

'Never,' he writes, 'in the history of man has so terrific a calamity befallen the race as that which all who look may now behold advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, engulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless destruction.'

It is not so much the despair that is to be here noted as the consideration that an objective change, so to speak, has transformed the world of thought. 'The old arguments,' he elsewhere writes, 'must now be for ever abandoned by reasonable men,'—and the assertion is in a sense true, if the form, in which the argument was stated, is intended.

Looking back to the time of which we write, we are tempted to ask, Why was the shock so great? It is often said that it was because a narrow divinity was in possession of the field; but the answer is hardly sufficient, because there was so much divinity which was in no sense narrow. It is difficult to resist
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the impression, that the narrowness and shallowness were really to be found in the practical world of progress and politics, to which Mill gave the philosophy that it deserved. Moreover Darwinism produced this strange effect. It introduced the great mass of unmetaphysical minds to the exercise of thinking; it offered a subject, and clothed the thought in a form, which set every one speculating and made men philosophise who had most despised philosophy. Darwin, in fact, found out the unideal and untheological and set their minds at work. Without a hostile thought, incidentally and even unconsciously, he made it plain that sensible people were still slaves to the conquered Deists, whom the theologians had demolished in the last century. The party of progress was behind the times, for the only idea of God which Darwinism assailed, was the Deistic conception which confines the activity of the Creator exclusively to the past.

An idea of creative energy so limited ought not to be attributed to any Christian writer as comprehending his complete view of God. To Paley, for example, 'Natural Religion' would form only a subsidiary part of his theology. But when a scientific man, and ardent Christian, like Romanes, encountered the arguments of which Paley was a great exponent, he fastened upon them as constituting the very centre of Christian evidence, naturally seeking the strength of his religion in the principal sphere of his own mental activities. The search was natural; its result was deeply disappointing. Paley's argument for and from Design is inelastic. It is based on facts of organic life considered one by one, or in special groups. The activity it contemplates is enclosed within a certain space of our world; outside it are regions which are treated rather as the field of creative energy than as its result, or as part of its processes. The adaptations of animal structures are regarded as separate instances of ingenious contrivance, operating successfully within a world that is conceived of as existing before the display of ingenuity. The marvel on which we are asked to rely is not the unity of so varied a cosmos; it is rather that this and that organ were fitted each to do its work. By such a mode of contemplating the universe, mechanical causes are put in conflict with 'special direction.' Adaptations were treated as cases in which mind was seen at work in the midst of a world otherwise moved by fixed laws, and the stress of the argument rests on the view, that organic nature yields a class of evidence which is different in kind from any other, that it reveals a contriving mind which takes advantage of laws of matter, not as itself the cause of light but as preparing eyes to receive light.

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Against such a limited conception of Design the theory of Natural Selection directly militated. Here was a mechanical cause, capable of producing that appearance of design, which, in the absence of adequate mechanical causes, was put forward as an explanation of certain effects. Here was presented a formula, by which what we recognise as purpose may be described in action as a cause. Here was suggested a way, in which the form of every creature resulted from the pressure of the rest of phenomena. It is thus shaped, because, if not so shaped, it could not exist. It may be readily seen how the new explanation seemed to take the substance out of the older form of Teleology, which did not view, or at least did not describe, purpose as presiding over the whole secular process.

Romanes did not stop, as some have done, at this narrow place where the first fight was set. He saw clearly enough that the contest might be shifted from organic life to the general laws of which organic life is regarded as the necessary product. He held that these general laws had resulted, by a process like that of Natural Selection, from the persistence of force and matter. Things were as they were, because otherwise they could not be at all. Given *something*, it must turn out to be *this* thing which we call the Universe. This that we see is what it is of necessity, and the appearance of design is deceptive. The results under which we live are not the fruit of choice, but the inevitable effect of the persistence of force. No problem remains except the mystery of Being, the fact that *something* is: and Romanes, asking himself 'Why something is?' replies, 'Why not?' He does not, at this early period, seem to feel the burden of what to Coleridge is the mystery of mysteries;—'Good heavens! that there should be anything at all, and not nothing!'

We do not propose to examine the close arguments which Romanes adduced to prove that, because *something* is, therefore, and of necessity, this that we see must be what it is, and that the appearance of design is for this reason deceptive. We would rather point to his blank conclusion, 'Why should not something be?' as a sign of a capacity for contemplative thought unsuspected by the author himself. It is possible that such a capacity inevitably leads its possessor through a stage of doubt and dissatisfaction. With Romanes this was certainly the result. From believing in God, made manifest by His operations, he was reduced to admitting the being of Something which can only be as it is. The universe suddenly appeared lonely and uninhabited. The very consciousness by which he seemed to perceive it, was itself only the necessary by-product

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of its movement. The freedom, which is essential to thought, was an exploded fancy, and what passed for thought nothing but an inevitable unison of one part with another in the only possible world. Here was a conclusion which is blankly anti-theistic, for there can be no Theism where freedom, without and within, is absolutely denied. And how was a conclusion, so vastly disproportionate to its premisses, reached? It found its way through the opening of a real discrepancy between a narrow design-argument and a very probable scientific hypothesis,—between an argument which, in whatever better way it is now stated, can only point to a wise, not to an infinite, Designer, and an hypothesis which, by proposing a subtler machinery than mere 'compression,' aims at including organic life under our view of the Universe as a system of law. But for such a conclusion there is no scope in a religion which attributes to God both sides of all the pressures; which adores His free purpose in what, to some minds, appear the barren and colourless existences of the most general forms of force; which sees in Him the Source of all being, and of all that is unfolded in it; which, for His honour, is not concerned to withdraw any particular appearance from one to another class of effects.

The work of 'Physicus,' apart from its examination of the philosophy of force, is of substantial value, because it shows that the doctrine of Evolution can only become anti-theistic if it is pushed so far as to offer an explanation of the mystery of being, to which it cannot possibly have anything whatever to say. Short of this extreme, no genuine contradiction can exist between religion and science, considered abstractedly. Even with the special statements of the Bible, when Evolution, and in particular Natural Selection, are fairly understood, the only quarrel which science can fairly raise is over the verse 'God rested,' and with Theism its only quarrel must be over the question, whether elimination is a method of improvement suitable to infinite wisdom,—a question which science would be the last to decide. It is most important to notice that it was in travelling towards the very bases of thought, and not in any detail, that Romanes found himself, for the first time, at odds with Christianity. Seeming discrepancies between ascertained facts and the letter of Scripture, extravagance of opinion and practice, which cloud the direct evidence of the Divine in society, hindered reconciliation, but they were not the ground of revolt. The line which he pursued traced the above these inequalities. It was a mistaken line; but the mistake was founded on a generous expectation. He was fatally

fatally disappointed precisely because he hoped to find in physical science the demonstration of God,—a demonstration which it cannot even attempt without leaving its proper task. But even after he had discovered the futility of his digression, he could not recover the line that he had left,—a line which would, he felt, have guided him through the real difficulties by which he was afterwards confronted. The whole argument of 'Physicus,' therefore, represents not so much the maze itself which he had to track as the accident that snatched from his hand the clue to its intricacies.

We have called his digression an accident. But it was something more than this. Science inevitably produces upon certain minds, at some stage of their career, an influence which is unfavourable to faith. In religious matters we often hear of impressions that are deeper in their effect than mere considerations of the discursive faculty. Why may not agnosticism also claim its impressions and draw them from natural science? It is certain that such a predisposing influence is created by scientific studies, and that it is a force with which we have to reckon. Whence the anti-religious expression is derived, might prove an interesting object of enquiry. It is neither created by special arguments, nor conveyed by books, though many have doubtless yielded to its sway from sympathy with a few great captives. But from practical study, and especially practical biological study, it is almost inseparable, and it is here that its full stress is experienced. Matured students, advanced in their scientific studies, analyse, estimate, and allow for, the force of this predisposing influence. Hence it is that some of the boldest investigators, like the illustrious Frenchman who has just passed away, are believing Christians. Among beginners, on the other hand, the pressure of this anti-religious impression is almost irresistible, and Romanes succumbed to its force.

It will scarcely be a digression from the history of a mental struggle, if we ask why biology, above all other sciences, exercises this daunting, distracting influence. Mathematics, physics, chemistry do not prevent students from recognising spiritual facts. Why should biology? Something is doubtless due to the youth of biology and its consequent want of the dignity and circumspection of assured station. But this explanation is obviously temporary; already it has lost a great part of its force, and is rapidly passing out of date. Other and more permanent causes must be sought to account for the strength of this special impression. It is partly due, as we believe, to the extraordinary triumphs which biology has won,

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to the demands which it makes on certain faculties of the human mind, to the all-embracing range which it comprehends. In commencing the study of organic forms, the beginner encounters new methods of learning, and an ordered mass of new facts of which scarcely a hint is given to the untaught eye, however observant. The contrast between living with nature and living with science is a revelation of a new world, so illumined are our familiar surroundings by a flood of fresh light. But while the vision is almost indefinitely enlarged, the mind, though braced and exhilarated, is not expanded in proportion. Perspective is sacrificed to penetration, and strength is gained at the expense of flexibility. Students are called upon to gain abstractions, to master principles, to learn new facts, to note distinctions; but, until a maturer stage is reached, they do not appreciate the wider and more general relations of this mass of fresh knowledge. And this narrowing and fixing effect of practical biological study is intensified by the completeness of range to which biology justly aspires. It aims at embracing, always from a special aspect, nothing less than the whole of life in all its examples, including man. Under it, in one sense, come all the other sciences. This tremendous claim gives to its discipline a peculiar character. No other science can be named which does not, at every turn, acknowledge the bounds of its extension, and thus promote a reserve of judgment, if not an excessive distrust in any particular set of statements. Biology scarcely admits any such limitations, and its all-embracing range fosters a reliance upon system, which, unless balanced by other influences, leads to disastrous results. That surely is a strangely unreasoned impression which leads students to cast off the idea of God, only because the best theory they have yet contrived allows no room for His existence.

A free interchange of thought between men of various training is the best safeguard against the influence which we have, not without sympathy, described. The discovery of truth, wherever it lies, must be favoured by whatever restrains rapidity of judgment, suggests reservations, and, at the same time, stimulates the resourcefulness of the mind. But when Romances left Cambridge, the general voice was not calculated to encourage this mental sobriety. Young scientists are as often betrayed by their want as by their excess of confidence. He was assured that he must choose between Theism and Evolution. His very powers of argument persuaded him it was his duty to yield when the odds were clearly against him. His longing for finality induced him to ignore the possibility

of reinforcements, and demand an immediate decision. The pressure of new facts held his mind with the unnatural fixity of a vice, and prevented him from measuring the obstacle which seemed to exclude his faith. Acute and unhesitating, incapable of hiding any conclusion from himself, anxious to obtain certainties, he embraced a conclusion which rather commands our sympathy than surprises our judgment.

Such is a true, though partial, account of the movement which Romanes made towards the denial of faith. It is a superficial account, because, beneath the critical activity, lay the moving force of a soul bent on the apprehension of Being, and, for that very reason really, averse from any suspension of judgment. His decision, made upon a confined issue, gave the opening to a whole habit of thought. In 1878 we find him as nearly a materialist as any thinking man can be,—refusing, that is, to allow of any rational ground for discontent with the explanation of all things, including conscience, by persistence of force;—rejecting vigorously the theory, as it seemed to him, of free will;—shifting henceforth the whole burden of proof to the side of spirit. It is impossible to say that he experienced any religious difficulties, for his difficulty was to raise any claim for religion at all. In every quarter the impressions of spirit were replaced by mechanical impressions. Evolution and Natural Selection were accepted as substitutes for Intelligent guidance; our higher qualities were traced to a purely natural origin in modified descent from unintelligent creatures; and the mental mysteries of individual experiences physiologically explained. For many years a materialistic tone and habit of thought persisted in Romanes, side by side with a deep and not unexpressed desire for God, and a readiness to close with any explanation, however difficult, which would dispense with the natural reading of vital facts.

The philosophic creed of materialism was indeed quickly abandoned. Seven years after his 'Examination of Theism' appeared his Rede Lecture. In 1878 he had laboured to establish an irreconcilable opposition between science and any religion which pretended to a relation with facts. In 1885 he maintained that mechanical uniformity in the world is no bar to belief in Universal Mind as its cause. What had taken place in the interval, on the surface of the deep and probably uninterrupted movement forward? In the first place, he had vigorously rejected the philosophy of Spencer and Fiske as a substitute for the old religion, and refused to be content with unknown Power as the object of love and worship. In the second place, he had married, entered into wider activities, and plunged into
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a more varied commerce with the world. The immense importance of marriage we will leave unestimated; we will, as by common consent it is agreed to do, ignore its influence. Thirdly, he had made the personal friendship of Darwin, whose writings had been his chief battery against faith. Such personal intercourse must have strongly encouraged patience, caution, and reverence. Darwin, in one of the letters printed in the *Life*, puts into the mouth of an imagined theologian several unanswerable objections to the conclusions of 'Physicus,' and, in his reply, Romanes accepts the comparison of his work to the search of the midnight sky by the light of a candle. It cannot be doubted that the companionship of that large, humble, meditative mind—he recommends 'meditation' to his younger friend—exercised a profound influence on Romanes.

In 1882 and 1883 a contention, which at first sight seems the rejection of another eirenicon, carried Romanes a fourth step nearer to the position which he adopted in 1885. In a correspondence with Dr. Asa Gray, he maintained that there is no logical point of contact between Science and Theism, and that organic life affords no better evidence of the latter than do other parts of nature. His contention, in the meaning which he attached to it, was good and useful. But in his own sense Dr. Asa Gray too was right. The world including organic life certainly does yield better evidence than the world without organic life. Dr. Asa Gray, however, went further. He sought to support the doctrine of final cause by an appeal to the insufficiency of the natural causes which Evolution alleges as explanations. In other words, he rested his religious argument on the narrow and precarious foothold of our ignorance of the process of Evolution. Romanes rightly combated the argument, which seemed to him to make final causes, or purposes, comparable with causes in the ordinary scientific use of the word. Apparently he was rejecting a plea for Theism. Really he was clearing the ground for a wider speculation, when he declared that Theism must be independent of the imperfections of science. Granted, he would urge, universal law as the ideal end of science, there remains the question of the nature of causation, and it is there, if anywhere, that Theism must make good its claim.

The Rede Lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1885, is republished in the volume entitled 'Mind and Motion and Monism.' The book, parts of which were written at a later date, marks the furthest point which he reached in his speculative search for the basis of religion. To Romanes Monism appealed by its idealisation of science, by
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the generosity of its aspirations, its frank recognitions of scientific achievements, its possible provision of a place for free will and responsibility in a world governed by mechanical laws. That he should have even temporarily embraced its principles, is an indication of the direction in which his mind was turning. Especially did he value it for its attempt to roll back the tide of materialism by destroying the antithesis between mind and matter. This is practically the motive of his book. Mind is the other side of what we call matter. The separate existence of spirit is denied; but herein Monism finds the more reason for protesting, that in matter science is making a true revelation of spirit. Material is one side; God is the other. Between the two there is nothing, nor are they fundamentally distinct. The strength of Monism lies in its motive and its frank acceptance of science. It has made the words of religion and spirit respectable in quarters where both were formerly not to be named; it has also abandoned the idea that the unordered is the special realm of God's activity. But, tested from the same point of view, it fails as a religious proposal, because it is impossible to ascribe real liberty, actual and moral, to a physiological process, a moment in the circle of a law.

'What we know on the side of mind as logical sequence,' says Romanes, 'is nothing more than a passage of nervous energy through one series of cells and fibres rather than through another; what we recognise as truth is merely the fact of the brain vibrating in tone with Nature.'

Monism brought Romanes to this point, that, as a matter of speculation, he maintains that Mind is possibly the basis of Nature. If the conclusion is true, it is a necessity of thought. It leaves no room for faith, allows no hope of further light. All that remains is the larger reading of our knowledge, a better re-arrangement of our assets. And the Mind which he leaves us as a possibility is unlike our own. We cannot attribute to it goodness; it is indifferent to our sufferings, our errors and sins; at the best it is a general basis of which our world is the necessary and terrible upgrowth. We stand no nearer to the God whom we have lost, the God who, as we believed, cared for us separately and guided the groaning universe towards some end which should be worth the pain. But as a stage in the mental progress of Romanes, the change in the manner of thinking is as hopeful as it is great. The motive power of this speculative search for religion is a true love of God. Nor was Romanes unconscious of the fact. On the contrary, he sought
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in poetry the expression of his urgent desire to recover the lost object of worship, to find an inhabitant of the world, to escape from his solitude. But not all this anxious search, nor yet his life of affection and spiritual adventure, could smoothe his intellectual course, or enable him to divine a solution of the evil of the world, and conquer the difficulty which he found in assigning a place for freedom in its Cause and a limited though real freedom in man.

Romanes had reached his most speculative and least scientific point. He was now about to enter on the third stage of his mental progress. This stage he himself calls the purification of agnosticism; that is, the recognition that abstract reasoning and physical evidence are incapable of proving or disproving God. He had allowed the *primâ facie* impression which nature and man create to be obscured by pure generalisations,—generalisations which will never be safely made until they are no longer needed. But we cannot wait to exhaust experience before we examine what lies beyond, and Romanes now set himself rather to consider the value of our judgments as a whole than to revise his judgments in particular. Science grows from day to day, and for each man its content is different. But its possible extent is fixed, and should be ascertained. To draw these limits, and to exclude all definite denials or assertions which pass beyond the border, were now his objects. It is interesting to notice that, at the time when he was minimising the significance of man and nature, he was also depreciating the value of learning and letters.

‘What Hamilton,’ ‘Physicus’ had argued, ‘maintains is very true, viz. that the study of classics, moral and mental philosophy, &c., renders the mind more capable of believing in a God than does the study of physical science. The question, however, is, What class of studies ought to be considered the more authoritative in the matter? I cannot see what title classics, history, political economy, &c., have to be regarded at all; and although the mental and moral sciences have doubtless a better claim, still I think they must be largely subordinate to those sciences which deal with the whole domain of nature besides.’

Now, however, when he returned to a more positive method of thought, the love of nature, always deeply rooted in him, recovered freedom, and the respect for letters and history regained its former sway.

From 1887 onwards, to ascertain and fix the boundaries of science, to permit no dogmatic assertion or denial which passed beyond those limits, was the mental effort on which his thoughts were more and more concentrated. As to what lies beyond phenomena,

phenomena, the wise man, he says, waits for positive knowledge; the decisions of inference are without validity. Within the range of sense-perception, he can be sure of certain things; of all that lies beyond he knows nothing, and his business should be to see that his profession of ignorance is sincere and complete. Spencer, for example, seemed to Romanes to be in a false agnosticism, when he made the positive statement that the First Cause is unknowable. No doubt this repudiation of dogmatic denial was meant in a spirit of concession. But a Christian may fairly doubt whether this pure agnosticism is possible, because the unseen world is in close contact with the seen, and, if believed in, affects its interpretation. One set of experience and belief cannot be added or removed without modifying the other. It certainly is no concession to be told—'Give us the seen world and admit that its government is wholly mechanical, and you shall say, among yourselves, what ye like of any world beyond, of which neither we nor you can know anything.' To the Christian the only pure agnosticism must be that which acknowledges the possible truth of the spiritual interpretation, with or without the mechanical one, for all kinds of experience. It was in fact this attitude of mind that Romanes himself reached and endeavoured to impart, when the purification of agnosticism was assisted by that clearer view of the nature of faith, which he gained in the next and penultimate stage of his mental progress.

Somewhere before 1889, Romanes had reached so advanced a stage of agnosticism as to hold that there was no presumption against religion and no assignable support for it. In this case the duty of an agnostic is to leave religion alone, unless new proofs are alleged, to wait passively for conviction, or, turning away resolutely from metaphysics, to throw himself into those enquiries within nature for which we are amply equipped. Such was the determination of Romanes. For further proof in favour of religion he was ever eager. 'If there is anything,' he used to say, 'which can be urged on behalf of Christianity, now is the time for its production.' At the same time it was his own declared resolution to avoid metaphysical questions, to leave unattempted the secrets of the nature of knowledge and causation, and, accepting the postulates necessary for both, to go on steadily with science and life. But the man who accepts postulates and goes on with life is the last person who is able to neglect questions once raised. He accepts one set of postulates, and every day makes them surer. How if, after all, they have the same kind of certainty as the mental bases of religion? He goes on with life. How if a wider and

higher range of life opens before him, into which he might enter, if only he were prepared to accept a wider postulate. He goes on with science. But Christian faith intrudes itself as an object of enquiry upon the calmest naturalism; it is a fact which imperatively demands examination, since it claims to be a means beyond those employed by science, a secret method of discovery, a faculty of perception, perhaps an inward sense. Scientific students might call it by preference 'intuition'; but they could not refuse to judge it impartially, to regard it at least from the outside, to consider at first its absence or presence rather than its nature and mode of operation. Without trial they were not entitled to deny its existence or contradict its report.

The point which we have now reached completes the four stages in the mental preparation of Romanes. It represents the state of mind at which he had arrived when his 'Thoughts on Religion' were written. A few light touches might depict the course which we have traced with painful slowness. But it is of a real life that we are writing, and the labour of that life is partially reflected in our argument. To dip into doubt and to climb out again is easy for some people. It is done dramatically. But it is a different task, as hard and slow as it is rare in its accomplishment, for a man who has deliberately taken up the position of denial to change his attitude. That the tone of literature should alter is one thing; a new set of writers may arise who succeed in catching the public taste. That an individual should leave a form of doubt, into which he has entered deeply, is a very different thing. We so little expect the leaders of thought to change their position, that we use their names as marks by which to record the movements of the undecided. We might define the 'seventies' as 'the days of Herbert Spencer,' and we should wonder, not at the slowness, but at the flexibility of his genius, if he afterwards became the man of a more courageous age.

Is it possible to carry our analysis further than the completed stages of purely mental progress? Can we trace some of the steps which, pending the consolidation of the intellectual platform, led to the exercise of that faith which Romanes was now critically examining? How much of these steps are hidden? How large a part of the journey by which faith is approached is no movement of the man himself, but is travelled under the touch and pressure of God? If faith be indeed necessary, the initiative must, as Romanes often said, come from God Himself. To seeing eyes the signs of that hidden initiative began to be revealed in the days which followed

1880,—

1890,—days of pain and mortal sickness. The inward power became bolder and measured its strength for the fight; but the mental process was still timid and hesitating, the arguments of doubt were ready and abundant.

The necessity of faith Romanes already knew. But now he came to judge what its nature is in itself, and this step is, as we said at the outset, the most important change, so far as mere thought is concerned, through which a man passes in such a course as we are describing. What is faith like? This was the new question that he asked. In itself it proved to have an element both of venture and of reliance. It is not simply an added faculty, involving the submission of other faculties to its unwavering claim. It has itself to make a submission and run a risk. It is an organ by which we observe the real grounds of religion, just as it is by the senses, and not by logic, that we acquire new physical facts. But it is not an instrument which passively reflects the facts before it. In its action, as, in a lesser degree, in the operation of the senses, the will has a large place. It is a faculty implanted in us, but it is not so given that it can be maintained without, or in spite of, ourselves. There are rules to be followed in its exercise and development. In order to see, we must look, and the inward eye must be cleared of everything that dulls its capacity. As these well-known truths came back to Romanes, they changed the current and occupation of his thoughts. He no longer spoke only of the thing to be seen; he began to speak of the way to see. This faith, with its claim to unquestioning obedience, seemed to Romanes to be morally suitable to our state, if, as free people, we are really here on probation. If God is indeed purging His floor, this, and this alone, must be His winnowing fan.

This practical investigation of the method of faith became the work of Romanes. He found that, like natural methods, it contained the two elements of dependence and responsibility. On the one side, there was needed that gift from above which in the New Testament is described as a new birth. On the other side, no man could excuse himself from effort by pleading his lack of the gift, since there are rules for its acquisition, for its preservation by the single heart, for its increase and fulfilment by willing obedience. Such a line of thought obviously does not 'stand to reason.' It has to do with a matter of fact, which must be learned before it is known: it is concerned with a matter of art, where obedience precedes accomplishment. To seek these rules of faith is at once as unreasonable, and as reasonable, as the conduct of a student at a hospital, who presumes that there is something to be learned before he begins

his course and consents to use the prescribed means before he decides on the conclusions of his science. Such a line of thought grew very familiar to Romanes, as he studied the art of gaining and using belief, and recognised the need of courage, the necessity of a liberated will, the requisite of a well-kept heart. Faith he found to be a dormant faculty which must be fostered into activity; and the certitude which is its harvest and the warrant of its venture springs, as does the justification of scientific labour, from a liberal sowing. In science, even at the triumphant moment of some particular discovery, the student is himself enclosed in a greater experiment of which the conclusion is yet remote, and must go on in hope, in part relying on report, in part trusting to unexplained directions, planting some at least of his steps without certainty of their reason. So, in the exercise of faith, our successes lie within the main experiment and cannot at once gain its answer; but each step brings sufficient proof to justify the next, and each successive height that we scale reveals the advancing degrees of knowledge which make us sure of being in the line of a real ascent.

Antecedently, it seemed likely that the faith of a scientific man would be simpler and stronger than that of others. We know little of the faith of those who have always believed, and in such matters the great Christian *savants* have often preserved a reticence, which to the harassed and perplexed has seemed an ominous silence. But in Romanes the anticipation was verified. His faith showed a strength and simplicity which grew in proportion as he dealt with himself as a man of science. He had appealed from science to speculation, and speculation even in showing its own insufficiency, had done a useful work. It had cleared the ground so that the scientific method of venture and verification might have room for trial, and the man proceed in spiritual things, in spite of outstanding speculative difficulties, just as, in spite of speculative difficulties, he proceeded in natural science. Indeed science and religion labour with regard to metaphysics, under the same disadvantages. In both it is impossible to explain the fact of experience or propose a criterion of reality. Both are based, metaphysically, on presumptions. Both, considered as enquiries, are examples of empirical enquiry. Both at the outset must accept guidance and for their security depend on obedience. In both, each step must be taken from a fact already certified, and, in each, venture precedes arrival, and conviction is the end of a course of action. In both, the seekers may be content with the search itself, but in both what is personally acquired cannot satisfy a man only equips for new departures. Towards both the world is

indifferent.

indifferent, if not hostile; in both it despises the inherent rewards and suspects undeclared gratifications,—as, in science, industrial advance, and, in faith, social smoothness.

As in science, so in religion, Romanes became content with the practical compromise which works by hypothesis and verification. Hitherto he had been forced himself to wait till the speculative framework was complete, before he advanced to the application of any test whatever. Now he abandoned this unwise patience. He would suffer knowledge to grow, if it could, while the theory of knowledge awaited completion. He who was by nature and accomplishment an observer, would allow himself opportunity for observation. He would learn and practise the rules of study. He would trust something to others, especially to those who wrote the Bible, and would advance hopefully in the direction where the facts of Christianity were said to lie. Authority was permitted to take its necessary place in fostering the beginnings of individual discovery; but it was hardly allowed to assume that place till he had passed from independent theory to independent observation.

The change is marked by his altered attitude towards human freedom. He no longer examined it only as a theory, or even as an alleged fact. He observed it as a reality, a personal possession, varying in its range with different characters, capable of loss and gain. All this and much more may be read, in scientific form, in the 'Notes.' There he maintains the reasonable necessity of doing that which authority declared to be indispensable—of practising the doctrine in order to gain knowledge of its truth. But he does not add,—how could he?—that he was himself engaged, at the time of writing the book, in the effort to put the doctrine into practice, and increasing in virtues of which he was himself unconscious. While study determined thus the character of faith, and humility did faith's work without knowing it, certain explanatory thoughts grew to clearness, by which in his own life the divine initiative was discerned. He preferred to express these thoughts in the driest way. Walking among the heather at Bournemouth in the summer of 1893, a short time before his first paralytic stroke, he explained to a friend that, if God is dealing personally and freely with the world, the appearance to us, who are within the action which we observe, inevitably seems a necessary result, a mechanical system. Whatever cannot carry this appearance will not fall within our natural ken. Miracles also will be reducible to some law in the widest sense. So far as we can analyse them, they are cases of law. Similarly, if God is dealing personally with an individual, His hand necessarily appears to be acting
only

only in the way of law and nature. If a man, for instance, suffered blindness, it would not be any the less God's dealing with him because the medical explanation of the calamity was complete. The physiological account did not at all compete with the providential one. St. Paul's case may have been natural; but it would not be for that reason the less an intervention and a revelation. His friend hesitated to accept the argument. But there was no need for hesitation. Romanes desired, not to lower the case of St. Paul, but to raise his own—not to bring that Conversion within the limits of an opinion which made no demand on faith, but to admit the light of faith into his own sad experience; to have leave to recognise in his personal loss of light and strength the guiding hand of God.

Under suffering he began to seek more eagerly the outlet of love. When pain came most heavily on himself, he ceased to judge God for pain in nature. For him, as apparently for St. Paul, his own pain interpreted that of the world and gave the clue to hope. The pressure of his calamity was felt as a most bitter trial; yet it led to a daily growth of inward strength. There were moments of passionate regret for work undone, and, in the early stages of his illness, a fervent desire to recover in order that he might prove his resolution by action. But he never faltered in his manly resignation. He often reverted to the feeling that he had been distracted from the life of Christian thought and work which he had promised himself in early youth, and now regarded as his proper line of development. He would willingly have recovered the track and completed his task, not, as he often said, with any thought of the ulterior advantages of faith, but to have the happiness of knowing God and seeing Him as He is. Yet the track had been recovered and the task was truly accomplished. His friends heard from him many new and penetrating expressions of belief while he was still, at times, discussing its merits. For those who warm themselves at the fireside of faith, he had worked as miner, work, who labour in darkness throughout the day. Yet, assuredly, he will not be the poorer by one hour of the light.

Romanes felt an admiration for Christianity, which a severe criticism might, at one time, have treated as artistic only. The feeling was always more than that, and now it gave its special help. That beauty of the Faith must mean something; why was its influence to be disregarded? Did it not rest on something deep and real in man and nature? Why was the Gospel story so natural to the human heart? Why could we find no flaw in the Person there presented? Were His words after all, the words of truth, telling the mind of God more surely

than any reading of nature? And the final Tragedy--would it not, if once believed, solve that obstinate mystery of pain and failure, and show finally how God can love and let us suffer? To have faith in this, would be to solve the great contradiction of speculative Theism. Still what a tremendous thing it is to believe! Day after day he concluded that it was reasonable and coherent, and yet each day recoiled from the thought of it as a fact, only to be pressed up to it again by the continued effort towards Theism.

Was it possible that the two efforts of speculation and of faith, neither of which could either rest or reach the goal, might meet half-way? Here was a vital consideration. Romanes attempted to gain an assured Theism, from the basis of which he might afterwards consider the questions of revelation and of Christ. In effect he said: 'Make me a Theist; prove me God *in confuso*, a Personal cause of the Universe. It will be time enough then to ask me to believe that this God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself. Is it not unfair to consider the Christian Gospel, which was first addressed to devout believers in a living God, unless I can place myself in their position?' The argument may bear a specious appearance of reasonableness. But genuine speculative Theism comes, sooner or later, to insuperable difficulties which it cannot surmount by experiment, for at best it is only a formal theory, a restatement of known facts. To become a Theist is to assume an attitude; to believe in Christ is to take a step, and it is only when a man steps that he can judge whether he is moving anywhere. The difficulty, therefore, which modern men find in passing from agnosticism to Theism, is rooted in the nature of the case, and is found exactly where it is to be expected. Doubters often become Christians, but never, so far as we know, bare monotheists; and this is precisely what should happen, if Christ is, as we believe, the only revelation which is at present offered to mankind.

Romanes felt this himself. God, he concluded, is unknowable, unless He chooses to make Himself known by explaining the meaning of the facts which we see. Faith cannot spring out of them: it must be brought to them. It is a labourer, not a product, of the soil, in which alone it finds a harvest of assurance. If Christ is not the Revelation, He is the most important of all facts that require to be taken into account. Does He bring the answer, as well as put the question? To some of that question can only be made intelligible by the work of speculative Theism: but that work is barren of results, if it does not provisionally regard the Christian answer. We cannot become

become Theists until Christianity is formally considered as the solution of the difficulties of experience. In the same way we cannot hope to be Christians, unless true Theistic principles are formally accepted in order that the proposition 'Christ is God' may escape a false interpretation. It was because of this twofold necessity, that Aubrey Moore's essay in 'Lux Mundi' on 'the Christian Idea of God' so powerfully influenced Romanes. From judging the very existence of God by physical facts, he came to the conviction that 'the idea of God, rightly conceived, is secured to us in Christ, if only we may believe.'

The constant reading of the Gospels and of a few Christian books was the evidence of such a study of faith as we have indicated, and the proof of an advance which was more obvious to others than to himself. He grew impatient for that action which must be taken by anyone who would gain certainty. The initiative of God is carried as far as possible without making faith superfluous. It remains that the man must set his eyes to look, in order that he may see. It is this that saves faith from being superstition. 'What action,' asked Romanes, 'can I take? I can make no sacrifice as those men who have life to risk. What can I venture who am myself at the end of life?' He was eager to live for the poor in some quiet place, or to write for agnostics, showing the baselessness of *a priori* objections to religion, and the limited place of mere argument in the acquisition of truth. But all this he thought little, and the question often returned,—'What is open for me to do?' It was impossible to suggest that his patient courage and growing humility were proofs of his advance in faith. Equally useless was it to point out that the disapproval of his intellectual allies—that coldness which to many of us is so terribly daunting—was his appointed sacrifice. That trial he had faced already and forgotten. He was so sure of his science, so alert in his logic, so untiringly interested in the old problems, that he could laugh at the suspicion of obscurantism. To the last he was planning new tests for Weismann, pursuing with all his old care the professional work of his life. It was, therefore, from no regard to what others might say, that he asked, 'Am I at liberty—to pray—to communicate?' That question he answered without misgiving, when he knelt at the altar at Costebelle and in Christ Church.

One other point we will mention,—a point which was near his heart and held a definite place in his thought. God must be an object not only of knowledge transcending expression but of our lowliest homage. Must a man, and can he, school his tongue concerning the Unknown, and bow down his inmost

soul in utter subjection, in profound and trustful hope, before That which as yet is not wholly certain to him? It must be so. God, being God, can be known on no other conditions. The mental expectation is necessarily allowed; it is, after all, in no way different from the feeling with which early travellers set out for countries of whose existence they were not certain. Only by venturing something are new empires reserved for conquerors: only in this way is the knowledge of God withdrawn from being the prize of mere book-learning. The anticipation of reverence is as necessary as the anticipation of mind. God cannot, if we are to be ennobled by seeing Him, be discerned by every curious gazer. He must present Himself to worshippers, for the secret of the Lord is still with them that fear Him. In all the trials and delays which Romanes experienced, he won precious lessons for those who, through similar difficulties, pursue his track. Day by day he grew in humility, praying in lowliness of spirit, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief,' founding on reverential dependence his unresting search for God.

We have said, perhaps, more than enough, and have approached too closely to that border-line where silence becomes sacred. Our purpose was to trace a mental development, the course of a real life spent in the arduous battle of belief. But, as a mental development, how uninteresting is this conclusion of faith that never completely triumphed over speculative difficulty, this gain of sufficient but not wholly victorious hope, which cannot solve all mental mysteries, but yet frankly resigns itself to childlike trust in a Person! Here is not the ideal end of a philosopher's search of truth. It is only the pursuit, by a brilliant man of science, of a path whose first steps were known in childhood. We had expected something new and special, some peculiar train of thought, some fresh solution of our perplexities, some dramatic abandonment of science. But instead of logical novelties, or revolutions in mental jurisdiction, we find only a new freedom of the old powers, an addition to the material on which the judgment works, gained by the ancient way of faith. Metaphysically and in form, the end is undramatic. The interest lies in the content of the form, in the knowledge, not the theory of knowledge. Let us rather say that it lies in the power obtained, in the life to which access is gained,—at first with hesitating steps, then with growing confidence, as each day brought its opportunities for obedience to voice which seemed rightly to command submission.

- ART. II.—1. *Julian the Apostate and The Duke of Mercia.* By the late Sir Aubrey de Vere. London, 1858.
2. *Mary Tudor. An Historical Drama.* In Two Parts. New Edition. By the late Sir Aubrey de Vere. London, 1884.
3. *Sonnets.* By Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart. A New Edition. London, 1875.
4. *The Poetical Works of Aubrey de Vere.* Three Vols. London, 1892.
5. *Legends of the Saxon Saints.* By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1893.
6. *Mediæval Records and Sonnets.* By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1893.
7. *Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire.* By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1887.
8. *The Legends of St. Patrick.* By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London, 1892.
9. *May Carols; or, 'Ancilla Domini.'* By Aubrey de Vere. London, 1881.
10. *Odes and Epodes of Horace.* Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere, with Preface and Notes. London, 1893.

THE Wordsworthian tradition has fared ill in poetry since 1830. That tradition lays emphasis upon the attitude and habit of mind involved in poetic composition, and thus upon its substance; to language, however skilfully handled, it denies any sufficient virtue to elevate or of itself make poetic the ordinary material of thought. With Wordsworth it was the impassioned and truthful view of things that was essential; when that was lacking, the 'accomplishment of verse' was a trivial copy-book matter. Poetry for him was 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge, the impassioned expression that was on the face of science,' and against all theories of 'poetic diction,' against any effort to construct poetry out of words in the absence of the inspiring idea he had set his face from the first. The root-conception in the Wordsworthian, as in the classical theory of poetry, is that the employment of rhythm, and more especially of the complex rhythms of lyric verse, presupposes some depth of meaning, some intensity of emotion which prose at its best can but imperfectly and inadequately render. It is certain that verse attracts because verse is an intense and emphatic form of expression. It is equally certain that verse disappoints and wearies, save in the way of parody or comedy, when there is nothing intense or emphatic to express; when an attempt is made to transmute the trite, the fanciful, or the commonplace, to disguise them in the robes of sovereign

sovereign thought—the truly intense and emphatic—by tricking them out in metrical dress. If it were possible to constitute a Supreme Court of Appeal in matters poetic before which aspirants for the poet's bays were by law compelled to appear, such a court might fairly demand in the first instance from each candidate some work in prose, not as an exercise in language, but as a witness to intellectual or imaginative power, as witness to a way of regarding things, to mental methods at once rational and suggestive, to types of thought or feeling for the perfect representation of which verse was the natural and proper medium. Did such a court exist, we should be spared the frequent necessity of the judgment best delivered in Heine's words, 'Das hattest du Alles sehr gut in guter Prosa sagen können.' But the decrees of such a court would condemn a vast number of our poets to the exile of perpetual silence.

Wordsworth denied then 'that poetry can boast any celestial ichor that distinguish her vital juices from those of prose.' But in the 'superlative lollipops' of his early verse Tennyson once more asserted the inexhaustible charm of cunning modulation and verbal melody, even when but slightly informed by any real force of thought or feeling. The course of the later stream of poetry has flowed in other channels than those in which Wordsworth would have had it run. The sovereignty of the spirit is no longer recognised, and, with exceptions few and honourable, the poets have sworn allegiance to Our Lady of Music. The poetry approximating to music, expressive of half-articulate emotion not yet definitely yoked with or transmuted into mental images,—this poetry, dependent for such value as it may possess upon its expression rather than upon its spirit, is the characteristic poetry of the latter half of the present century. In Mr. Swinburne, its leader, and the popular choir, the view of things taken by the poet, his philosophy, his imaginative grasp and interpretation of life count for little. In their place delicate turns of phrase are zealously sought out, the dainty effects of colloccated vowels, the ripple of alliteration, the aromas and the colours that fascinate the sense. We are presented by the poets to-day with phials full of odours, and he is the best poet whose distillations catch the breath and sting the nerves with the most pungent perfumes. Yet, however far we are tempted to wander from it, the severe magnificence of pure as distinct from decorative art never fails to recall us, and we know that it is the final success indisputably belongs. Read but diligently enough in Mr. Swinburne's many volumes, and after a time the charm begins to fail, it ceases to have its early effects; we are sinking in nothing, we are simply marking time musically. In the

the verse of the majority of our poets it is the same. Nothing is to be found there that is not very pleasing, but in the end we are not pleased.

'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.'

There is nothing 'to hold or to keep,' and we recognise that beyond the marking of time musically we have been unemployed. A critic who abides by the Wordsworthian tradition essays to distinguish between poets by the internal differences in their work due to divergent mental methods and sympathies, by the intellectual and emotional framework upon which the artist builds. Such a critic seeks for the soul of the work, which is the fountain of its power; his endeavour must be to find the individual character, the *man* in the poem. He will recognise a poem as Shelley's or as Byron's by the unmistakable internal evidences of its authorship, by the spirit that is abroad in it. In the poetry of our own time what guidance from internal evidence is possible? The critic will trace a recent poem to its source by an investigation of the vocabulary, the structure of the rhythm, and it may be by echoes of the poetry other than his own read by the author.

'They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time;
More swift than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.'

We know this style; not by its heart of thought, but by its parti-coloured raiment. The voice is the voice of Mr. Swinburne, but the commonplace is the commonplace of the general choir. Now we maintain that in the case of the *Di majores* the commonplace is their own commonplace, it is part of the general stock that they have appropriated and assimilated; the spirit that is abroad in them shines throughout their speech.

'These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong aiding champion, Conscience.'

The voice is undoubtedly the voice of Milton; but though no very great thing in itself, it expresses Milton's habitual way of thought.

'Six feet in earth my Emma lay,
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seem'd, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.'

The voice of Wordsworth not at his best, but Wordsworth's intellectual method is displayed here.

The great mass of modern poetry offers on the contrary
nothing

nothing to give the clue to any unique individual pattern of mind possessed by the poet. It confines itself to saying nothing in particular with delicate perfection, in an exquisite key of words. The office of the modern poet seems to be that of carpet-minstrelsy; the heroic lyre is tuneless now, the manly voice is seldom heard. An enduring truth, a true instinct lies at the root of Wordsworth's theory that greatness in art is greatness in conception, that 'fundamental brain-work' is the secret of its power. Speaking of Tennyson, Wordsworth struck upon the weakness which the splendour of his robe of language not infrequently concealed: 'He is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz. the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to view the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances.' Its most ordinary appearances are for the great poets pregnant with meaning; their subjects lie ready to hand. Language is the medium in which they work, but the substance is more than the medium.

And the subjects of modern poetry, its criticism of life? How needful after it all, as Sainte-Beuve would say, to take up some wise book, where common sense holds the field, and where the simple and sound language is the reflection of a delicate and manly soul! We exclaim, Oh for the style of manly men, of men who have revered the things worthy of reverence, whose feelings have been governed by the principles of good taste! Oh for the polished, pure, and moderate writers! A little of the bracing air of the dawn of the century after this enervating breathless time of its decline, an hour or two with plain good sense and simple diction and human beings that belong to the real world! Than such exclusive devotion to form as is conspicuous in the Victorian era there is no surer sign of the absence of inspiring motive and imaginative wealth. No large canvas is attempted even by the successful artists. We have often lamented, for example, that the great series of English historical portraits begun but left unfinished by Shakespeare have not attracted the poets who followed him. Tennyson, it is said, was of opinion—an opinion apparently abandoned later—that the great subjects had all been treated and were exhausted, and chose for himself the artistic embellishment of slighter themes. But the confession, though a proof of individual weakness, afterwards confirmed, has no warrant in reality. It was not prompted by a judgment of insight. In Browning's 'King and the Book,' Sir Aubrey de Vere's 'Mary Tudor,' and Mr. Aubrey de Vere's 'Alexander the Great,' we have abundant

abundant confirmation of the opposite view, which finds in the great artist sufficient cause for the great work. When lesser men complain of the cramping influences of the age, of the blighting conditions, the unpropitious environment, the great work is unexpectedly produced, and the apparently impossible is achieved. It is of the very nature of genius to achieve the unexpected, the impossible—for other men.

Little encouragement as there is in these days for those *Musas severiores qui colunt*, yet to read the poetry of our own times is a species of intellectual necessity, and hence perhaps the vein of indignation in certain minds arising out of personal disappointment. Some of us, like Tantalus, sick with hunger and thirst, yet never able to satisfy our appetites, are terribly tried in temper. That poetic representations, estimates, interpretations of the life and thought and movement of the world in which we are active agents as well as spectators, with which we are naturally most in sympathy, and of compulsion have exclusively to do,—that these are needful for us we feel keenly. In each age too there are revised estimates of the persons, the intellectual, moral and spiritual tendencies, and the actions and movements of past ages; and with many of these the poet alone is competent to deal. It is therefore no fictitious demand which each succeeding epoch makes for a poet to express its deepest convictions. The great poets doubtless are for all time, but to be without poetical interpreters of insight in the present is a want in the age for which no excellence in the poetry of the past can compensate. Nevertheless, it is a thousand times better to confess our wants than to suffer ourselves to be deluded miserably by the fashionable 'make-believe' criticism, that will persuade us in terms of impudent assertion that half the respectable verse-writers of the day are great poets. The daily 'discoveries' of 'great poets' by the 'eminent critics' of the literary journals wake the ancestral savage in the blood of sane and honest men. But though the Wordsworthian tradition has fared ill at the hands of the majority, it has been carried on and nobly. In the poetry of the de Veres, father and son, there is, we believe, a richer mine of inspiring thought, a subtler vein of reflection, infinitely wider dramatic range and power, a purer sensibility, and a simpler, more forcible diction than in the work of any living poet. To escape from the region occupied by the poets who are fanciful rather than imaginative, striking rather than truthful, brilliant in restatement of the ordinary poetic sentiment rather than illuminating,—to escape 'the thirst after outrageous stimulation,' if we read the poetry of to-day, it must be

be that of Mr. de Vere. Take almost at random a passage in 'Alexander the Great' to illustrate the spontaneous elastic expression of fine thought, the larger utterance that distinguishes Mr. de Vere from his contemporaries. Craterus describes the character of Alexander:—

'He wills not opposition to his will.
Since first he breathed this Asian air of kingship,
Divinity of kings hath touch'd him much;
First in his blood it play'd like other lusts;
It mounted next to fancy's seat, and now
His eye usurping purples all his world.'

Or take the same speaker's description of Ptolemy:—

'A speculative man that knows not men,
A man whose blood flows sweetly through his veins,
Leaving at every point a sleepy pleasure
That needs must overflow to all our race
In vague complacent kindness. All his thoughts
In orbits as of planets curving go,
And grasp, like them, blank space. Your minds majestic,
Like Ptolemy's, are oft but stately triflers.'

How unlike the twitterings to which we are accustomed! This is a manner distinctive and fine in itself, the instrument of a mind at once subtle and comprehensive, at home in the region of human heart and life.

Sir Aubrey de Vere, who was a contemporary of Byron and of Sir Robert Peel* at Harrow, was like Wordsworth, his friend, cradled into poetry by Nature, amid the same scenes as that poet, beside the 'peaceful mountain stream' that flows from Grasmere and Rydal into Windermere—the Rotha. But human nature claimed him and the *historia spectabilis* of the drama. 'Julian the Apostate' and 'The Duke of Mercia' were his first considerable compositions; 'Mary Tudor,' by far his greatest work, was not published until after the author's death in 1846, and as a consequence was never revised. Sir Aubrey de Vere's life was by no means wholly devoted to poetry. We are told by his son that probably not more than two years of his life, scattered over its various portions, were spent in the composition of his longer works. They must necessarily have occupied his mind for more extended periods of time than is here indicated, but Sir Aubrey de Vere cannot be regarded as in any sense a poet by profession:—

* Peel on one occasion, 'to save his friend trouble, wrote a copy of Latin verses so good that the "fine Roman hand" was well-nigh detected, and the two boys with difficulty escaped punishment.'

'His reading was discursive, military works interesting him not less than poetry or history. From his boyhood he had approached military subjects with the ardour of a soldier, studying campaigns ancient and modern, with the aid of maps as well as books, a habit to which he probably owed his minute geographical knowledge, and a singular power of realizing, as a tactician might, the relative positions of remote places.'

By birth an Irishman, Sir Aubrey de Vere's sympathies were divided between his native country and England, the home of his remoter ancestors,—sympathies which found expression in his historical sonnets and in those composed upon scenes of natural beauty in Ireland. In the brief memoir written by his son which appears in the volume containing 'Mary Tudor,' there is put on record an estimate of the man by one who bent over him after his death,—an estimate which harmonizes well with any that can be passed upon his poetry,—'In that brow I see three things—Imagination, Reverence, and Honour.' Among the fragments left behind him, the following now serves as a motto to his work as a poet:—

'An if I be a worm, mine office is
Like his which spins a thread that shall attire
The noblest of the land; and when his task
Is rightly done, sleeps, and puts forth again
His powers in wings that waft him like an angel,
Onward from flower to flower and up to heaven.'

It is a somewhat difficult task to criticise Sir Aubrey de Vere's early dramas, a task made still more difficult in the case of poems which can hardly be said ever to have had a spell of life in public favour. With many of the qualities that complicate greatness and compel admiration, they fail to command—as poetry must do or drop into oblivion—the attention, it may be said, in its own despite. The reader cannot fail to acknowledge their power, but he is not taken captive. With 'Mary Tudor' it is quite another matter: no escape is possible there from the poet's net; we are enmeshed in its magic toils from first to last. For our part we should be content to rest Sir Aubrey de Vere's reputation upon his Sonnets, pronounced by Wordsworth to be 'amongst the most perfect of our age,' or upon that magnificent creation just spoken of, 'Mary Tudor,' which two such different minds as those of Mr. Gladstone and the late Cardinal Manning agreed in placing next to Shakespeare. Probably no critical panegyric would induce any but a stray student of poetry in these hurrying days, to read 'Julian' or 'The Duke of Mercia.' Yet, if once read by him, that they would be read.

a second time is almost certain. But, like Southey, the author seems to have held the unpopular theory that poetry ought to elevate rather than affect; and his early dramas, like Southey's epics, move on a plane above that on which the drama of life proceeds for ordinary human beings. To the few who read Southey's epics these dramas can be confidently recommended as sustaining like them, with apparent ease, the weight of a difficult subject, and rising at times to incontestable displays of passion and of power.

The high level sustained in Sir Aubrey de Vere's poetry is one of its most striking characteristics. If not inspiring throughout—and what poet is inspiring throughout?—he is never paltry, and the verse moves with a conscious unflinching dignity that corresponds to the grave and luminous current of thought beneath. That so fine a subject for historical tragedy as 'Mary Tudor,' treated with such dramatic and poetic force as Sir Aubrey de Vere possessed, should be comparatively neglected, suggests several reflections. It seems clear that the reputation of a poet must be built up; that an enduring popular recognition of his genius is impossible unless he have laid a foundation broad enough to permit of appreciation from a circle wider than the circle of culture. For, after all, it is not to the critics nor even to the students that the gods have granted the disposal of fame, but to the people. The man in the street is little of a critic in any eyes other than his own, but upon his knees lie the final dooms of authors. That Sir Aubrey de Vere wrote little poetry which appealed to the general circle of readers militated against his acceptance as a representative poet of his epoch. And indeed he was not its representative. His interests were not sufficiently local and temporary, nor in the fashion of the time. He interpreted few feelings, faiths, or aspirations of his day, and thus missed the path which Tennyson, in whose brain the man of the world was not unrepresented, took,—the path that leads direct to fame. Sir Aubrey de Vere chose too for his longer works a poetic form, the dramatic, to which readers had grown unaccustomed, and by that unfamiliarity they were at the outset discouraged.

But whether recognised by the *vox populi* or not, the delineation of Mary Tudor ranks indisputably as the finest delineation of royal character since Shakespeare. The note of characterisation is that it presents a queen who is a woman, a woman who was also a queen; for royal, with all her faults, Mary Tudor was: royalty sat visibly upon the Tudor brow. To restore womanliness to that Queen of England whom history, it was written, had presented as an impossible personification

of bloodthirstiness, was a dramatic aim, noble in itself, and splendidly successful. 'The author of "Mary Tudor,"' writes Mr. de Vere, in the fine preface to his father's play, 'used to affirm that most of the modern historians had mistaken a part and that the smaller part, of the sad Queen's character for the whole of it.' Sir Aubrey de Vere's conception of Mary character deserves consideration, not only as poetic, but in reality the most authentic portrait we possess,—historically more correct as taking in a larger group of facts, and morally deeper and more convincing as consistent with real human nature. We here claim for it the respect due to greater truthfulness and insight, as well as the admiration due to a more powerful artistic presentation than can be found in any other whether painted by historian or rival poet.

No criticism of 'Mary Tudor' can avoid comparing it with the 'Queen Mary' of Tennyson, published twenty-eight years later. While neither of the dramas dealing with Queen Mary can be charged as pieces of special pleading, both attempt revision of the historic estimate passed in her disfavour by popular English traditions. Were it necessary to sum up in sentence the relative impressions produced by these companion pictures, it might fairly be said, 'Mary Tudor' is the work of a dramatist and a poet, 'Queen Mary' the work of a poet; the first is dramatic in the fullest sense throughout, the latter poet throughout, and only in parts dramatic. That Sir Aubrey de Vere had more of a native dramatic instinct than Lord Tennyson cannot be questioned. The grasp of character in his plays, firmer, the action and movement more inevitable, more grand and simply natural. The *dramatis personæ* move and speak in the movement and speech of real life. The dialogue is not a conversation issuing from the mouths of puppets; groups are natural groups, and the action unfolds itself as the necessary outcome of the circumstances and characters involved. Nowhere does Sir Aubrey de Vere fritter away dramatic effect by indulgence in prettinesses, nowhere seek opportunities for poetical descriptions; but, when such arise, the poetry is as fresh and sweet as any in Lord Tennyson's drama. Take this scene on Wanstead Heath, exquisite in itself, and full of pathos from the lips of the loneliest queen that ever sat on a throne:—

' Mary.

How natter you this fair prospect?

Arundel.

Wanstead Heath,

By Epping Chase.

Mary.

How blest these breezy downs,
With purple heath and golden gorse enamell'd ;
Each bosky bank with dewy windflowers strown,
Each dell with cowslip and rathe violet,—
And the sun-loving daisy on hill-tops
Drinking the light! Ah, happy shepherd's life!
He this sweet solitude, without constraint,
Explores, his chosen damsel at his side;
Recounting tales of love and plighted faith;
Or from his pipe pours such delicious song
That the wild hare in the close bitten lane
Pauses with ear erect, and timorous deer
That down the labyrinthine forest glade
Goes bounding, starts aside, and turns to gaze.*

Sir Aubrey de Vere's blank verse is the blank verse of the English drama,—the *panharmonion*, as Symonds called it, the universal instrument as used by the Elizabethans. Tennyson's blank verse is the verse of the 'Idylls of the King,' arranged to suit dialogue. Sweetness and an ornate beauty it possesses, but nowhere, in our judgment, the dramatic ring, the broken pause of power, the alternate gravity and swiftness of living speech.

In making this comparison, we make it with the mind's eye upon the first of the two dramas that compose the tragedy of 'Mary Tudor.' Sir Aubrey's second drama, though a fine work in itself, loses by following the first, and, if compared alone with 'Queen Mary,' might not without question bear away the palm. The reader fresh from a perusal of the first play, who has felt its condensed power, finds a certain diffuseness, and experiences less distinctly a unity of impression. The delineation is not so sharp nor arresting, the action somewhat languid, and, to some degree, the sentiment and thought seem to return upon themselves. Had Sir Aubrey de Vere lived to publish the work himself, there can be little doubt that much would have been altered, and the whole shortened. The weakness, if weakness there be in the second drama, is only weakness by comparison with the first. So fine a tragedy was produced by the author of the early part of the Queen's reign that it was hardly possible to add another. The second play contributes little to our knowledge of Mary; the horror of remorse with which the first drama closes is in itself intensely tragic; and to the tragedy of a broken heart, the accumulation of sorrows or the advent of death lends no additional terrors. After the scene in which Mary sees from her window in the Tower the

executioner hold up to view the once lovely head of Jane Grey,
and the unhappy Queen in her delirious frenzy cries,

'Pah! I am choked—my mouth is choked with blood!'

no scene remained in her life of such terrible and overpowering
agony. Life contained for her henceforth only

'Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind.'

Mary's failure and death are far less touching, fraught far
less with the 'pity and terror' of tragedy, than her remorse in
the moment of final triumph over her enemies. Throughout
this play, which opens with Northumberland's plot to seize the
crown for his son's wife and ends with Jane Grey's execution,
the poet with the finest instinct retains our sympathy for the
Queen no less than for her innocent rival. In weaker hands
the play would undoubtedly have become the tragedy of Lady
Jane Grey, the guiltless victim of her father's ambition; but
Sir Aubrey de Vere makes us realize, and it is a dramatic
achievement of the first order, that the real suffering, the weight
upon the heart which makes tragedy, is Mary's. Lady Jane
suffers, indeed, innocently; but her whiteness of soul and devo-
tion of love make her sorrows less sorrowful, and death a
release from a world of troubles. That Sir Aubrey de Vere
could give us such a picture as this of Lady Jane's last short
interview with her mother, and still command our deepest grief
for the Queen who signed her death-warrant, seems to us a
proof of the highest tragic genius:—

'What shall I give thee?—they have left me little—
What slight memorial through soft tears to gaze on?
This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy?
I cannot part with it; upon this finger
It must go down into the grave. Perchance
After long years some curious hand may find it,
Bright, like our better hopes, amid the dust,
And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.
Here—take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
And take this winding sheet to him; and this
Small handkerchief, so wetted with my tears,
To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This kiss—
And this—my last—print on his lips, and bid him
Think of me to the last, and wait my spirit.
Farewell, my mother! Farewell, dear, dear mother!
These terrible moments I must pass in prayer—
For the dying—for the dead! Farewell! farewell!'

The gentleness, fortitude, and constancy of Jane Grey, her
solicitude for her husband's life, her quiet acceptance of her
own

own fate, the singleness of purpose and the beauty of her character, act as a foil to the political craft and pusillanimous shrinking from the result of his own acts displayed by Northumberland, and no less to the stormy passion and thirst for revenge in Mary alternating with woman's weakness and remorse. The delineation of the struggle in which the Queen's soul is tempest-tost among the winds and waves of passion and native inclination, driven at one time by her imperious will, fortified by the resolve to keep guard over 'the true cross and the authentic faith,' at another swayed by a passionate craving, a wistful longing, infinitely pathetic, for some real affection, or by an inclination towards clemency and a milder policy,—this delineation can hardly fail to recall the tragic elevation, the 'high passions and high actions,' of the Elizabethan drama. How finely this recalls the accent of an elder day! The Queen's passion is fairly alight, and the sword has been thrown into the scale of vengeance; 'the demon wakes within her heart,' and her mood passes into frenzy and madness:—

Mary.

I want

To see Jane Grey—after her widowhood.

Fakenham (aside).

After?—She then shall live.

Gardiner (aside).

Observe, she raves.

Mary.

We'll sit together in some forest nook
Or sunless cavern by the moaning sea,
And talk of sorrow and vicissitudes
Of hapless love, and luckless constancy.
And hearts that death or treachery divides!
What's the hour? Be quick, be quick, I've much to do.

Gardiner.

Just noon.

Mary.

There will be death soon on the air,
With outspread pinions making an eclipse.
Ha! ha! brave work we Queens do! Destiny
Is in our hands—yea, in these very veins
The spirit of the fatal Sisterhood
Riots! The snakes of the Eumenides
Brandish their horrent tresses round my head!

Of the minor characters, or rather the characters other than
protagonist,

protagonist, Northumberland, Jane Grey, and Cardinal Pole are the most finely drawn; and, for the worthless Philip, Sir Aubrey de Vere compels a hatred akin to that which Shakespeare compels for a stronger though hardly more hateful villain in Iago. Mary's passion for Philip cannot be read as a passion real in itself, but as centred on the only possible object for her lifelong repressed affections. She sought some outlet for the sweeter springs beneath the bitter waters of her soul. Gardiner and Cranmer are great historical portraits, worthy of their place in a drama which, with admirable impartiality, describes a period so full of religious passions, and, within the narrow circumference of its acts and scenes, depicts the very life and figure of the times as no historian has given or ever can give it,—England vexed with fierce religious discords and civil strife, stained with innocent blood, aflame with hatreds as with martyrs' fires,—England, in whose borders the spirit of independence of an already ancient and free people was even now astir, but in which the various elements of the national life were not yet fused, and had not yet been unified as they were to be unified in the reign of Elizabeth.

Like characters drawn by all great artists, Sir Aubrey de Vere's portraits are at once individual and typical, at once persons and types. To each individual belongs a personality that differs from all others in the world; but it rests upon a human foundation, an understructure which is the same for all men. It is a comparatively easy task for the painter to limn a face which we recognise as in the abstract beautiful, or, if possessed of the observant eye, to reproduce features we know and recognise; but to see in every human countenance not its distinguishing lines alone, but those more fleeting which mark a special type, or to inform with human expression some abstract ideal of beauty, argues a power that belongs to the highest imaginative, combined with the highest observant and executive, genius. In Sir Aubrey de Vere's portraiture in 'Mary Tudor,' a thoughtful student will read the features not of individuals alone, but of individuals who belong to a certain age, a certain epoch in the history of England and of the world. Human and personal, they are also racial and peculiar to an epoch. Mary and Jane Grey, English to the core, though of natures widely differing; Northumberland and Cardinal Pole, types of the Englishmen of the period; Philip, the representative of Spain; and Gardiner, of the narrower stronger Churchmen whose religion consumed their humanity, and so on throughout the play. To us it seems that it would be difficult to find among English dramas one which would serve better as a gallery, wherein to study the prevailing

prevailing types of mind during the period of which it treats, than 'Mary Tudor.'

Sir Aubrey de Vere is greater in the old tradition of the drama, in the representation of action and of character displayed in action. Mr. de Vere, as we shall see, excels, like Browning, in the intellectual drama, the internal development of character *amid* circumstances rather than its delineation *by* action, in the actual conflict and clash of forces in the external world. Taken together, they represent the highest reach in the present century of the drama of action and the drama of thought. Of the drama of thought, or the intellectual drama, 'Hamlet' may serve as an example, where the character of the hero displays itself in the life of his mind rather than in the field of action, since he is in action uncertain and wavering, and acts from sudden impulses instead of along definite lines of policy. The proper instrument of the intellectual drama, which is mainly concerned with crises in the history of the soul, seems to be, as with Browning, monologue, and it is noticeable that in 'Hamlet' the monologues are more frequent and more lengthy than in any other of Shakespeare's tragedies. Mr. de Vere's method is somewhat different. In his finest play he makes a gradual revelation of the character of Alexander, largely by a chronicle in dialogue of the impressions made by his personality upon those in contact with him, partly by Alexander's own words and partly by his actions. How admirable is this when Parmenio, King Philip's old general, corrects his son Philotas' conception of Alexander, and the causes of his success in war:—

Philotas.

One half his victories come but of his blindness,
And noting not the hindrance.

Parmenio.

At Granicus

But that was chance. At Issus he was greater;
I set small store on Egypt or on Tyre;
Next came Arbela. Half a million foes
Melted like snow. To him Epaminondas
Was as the wingless creature to the wing'd.

Philotas.

I grant his greatness were his godship sane!
But note his brow; 'tis Thought's least earthly temple;
Then mark beneath that round, not human eye,
Still glowing like a panther's! In his body
No passion dwells; but all his mind is passion,
Wild intellectual appetite and instinct
That works without a law.

Parmenio.

Parmenio.

But half you know him.

There is a zigzag lightning in his brain
That flies in random flashes, yet not errs;
His victories seem but chances; link those chances,
And under them a science you shall find,
Though unauthentic, contraband, illicit,
Yea, contumelious oft to laws of war.
Fortune that as a mistress smiles on others,
Serves him as duty bound; her blood is he,
Born in the purple of her royalties.

If this be not in the manner of the great masters, we are at a loss to adduce examples of their manner. This passage serves well to illustrate Mr. de Vere's characteristic diction at its best,—'a style,' to use Matthew Arnold's luminous description of Wordsworth's best writing, 'a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters.' It is a diction which aims at no surprises for the reader. It does not care to goad him into excitement if his imagination or his feelings are dull, and it thus elects to suffer comparative neglect amongst the styles of the day, which ask nothing from the reader, but take upon themselves to electrify his already over-stimulated nerves by the surprising and the ostentatious.

'During the last century,' writes Mr. de Vere, in his preface to 'Alexander the Great,' 'it was thought philosophical to sneer at the "Macedonian madman," and moral to declaim against him as a bandit. Maturer reflection has led us to the discovery that "a fool's luck" helping a robber's ambition could hardly have enabled a youth but twenty-two years of age when he began his enterprise to conquer half the world in ten years. The ancients made no such mistake. They admired, and therefore they understood.' Mr. de Vere's study and presentation of the person and achievements of Alexander bring before us the greatest captain of the ancient world, with the sharpness and reality of outline that time, when counted by centuries, in despite of all historical records does so much to efface. One imperative demand is made upon fictional art,—it must be convincing. And this whether it works in the field of pure invention and reproduces types, or in the field of history and clothes the skeleton records with flesh and blood. The creative artist makes what we may call his only—for it is his fatal—failure, when he fails to be convincing. However roughly his material be handled, however ineffectively he executes detail, if the result leaves the impression of reality, if it convinces

vinces the eye and mind, the highest success has been achieved. Verisimilitude can hardly be gained at too dear a cost. Because it must be gained at all costs, an artist who works upon a period other than his own burdens himself with preliminary study. He must himself live the life of the period; he must not only know its outward shows, the dress it wore, its life of field and hearth, its pomp and circumstance, but he must know its inner life, sympathise with its ways of thought, experience its emotions, and feel the truth of its beliefs.

Perhaps Mr. de Vere of all living men, partly by natural affinity of mind and partly by reason that he is a poet, has the closest knowledge of, the fullest sympathy with, that period of European history which we are accustomed somewhat vaguely to denominate the Middle Ages. Much of his finest poetry is steeped in the spiritual mood, and might have been composed in the environment, of those ages. He has written what might almost be termed an apology for the Middle Ages in the preface to his 'Mediæval Records.' But it is a proof of the breadth and intellectual range of his genius that he has produced no greater work than that which deals with the Pagan world and a type of such distinctly Pagan heroism as Alexander. True it is that Mr. de Vere finds in pride the great vice in his character, 'the all-pervading vice,' as he writes, 'which, except in the rarest instances, blended itself like a poison with Pagan greatness, and penetrated into its essence.' But in so doing he is not judging Alexander by the standard of Christian virtue, but by a standard which the highest minds among the ancients, such as Alexander's master, Aristotle, might have applied, and by his admiration for Alexander's heroic and intellectual qualities he proves for himself the possession of that openness and independence of mind which are so essential in judgments upon the persons and actions of ages other than our own.

Broadly human and sympathetic treatment of any period, however far removed from the present, could hardly fail to be successful; but in 'Alexander the Great' our admiration is felt, not alone for the poet, but for the student whose alert eye caught sight of the finer details and possibilities of poetic and dramatic material in the comparatively scanty records of the year 323 B.C. From the hints in Plutarch, Shakespeare reconstructed the main characters in the Roman plays. Mr. de Vere gleaned a like precious harvest in the same field; but took the incident which is in some respects the most interesting in Alexander's life, his visit to the Temple in Jerusalem, from Josephus. Of this incident Mr. de Vere makes a poetic and legitimate use in tracing the effect of the religions of the East,

East, and especially of the monotheism of the Hebrews, upon the imperial mind of the soldier-statesman. Alexander's sublime idea of an universal empire, 'redeemed from barbarism and irradiated with Greek science and art,' proceeded from a mind far other than that which guides the designs of the successful general. As Mr. de Vere says, 'His intellect was at once vast and minute, his mind was at once idealistic and practical,' and he was keenly susceptible of the reality and moral depth of the religions held by the peoples whom his genius overthrew. But Alexander's pride of power, ministered to by a dazzling series of successes, choked the spiritual fountains of his nature. So self-centred he stands, even in his moments of doubt and in the company of his only friend Hephestion, that his thought cannot travel beyond the circle of the one supreme ambition of his life. From the religions of the conquered peoples he extracts material to feed his quenchless pride; or, if that be impossible, he can at least, by resource to scepticism, set aside their appeals to higher ideals, and at the worst he can cut the tangled knot with his resistless sword.

'This only know we—

We walk upon a world not knowable
Save in those things which knowledge least deserve,
Yet capable, not less, of task heroic.
My trust is in my work; on that I fling me,
Trampling all questionings down.'

The many aspects of Alexander's character, beside that of its overmastering pride, his poetic mysticism, soldierly decision, marvellous foresight, consummate coolness and dexterity, passion and ardour, subtlety, and an instinct almost animal, are all revealed by Mr. de Vere in firm but delicately contrived strokes; and much more than these. How much of insight he gives us into the heart of the man in this contemptuous reference to Philotas, whom he has put to death on a suspicion of treason unproven:—

'I, in his place,

Had ta'en small umbrage at my days abridged;
There lived not scope nor purpose in his life
Which death could mar.'

How affectingly, and with what exquisite appropriateness of scene, does Mr. de Vere introduce us to the only expression of Alexander's feelings which were not wholly centred in himself! With Hephestion, Alexander visits the tomb of Achilles and anoints the pillar that marks the grave; Hephestion lingers:—

Alexander

Alexander.

The night descends.

Hephestion, I depart.— You tarried;— wherefore?

Hephestion.

For justice's sake and friendship's. Is there room
For nothing, then, but greatness on the earth?
I crown'd that other tomb.

Alexander.

What tomb?

Hephestion.

It stood
Close by, the loftier;— greater love had raised it;—
Patroclus' tomb.

Alexander.

'Tis strange I mark'd it not.

Hephestion.

These two were friends.

Alexander.

Ay! nor in death divided.

Hephestion.

Therefore, despite that insolent cynic sect,
The gods have care for things on earth.

Alexander.

Hephestion!

That which Patroclus to Achilles was
Art thou to me—my nearest and mine inmost.
In them, not lives alone, but fates were join'd;
Patroclus died, Achilles follow'd soon.'

The character of Alexander, whose 'one human affection,' his friendship for Hephestion, 'did not escape the alloy' of pride, has an historic and philosophical interest; that of Hephestion an interest more near, human and personal. Without Hephestion the drama could not but have lain somewhat outside the realm of ordinary human nature, so far removed are Alexander's character and achievements from those possible for the average man. But in the juxtaposition of these two figures Mr. de Vere has produced a striking contrast of wide intellectual and moral bearings. Alexander touches earth in his love for his friend; Hephestion is ennobled by his preservation of every virtue, especially those distinctively Christian, of simplicity and humility.

humility, like Marcus Aurelius, even on the steps, as we may say, of an imperial throne. Alexander, like another Achilles, gathers around his person all the glories of intellect and of power which make him an incarnation of almost divine greatness; and, like Achilles, the dazzling brightness of his day is in imagination still more bright, because the night of death descended upon it all too soon and sudden, with no twilight interspace of lessening greatness to prepare the eye. Alexander may stand for us as the supreme power of intellect, soaring in contemplation, resistless in action, and the worshippers of mind could hardly enthroned a greater deity chosen from among mortals. Hephæstion, around whose head play less dazzling lights than those of imperial intellect and power, is a type of moral grandeur, of the beauty of virtue. Mr. de Vere's design, we doubt not, in this contrast was to make comparison between the Greek and the Christian ideals, the glory of the mind and the greater glory of the soul.

It is barely conceivable that any careful student of this drama can assign to it a place second to any produced in the nineteenth century. Nearly all the great poets of the century have essayed drama; almost without exception they have failed. Scott's genius, supreme in narrative fiction, proved too discursive for dramatic bounds. Wordsworth failed because his intellect was contemplative, out of any close sympathy with action. Coleridge, metaphysician and mystic though he was, came nearer success, but did not reach it. Byron was too rigidly confined within the iron circle of his own personality to succeed in dramatic characterisation. Landor produced with the statuary's art noble groups of men and women, but could not call them from their pedestals into breathing life. Keats rioted in the glow and passion of colour and of music, and the Fates gave him no lease of life wherein to study the world that lay around him. Shelley achieved success in one instance, but his is a drama of hateful night unvisited by the blessed light of day. Tennyson, after a brilliant career in almost every other branch of the poetic art which raised high expectations, gained only a respectable mediocrity in this—the highest. The honours in nineteenth-century drama are all divided between Sir Henry Taylor, Browning, and the de Veres, and to the de Veres the future will confirm the laurel. 'Mary Tudor' and 'Alexander the Great,' as we have said, rank side by side as the highest limits in the drama of action and of thought reached in later times. 'Alexander' is full of fine, of memorable, of durable things; it is a poem large in conception, triumphant in execution. 'Mary Tudor,' less striking in single lines and passages, less daring in
its

its subject, has the grand processional movement suited to its subject, and in harmony with the great traditions of English historical drama. Mr. de Vere's diction is richer and more varied than Sir Aubrey's, and rises in dignity with the difficulty of the theme. Alexander's address to his troops after the mutiny among them has been put down, beginning—

'Ye swincherds, and ye goatherds, and ye shepherds,
That shamelessly in warlike garb usurped
Your vileness cloak, my words are not for you;
There stand among you others, soldiers' sons,
Malo hearts, o'erwrit with chronicles of war:
To them I speak'—

is a truly magnificent oration, only matched by passages from the same play, as where Alexander crowns the tomb of Achilles and apostrophises the dead hero, or where, looking out from the disopposite new Tyre, he sees in vision the city that was to bear his name, Alexandria.

'There the Euxine
Thaws in the hot winds from the Arabian gulfs,
There meet the East and West; dusk Indian kings
Thither shall send their ivory and their gold,
And thence to far Hesperia!'

The imagery is throughout arresting and in the highest degree poetic, as here where Hephestion speaks of Philotas:

'Coldness in youth is twice the cold of old;
Beneath the ashes of a fire burnt out
Some heat may lurk; but from the unfuell'd hearth
And dusk bars of a never-lighted fire
The chillness comes of death.'

Or here where Philotas is awaiting death after condemnation, and has drawn from Phylax an oath to revenge him by the assassination of Hephestion:

'Remember
An ice-film gathers on my shivering blood.
Oh, happy days of youth! They'll laugh at me,
A shadow mid the shades, as I have laugh'd
At Homer's ghosts bending to victim blood,
A sieve-like throat incapable of joy!
Tell me these things are fables. I'd not live
A second time; for life's too dangerous!
We come from nothing; and another nothing,
A hoary Hunger, couchant at Death's gate,
Waits to devour us.'

A critic's duty towards this play would be unfaithfully performed, if he failed to call attention to the fine scenes in prose
which

which it contains,—scenes which, almost to a greater degree than those in verse, fill the reader with admiration for the author's subtle psychological power and command over the resources of language.

Into Mr. de Vere's dramas, 'Alexander the Great' and 'St Thomas of Canterbury,' enters a philosophical in addition to their historical, personal, and poetic interest. The hero of each figures forth in his own person a great world-moving idea, such ideas as emanate from individuals who stand head and shoulders above their fellows, are in advance of their own times, and often powerful agents in the development, so slow and yet so certain, of human society. To Alexander must be ascribed of right the first inception of the idea which in our day has become the familiar one of 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' He first conceived the possibility of an universal empire, which should embrace the nations and gather the whole human family under the rule of a single sceptre. It was not to be expected that he should conceive it as a commonwealth or as ruled by any other than its imperial founder. He would have thrown the peoples into the melting-pot of his own ambition and created a terrestrial planetary system of nations, with himself as central sun. But the magnificence of the idea is scarcely marred by the splendid egotism of the man, who not alone conceived but went far to realize it, 'to make,' in Dryden's words, 'one city of the universe.'

'Had he lived,' says Mr. de Vere, 'he must have created it. The Romans, whose legions with difficulty resisted the phalanx when wielded by Pyrrhus of Epirus, must have sunk, despite the patriotic confidence of Livy, before the conqueror. The imperial series would then have been far otherwise completed; the consummating empire, which resumed all its predecessors, inheriting their gifts, and exaggerating at once their good and their evil, the virtues that win power, and the earthly aim that degrades it, would have been an empire of Intellect, not of Law; and over its subject realms there would have been scattered, not Roman municipalities, but Greek schools.'

What the world has lost, what it may have gained, by the early death of the world-dissolving, world-creating Macedonian, he would be a bold speculator who would venture to affirm.

In the person of Becket, Mr. de Vere also represents an idea of wide-reaching national importance. Becket stands in the history of his epoch as representative of the Church, a truly moral power espousing the higher national interests against a tyrannous control, and so as a pillar of the people's cause, a pioneer in the movement towards true freedom and the higher civilization. As

a great

a great reformer of clerical abuses, one indeed regarded in his own day as secular in his views, and as defender of the Church against the Crown, he was in reality the upholder and guardian of the cause of liberty, so hardly won in council hall and tented field by the people of England from their hereditary kings.

The poetry of Mr. de Vere, to one fresh from the perusal of modern verse, seems almost overweighted, overcharged with thought. The error, if error there be, lies certainly in excess rather than deficiency: he sows less with the hand than with the whole sack. Or it might be more truthfully said that the fault is in over-refinement, such refinement as can hardly be censured in itself, but is rarely achieved without expansion beyond the limits of emphasis, or without sacrifice of that breadth of effect which is essential to the highest beauties of verse. But though refined beyond necessity, the informing ideas of his poetry are never abstract, but spring spontaneously from some ground of universal experience, and are vitally connected with human feeling and the real world. Like the poetry of Wordsworth, it lives and moves in the peopled city of the pure humanities, not in the world of phantasy derived, it may be, from ancient legend or saga where we are 'housed in dreams.' It is poetry whose source is very near the heart, whose appeal needs not therefore to be couched in the language of exaggeration, so simple, direct, and winning are the truth and justice of its natural claims. As with Wordsworth, too, the level of Mr. de Vere's verse is determined by its immediate subject; as the wind of inspiration blows strongly or faintly, the verse rises or falls, but it must be noticed that the language remains the same throughout; it is never by trick of phrase or cunning effects of word-melody that Mr. de Vere's poetic power displays itself. The subjects of which he makes choice are subjects upon which he feels strongly and treats for their own sake, not merely such as afford facilities for poetic handling or the production of surprising beauties, that we may be caused to exclaim, 'How ingenious an artist!' It is poetry not by reason of its ornate splendour, but because its thoughts are sincere, its impulses spontaneous, its passion authentic.

We have already noticed that the poetry of the de Veres is characterised by its independence of contemporary fashion, than which there are few surer tests of true poetic genius. We have remarked their success in the dramatic form, a form in which the representative poets of the century fell short. There is yet another field of poetry, cultivated indeed by many modern poets, but by few among the greatest with eminent success, in which the de Veres have attained a notable mastery, a mastery acknowledged

acknowledged by all competent critics. Minds of the discursive order, like Wordsworth's, working in the medium of measured language, are apt to run on to undue lengths, to spread their thought over too large a surface. For this reason Mr. de Vere, like Wordsworth, is indisputably at his best in the poems composed in fixed forms; in the drama, because compression is essential, and in 'the sonnet's scanty plot of ground,' where prolixity is impossible. A poet who is exclusively a poet, whose business in life is poetry, naturally pours into verse all his impressions of life, makes the Muse his *confidante* in small matters as in great. But enduring poetry is occasional, it comes into being at unexpected moments only when a perfect balance of mind and heart are attained, when speech and idea are in the closest harmony. Throughout a long poem it is barely possible that this perfect harmony can remain unbroken. A strict form, such as that of the drama or the sonnet, seems to aid some poets, compelling them to a severer guard over themselves than they care to exercise when moving in freer, more liberal forms. In the art of sonnet-writing Mr. de Vere inherited to the full his father's genius. If less massive than the sonnets of Sir Aubrey, Mr. de Vere's are as delicately chiselled, are more varied in melody, and embrace a wider range of subject. Of his father's sonnets it is difficult indeed to speak too highly. Their weight of thought and corresponding dignity of movement remind us irresistibly of the organ note to be heard in Milton's

'Captain, or Colonel, or Knight at Arms,'

or in his

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints';

while in singleness or unity of effect, in chaste beauty of language, they can best be compared with Wordsworth's. Of the one hundred sonnets in the volume published in 1875, many deal with aspects of scenery, in the main Irish; some may be classed among poems inspired by patriotism, others among those inspired by religious feeling. Take this as an example of the grave splendour for which almost all are conspicuous:—

GUGAUN BARRA.

'Not beauty which men gaze on with a smile,
Not grace that wins, no charm of form or hue,
Dwelt with that scene. Starely upon my view,
And slowly—as the shrouding clouds awhile
Disclosed the beetling crag and lonely isle—
From their dim lake the ghostly mountains grow,
Lit by one slanting ray. An eagle flew
From out the gloomy gulf of the defile,

Like

Like some sad spirit from Hades. To the shore
Dark waters roll'd, slow heaving, with dull moan;
The foam-flakes hanging from each livid stone,
Like froth on deathful lips; pale mosses o'er
The shatter'd cell crept, as an orphan lone
Clasps his cold mother's breast when life is gone.'

Of this, as representative of the sonnets dealing with national themes:—

THE TRUE BASIS OF POWER.

'Power's footstool is Opinion, and his throne
The Human Heart; thus only kings maintain
Prerogatives God-sanction'd. The coarse chain
Tyrants would bind around us may be blown
Aside, like foam, that with a breath is gone:
For there's a tide within the popular vein
That despots in their pride may not restrain,
Sworn with a vigour that is all its own.

'Ye who would steer along these doubtful seas,
Lifting your proud sails to high heaven, beware!
Rocks throng the waves, and tempests load the breeze;
Go search the shores of History—mark there
The Oppressor's lot, the Tyrant's destinies;
Behold the wrecks of ages, and despair!'

Mr. de Vere, in his memoir of his father, tells us that

'the sonnet was with him to the last a favourite form of composition. This taste was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of Wordsworth, whose genius he had early hailed, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honours of his later life. For his earlier sonnets he had found a model chiefly in the Italian poets, especially Petrarch and Filicaja. Like Filicaja also, who so well deserved the inscription graven on his tomb, "qui gloriam literarum honestavit," he valued the sonnet the more because its austere brevity, its severity, and its majestic completeness fit it especially for the loftier themes of song.'

It may be remarked, however, that the sonnet has been in recent years so assiduously cultivated as a poetic form, so much careful attention has been given to the minutest details of its structure, and, as a result, such metrical perfection is now required of the writer of sonnets, that many of Sir Aubrey de Vere's most finished poems in this form might from one point of view be regarded—in the good company, however, of Shakespeare—as inferior to those of poets not for one moment comparable with him. Mr. de Vere had the advantage of experience not open to his father, and his work has perhaps gained

in technical qualities. He is best known probably as a sonneteer, and we therefore quote only two of his many faultless poems cast in this mould. The first is very characteristic of the refinement, the grave wisdom, the stateliness of his mind.

SONNET.

‘Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God’s messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
 And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
 Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul’s marmoreal calmness ; grief should be
 Like joy, majestic, equable, equate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free :
 Strong to consume small troubles, to command
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.’

The following in a different key displays the ample sweep of his imagination :—

THE SUN-GOD.

‘I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
 High in his luminous car, himself more bright ;
 An archer of immeasurable might :
 On his left shoulder hung his quiver’d load ;
 Spurn’d by his steeds the Eastern mountains glow’d :
 Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
 He bent ; and while both hands that arch embow’d,
 Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.
 No wings profaned that god-like form ; around
 His neck high-held an ever-moving crowd
 Of locks hung glistening ; while such perfect sound
 Fell from his bowstring, that th’ ethereal dome
 Thrill’d as a dewdrop, and each passing cloud
 Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.’

We have dwelt thus long upon the dramatic quality, the solidity of substance, the wealth and melody of language to be found in Mr. de Vere’s poetry, because it seems to be popularly supposed that he is a poet of purely meditative mood whose sympathies are almost exclusively engaged with aspects of religious faith or aspiration. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the work of the poetic sire and son alike there is a healthy variety of interests, a hearty appreciation of all that can gladden or beautify or ennoble life, a fulness of pulse such as rarely beats in the poetry.

poetry of mature life, and is conspicuously absent in the pessimistic period we have lately traversed. The enthusiasms of Mr. de Vere's nature have free course; its joys and sorrows, noble in themselves, have a noble outpouring in his verse, and not seldom does it render with perfect fidelity the inmost cry of the heart—

'When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.'

Next to Browning's, Mr. de Vere's poetry shows, in our judgment, the fullest vitality, resumes the largest sphere of ideas, covers the broadest intellectual field since the poetry of Wordsworth. But with his versatility of manner and wealth of ideas he has not combined that poetic parsimony which gives only of its best, and which has its reward at the hands of time. Had he been less facile, it is probable that his reputation as a poet would have been even higher than it is. Only the diligent student of poetry cares to discover for himself the pleasantest places in a poet's garden. If it be a garden so carefully cultivated as that of Gray or Tennyson, where every inch of ground has been scrupulously tended, where the poet has, to change the metaphor, been his own editor and made his own selections, the visitors will be more numerous and the critics disarmed ere they enter the sacred enclosure. With poets like Browning and Wordsworth, the part is often greater than the whole, and in these days of many writers only the choicest work of an author can hope for survival. Most of the poets of our own times and those to come will be read only in anthologies, and brief space will be granted to few among them save the highest. Were a judicious selection made from Mr. de Vere's poetry—neither of the two already published seem to us in all respects satisfactory—we are confident that the critic of the future would view with some astonishment and contempt any verdict of the present which ranked before it a volume by any living writer.

It has been sufficiently proved that Mr. de Vere is an original author. Alone among living poets he certainly stands, if only by reason of the strikingly impersonal character of his work. Like Byron and Tennyson, the later singers are rarely successful save when intensely personal, when they depict moods they are themselves experienced. It will be granted, however, that by far the highest triumphs of imaginative art are achieved by those poets, rare indeed in their appearance, whose sphere of operation is not limited by the narrow boundary of a single man's experience, but who cast themselves abroad upon universal human

human nature, sound its depths and shallows, sympathise with its multiform interests, and, entering through knowledge and native insight into the long history of man, are, in a very positive sense, citizens of the world rather than the slaves of environment in any age or country. Mr. de Vere has indeed lived abroad, a mental life untrammelled by space or time, of singular variety and depth; but perhaps he has felt himself most in unison, and, it may be, almost desired to make his home with the ages which he characterises as eminently Christian ages, when life was at once gay and serious, represented in one aspect by Dante, the most spiritual of poets, and in another by Chaucer, the most mirthful and human-hearted.

In these latter days of science and scientific enquiry, necessary progress has done much to remove into the region of discarded legend and mystic unreality many of the largest and most penetrating conceptions, many of the noblest truths regarding it that could inform and illuminate human life. In that body of Mr. de Vere's work which we may call distinctively religious, as dealing with the spiritual part of man, he has chosen for poetic treatment certain great spiritual conceptions, and has illustrated them at work in the formation of saintly character, producing lovely and perfect lives, and as productive of that self-forgetfulness, the passionate surrender to the service of humanity of those who, 'loving God, loved man the more,' which shines in the devoted missionary labours of the ancient Roman and Celtic churches. The gladsome and luminous wisdom, the child's heart within the man's maturer mind, the quiet yet expectant trustfulness that belongs to unquestioning faith, the intense glow of an unquenchable fire of aspiration,—these are but dim and remote to us in a season that seems by contrast the dull November of the world. So wise are we grown that we can scarce be joyful, and, though heirs of all the ages, can reduce only a small portion of our patrimony into actual ownership. Mr. de Vere would have us recover the ancient wealth of our fathers, while we retained what is exclusively our own; and in his verse the neglected truths, once in actual possession of the Christian peoples, are reverently and nobly emphasised. In reading Mr. de Vere's '*Legends of the Saxon Saints*,' '*Medieval Records*,' and '*Legends of St. Patrick*,' we confess that with us the uppermost feeling has been—a feeling which Mr. de Vere was doubtless desirous of inspiring—how much our material and scientific progress, our advance in civilization, has lost us. That there have been compensating gains Mr. de Vere would himself be the first to

insure,

insist, but the loss is no less certain. It almost seems as if the human race lay under the blighting necessity of paying for its greatest gains by the abandonment of other and no less priceless possessions. In a fine poem written at Lugano, we have Mr. de Vere's message to the present age—

- 'Teach us in all that round us lies
To see and feel each hour,
More than Homeric majesties,
And more than Phidian power;
Teach us the costs of modern life
With lordlier tasks are daily rife
- 'Than theirs who plunged the heroic oar
Of old by Chersonese;
But bid our Argo launch from shore
Unbribed by golden Fleeson:
Bid us Dædalian arts to scorn
Which prostituted ends suborn!
- 'That science—slave of sense—which claims
No commerce with the sky,
Is baser thrice than that which aims
With waxen wings to fly!
To grovel, or self-doomed to soar—
Mechanic age, be proud no more!

Of that department of Mr. de Vere's work dealing with chivalry, the lives of saints and the records of the Christian Church, we have not left ourselves space to write. We omit a lengthened criticism with the less regret since this part of his work is most widely known. To a volume of selections, recently published under the editorship of Mr. Woodberry, an appreciative and excellent essay stands as preface, in which full justice is done to these Christian poems.

'They succeed one another, as the poet's memory wanders back to the legends of the Empire on the first establishment of the faith in Roman lands and along Asian shores, or moves through mediæval times with Joan of Arc and episodes of the Cid that recall Cuchullain in their light-hearted performance of natural deeds, now under the Cross. The beauty of these separate stories is equable and full of a softened charm; but in them too, as in the Bardic myths, there abides that distance of time which makes them remote, as if they were not of our own. They are highly pictorial; and in reading them, each secluded in that silent, old-world air that encompasses it, one feels that here is a modern poet, like those early painters of pious heart who spent their lives in picturing scenes from the life of Christ; and one recalls, perhaps, some Convent of San Marco where

each

each monastic cell bears on its quiet walls such scenes from the abiding hand of the Florentine on whose face fell heaven's mildest light. These poems of Aubrey de Vere—to characterise them largely—are scenes from the life of Christ in man; and there is something in them—in their gladness, their luminousness, the peace—which suggests Frà Angelico, the halo of Christian art.'

Before we take our final leave of Mr. de Vere, we would illustrate by one quotation the felicity with which he moves lighter and more lyric measure. There are few poets of the present generation, despite their almost exclusive devotion to the lyric Muse, who can write more charming verse than this—

'In Spring, when the breast of the lime-grove gathers
Its roseate cloud; when the flush'd streams sing,
And the mavis tricks her in gayer feathers;
Read Chaucer then; for Chaucer is Spring!

'On lonely evenings in dull Novembers,
When rills run choked under skies of lead,
And on forest-hearths the year's last embers,
Wind-heap'd and glowing, lie, yellow and red;

'Read Chaucer still! In his ivied beaker
With knights, and wood-gods, and saints emboss'd,
Spring hides her head till the wintry breaker
Thunders no more on the far-off coast.'

ART. III.—*Le Père Joseph et Richelieu (1577-1638)*. Par Gustave Fagniez. Deux Tomes. Paris, 1894.

IN his very brilliant, learned, and profound inaugural Lecture delivered last summer before the University of Cambridge—which we most cordially congratulate on Lord Acton's acceptance of the Chair of Modern History—the new Professor brought out very forcibly, with lavish wealth of illustration, the difficulties which in our day beset the preliminary studies and the finished work of the historian. His chief source of embarrassment in preparation arises from the superabundance of his materials. All the State papers of every country in Europe are open to the inquirer, and the mass of original matter is inexhaustible. 'The Vatican archives alone, now made accessible to the world, filled 3,239 cases when they were sent to Paris, and they are not the richest.' When the study of the accumulated treasures of ten Courts—and we are as yet but at the beginning of the documentary age—has been duly accomplished, the historian is only on the threshold of his subject. He has to develop the gift of historical thinking, which is better than historical learning, as well as the power to discern truth from falsehood, certainty from doubt: for the use of history turns far more on certainty than on abundance of acquired information. Under such conditions it is superfluous to add that success is only possible under the sternest limitations. But there is one golden sentence besides, for the sterling manliness and the opportune utterance of which we beg to offer our heartiest acknowledgments. 'I exhort you,' said Lord Acton to his distinguished audience, 'never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong.'

The work before us supplies an apt example of the different conditions of contemporary history from that of sixty years ago, owing to the vastly increased wealth of original authorities which are now available. Even so sound an historian as Sismondi had but a very imperfect acquaintance with the real influence of Father Joseph in Richelieu's administration; and he quotes the discredited biography of the Abbé Richard as sufficient support for his estimate. To M. Fagniez's labours we are indebted for at least a painstaking effort to present his subject in the light of more trustworthy witnesses. Besides the two histories of Leprieu Balain, he has studied the dispatches of a whole army of envoys—those of England, Bavaria, Branden-
burg,

burg, Spain, Holland, Austria, Mantua, Savoy, Sweden, Tuscany, Venice, and the Papal Court. His work bears evidence of wide reading and research, and affords a further and striking illustration of the harvests which remain to be gathered from fields which might well be deemed to have been long since exhausted. For it is not a little singular that more than two centuries and a half should have passed, before the literature of a nation so rich as France is in historians should have possessed a full biography of the famous Father Joseph, the confidant and lifelong associate of one of its greatest statesmen.

A singular fatality has hitherto enshrouded Father Joseph's memory. More than one elaborate record due to the pious regard of the Sisters of Calvary for their founder has been compiled, but has remained entombed in the dust of a convent library or has passed into almost complete oblivion. When the Calvairiennes, immediately on Father Joseph's death, requested Lepré Balain to write his memoirs, the worthy priest was so impressed with the twofold and irreconcilable lives which his subject embraced, that he decided to divide his task between two independent works: one designed to portray the spiritual guide, the mission priest, the ardent controversialist; the other to describe his secular and political career. The religious biography, of ample dimensions and hitherto unpublished, remains to this day in manuscript in the convent library of the Capucins in the Rue de la Santé; and, as we gather from M. Fagniez's remarks, has been a sealed book until the publication of the volumes before us: although, from the date of its completion (1648), only ten years after Father Joseph's death, and from the information which the writer had at his command, its contents are of the highest authority. A stranger destiny awaited the secular division of Lepré Balain's labours, which for some generations was only known through an imperfect copy in the National Library at Paris, where it had attracted the historian Ranke's attention, and was quoted by him as the MS. *Memoirs of Father Joseph*. Meanwhile, the complete autograph copy—at least, M. Fagniez affirms it to be in the same handwriting as Lepré Balain's biography in the Rue de la Santé—after passing through the hands of divers collectors, was purchased at a sale in 1886 for the British Museum, and lay amongst the buried treasures of the Egerton department of the Library until it was unearthed by M. Fagniez. This precious document, which embraces ten years more than the Parisian MS. and comprises 887 pages, under the title of '*Supplément à l'Histoire*,' is the veritable second life by Lepré Balain. It is based on papers and information furnished by

Père

Père Ange de Mortange, Joseph's friend and secretary for many years, and was drawn up to inform the world of 'the secret of the most brilliant events which have occurred throughout Europe.'

It is supposed—for we are here in the region of conjecture—that the Sisters of Calvary were dismayed at the dryness and length of Lepré Balain's narrative, whose style M. Fagniez stigmatises as detestable even for the period when he wrote, petulant, diffuse, bombastic, and confused. At any rate, they searched for a second biographer to produce a more succinct and readable history. This time the task was entrusted to a Benedictine monk, a certain Dom. Damien Lherminier, to whom the pious and grateful sisterhood supplied all the materials at their command. Once more the fates were unpropitious. The original has disappeared from the Capucin convent of Mans, and nothing is preserved of it save the table of contents and a few scattered notes, from which we learn that Dom. Lherminier confined himself rigorously to Joseph's monastic life, to his missions, and to the institution and direction of the order of Calvary. In 1702 a fresh biographer appeared in the person of the Abbé Richard, who compiled from the published *Memoirs of the day* a paltry work in honour of the house of de Tremblay. Discontented with the reward which he received from the family, he published two years later, under the title of '*Le véritable Père Joseph*,' a bitter satire on his own biography, and simultaneously exercised his hireling pen on yet a third *texture* in refutation of his own ill-tempered calumnies,—a piece of audacious effrontery which apparently escaped detection at the hands of his contemporaries. To '*Le véritable Père Joseph*' M. Fagniez ascribes the origin of the unenviable reputation which has so long attached to Richelieu's intimate associate.

Nor does M. Fagniez's own work by any means reach the standard of an ideal historical biography. That the life of 'a man so various' as Father Joseph, with his intermingled concerns in things secular and sacred, presents exceptional difficulties, we have learned to our cost, and we are not disposed to question this plea, for which the authority of Lepré Balain may be justly urged. Yet there was opportunity for condensation without risk of obscurity in the twelve hundred large octavo pages comprised in these two volumes. Subsidiary matters, albeit of importance in their day, should he so deftly sketched in as to relieve and not to confuse the effect of the picture as a whole. To magnify his office is the besetting snare of the biographer, and M. Fagniez's prolixity is the less excusable, because it is indulged in over that portion of

of his history which has been amply portrayed by others. With all due allowance for their significance and for the part which Father Joseph played in their settlement, we grow intensely fatigued with the tangled minutiae of the petty struggle in the Valtellina, with the elaborate unravelling of negotiations about the Mantuan succession, with the details of diplomatic intrigue at the Diet of Ratisbon, with the wearisome preliminaries to peace between France and Austria. We miss the genius which can seize upon salient features and group them as a living whole. We miss, too, the clear crisp style which gives to French literature so much of its singular charm. These defects must not, however, blind us to the importance of M. Fagniez's pages in presenting us with at least a more adequate view of Father Joseph's character and career than can be found in any other work with which we are acquainted.

The early years of Father Joseph need not detain us long. François Le Clerc du Tremblay—such was his name before he entered the Capucin Order—was descended on his father's side from a long line of able and upright magistrates; through his mother, Marie de la Fayette, he belonged to the *haute noblesse* of France. Born in 1577, he displayed remarkable precocity; and those who love to trace after-ability to hereditary tendencies, or to read in the child the father of the man, will see in his lineage the origin of his great talents and commanding power, and in the incidents of his earliest years the forecast of his subsequent piety and vocation. It is recorded that, when only four years old, he astonished a distinguished company gathered round his father's table by reciting the story of our Lord's Passion, and broke down through emotion when he came to the entombment; that four years later he had himself begged to be sent from home to the Collège de Boncourt, lest his mother's tenderness should coddle and spoil him; that before he was ten he could declaim in Latin for an hour together, and translate Plutarch from French into that then universally known language; and that his father's death a year later filled him with a deep sense of life's uncertainty, and, aided by descriptions of the charms of asceticism brought under his notice at this impressionable age, begot in him that sense of a monastic vocation to which he eventually yielded. For the present he pursued with eagerness all the branches of a liberal education as then prescribed under a great diversity of professors—riding, fencing, military exercises of all kinds, drawing and mathematics, the two last being taught by one and the same master,—or, under the solemn conduct to and fro of his appointed *écuyer*, attended the classes of the teachers of Spanish and Italian.

Italian. Whatever the method adopted, it answered admirably in the case of the young François, whose subsequent career demanded all the qualities of a finished courtier and an accomplished linguist. Amongst his fellow-students were Claude de Mesmes, Comte d'Avaux, one of his ablest associates in future years, Henri de Rohan, the great Huguenot general, and Pierre de Berulle, the founder of the Oratory.

To one who had completed his University career Italy offered the best after-school in which to graduate in diplomacy and arms as well as to secure a mastery of Spanish and Italian, both of which were then of essential importance. Accompanied by a dozen college companions and under the faithful tutorship of Pierre Carré, François set out from Paris on the grand tour of his time. At every halting-place, in city or château, free access to the highest society was open to the travellers—now as the escort of the Duchess of Nemours on her way to Lyons, and again at Marseilles, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and finally at Rome. The hours which others of the party spent in festivities François du Tremblay devoted to perfecting himself in manly exercises or in the higher intellectual opportunities which Padua and Venice, Bologna and Ferrara, Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Strasburg in turn afforded. When he returned to France in 1595, a brilliant opening presented itself to a young noble so highly accomplished, by the outbreak of the war with Spain, and François was determined to take full advantage of it. In two short years he had gained the esteem of Henry IV., had served with distinction at the siege of Amiens, and had been selected to accompany the French Ambassador to England; when he determined to sacrifice all his fair prospects and to enter upon a monastic life. His first design was to steal away secretly and make his profession at the Grande Chartreuse; but a higher voice bade him first obtain his mother's consent, and he returned to claim it. Under the conflict of contending desires François' health gave way and his mother's heart was touched. 'Your sufferings,' she said, 'kill me.' She advised him to join the Capucins, and added, 'Perhaps I shall become resigned.' The sacrifice which the widow made of her eldest born was of no ordinary severity. His authority was sorely needed to compose family dissensions, which broke out first in an open lawsuit between Mme. du Tremblay and her two other children, and then between the younger brother and his sister. But we must pass on, as M. Fagniez invites us to do, and, forgetting François Le Clerc, think only of Father Joseph, who assumed the robe of a novice at the Convent of St. Jean le Blanc, near Orleans, on February 2, 1599.

For the next sixteen years the labours of Father Joseph were devoted to the duties of the priesthood, in which he acquired a high reputation for the eloquence which won over many converts from Protestantism, and for a magnetic power which gained many valuable recruits to his order. As Provincial of Touraine he had occasion in 1615 to visit Saint Maixent in Poitou, where Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, was residing, whilst the Conference of Loudun was negotiating an agreement between the Queen Regent and the malcontents who had gathered under Condé's standard. The occasion of the Spanish marriages had afforded a pretext for open rebellion, of which the deeper causes lay in the growing suspicion of the Huguenots, whose position was being gradually but surely undermined; in the jealousy of the great French nobles at the overweening ambition and influence of the Concini; and in the discontent engendered by the reckless squandering of the treasure amassed by Henry IV. for the conflict with Spain, and by the oppressive burdens imposed on the country to replenish the exhausted exchequer. When Father Joseph arrived at Saint Maixent, the prospects of peace were of the gloomiest character. It was found impracticable to reach a satisfactory compromise on the vexed problem of the mutual relations of the powers of Church and State. The question might have seemed purely academic, as both parties were agreed to recognise the Crown's absolute and complete independence of any ecclesiastical control; but practical difficulties of the most serious kind, civil and religious, had gathered round the definition of this important dogma. Beyond this admission of the Crown's independence the clergy refused to go, whilst the Tiers État in the States-General of 1614 not only added a further clause to the effect that no power could absolve subjects from their allegiance to their sovereign, but demanded that this dictum should be declared a fundamental law of the State, and that all functionaries and office-holders should swear to observe it. Forthwith the most violent excitement was aroused. The Parliament of Paris and the University of the Sorbonne sided with the Tiers État, and the declaration became the question of the hour.

These details may serve to explain the importance which both sides attached to Condé's acceptance of the obnoxious theory. The close union with the Tiers État, of which it was the symbol, the censure it was believed to imply on the Queen Regent and her party for their supposed connivance with the assassination of Henry IV. and for laxity in the prosecution of his murderers, the blow which it aimed at the Ultramontane doctrine of papal supremacy over all Christian princes, and the Gallican spirit

by which it was palpably inspired, all combined to make the declaration specially obnoxious alike at the Vatican and the Louvre. Condé was well aware how much of force and popularity he would forfeit by abandoning it, and any arrangement after long discussion seemed hopeless, when Father Joseph appeared on the scene. His brother Charles was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Henri de Bourbon, and Joseph was therefore no stranger to his Highness, into whose chamber he was introduced at midnight that he might plead the importance and advantage of a reconciliation with the Queen Regent. The 'ravishing discourse' composed for the occasion, and of which three copies were made for the Queen, the Pope, and Condé, has not come down to us, but suggestions would hardly be wanting that Condé's own interests would be advanced by his compliance. A few days later, Father Joseph's arguments were rendered yet more effective by a relapse of sickness in which Condé requested the Capucin's spiritual succour; but this the latter would only grant on condition that terms of peace should be signed without delay. The negotiations, crowned with such signal and unlooked-for success, had been the occasion of frequent interviews between Joseph and Richelieu, and the friendship thus cemented lasted unbroken until Joseph's death.

It was in May 1616 that the armistice was arranged which eventually opened the way to Richelieu's accession to power, and the political prospect was one before which the stoutest heart might have quailed. Universal distrust, for which there was only too much reason, everywhere prevailed. The ablest members of all the foremost houses—those of Bourbon, Guise, Condé—had in turn been murdered in broad daylight, and, unless common fame were more than commonly mendacious, secret poison had secured at least as many victims as the steel of the assassin. In the general *débâcle* all the elements of stability seemed to be lacking. The country was distracted by religious dissension, whose smouldering animosity burst out periodically into fierce civil war, and was broken up into great provincial governments under the higher nobility, whose subordination to royal authority was little more than nominal, and was violated on the slightest dictate of mortified pride or disappointed greed. The Protestant community, with its material security of fortified strongholds, formed a dangerous *imperium in imperio*, round which the discontented could rally at any crisis of rebellion. The nobility, now that its martial prestige under the altered conditions of warfare was no longer sustained, displayed a singular incapacity for adapting itself to the new
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state of things, and a keen jealousy of the *roturier* legal and civil service, which supplied its defects of administration and purchased admission to its rank and privileges. Of the condition of the clergy, to which we shall have occasion again to refer, it may suffice to quote the venerable Bourdoise, who declared with horror that the worst things done among his contemporaries were done by the clergy, and it was not to them one could turn for the force which should weld together the dissolving elements of the nation. Beneath all these causes of discouragement and anxiety the French Court was honeycombed with Spanish intrigue, and it was hard to tell whether the most trusted agents of the Bourbon monarchy were not secretly suborned in the interests of the House of Hapsburg. Worst of all—*corruptio optimi*—the influence of woman in royal and national affairs was and had long been baneful in the extreme, and could legitimately be described in terms that might recall St. Paul's scathing delineation of the corruptions of imperial Rome.

To withdraw Condé from his alliance with the Huguenots and to render him powerless by gaining him over to the Court party, would not be the exclusive subject of discussion between Father Joseph and Richelieu at the birth of an intimacy destined hereafter to be of supreme significance. M. Fagnier details the points of identity and contrast in the characters and the ideals of the two associates. He asserts that Richelieu was from the very commencement of his career inspired by the one dominant determination that France should regain its rightful place in Europe, and should restrain within legitimate limits the power of the Spanish and Austrian Hapsburgs. For this purpose the internal union of all Frenchmen was of the first importance, and Protestantism was to be brought into submission, not necessarily to religious but to civil obedience. In support of this view he quotes the future Cardinal's instructions to Schomberg when sent as Ambassador to Germany in December 1616, in which Richelieu insists that, though divided in creed, all Frenchmen are united under one Sovereign, in whose service no Catholic is so blind, in questions of State, as to regard a Spaniard as better than a Huguenot; and he proceeds to distinguish between the interests of the State and those of the soul, admitting that these last constrain Catholics to live and die in the Church in which they were born, but do not bind others to do the same. Concord once secured and maintained by a paternal but unyielding despotism within its own borders, all the powers of the nation were to be concentrated on sustaining unimpaired the balance of power, for which it was
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essential that France should fill the same regulative place in the body politic as the heart does in the human frame.* This purpose is the key-note of all Richelieu's policy. Upon its accomplishment all his energies were concentrated, and no sacrifice was too costly to further it. The King's mind was to be steadily directed to the glory of the enterprise and sustained under the difficulties it would inevitably involve. Queen-mother and Queen-consort, Pope and Kaiser and King, heir-presumptive and prince of the blood, must be disregarded if they dared to contravene this crucial policy. Alliance even with Rome's bitterest foes must be courted in its support, for which the great Minister was further prepared to lavish all the resources of France and to shed without stint the blood of her sons.

It was the unreserved acceptance of this policy which formed the bond of union between the Cardinal and the Capucin; but the latter combined with it three further projects, viz. missions to the unbelieving or misbelieving at home and abroad, the crusade against the Turk, and the direction of the Calvairiennes—matters about which Richelieu was probably as indifferent as a prince of the Church could decently be. To the prosecution of their high and (as yet) hopeless policy they contributed—Richelieu, all the powers of a mind unsurpassed for breadth of statesmanship and fertility of resource; Father Joseph, all the *finesse* of a born diplomatist combined with a dogged obstinacy of resolution which no disaster could bend or dismay. The monk ever dominated in Father Joseph, the statesman in Richelieu. The latter made Joseph a politician by associating him with himself in the daily management of public business; and the monk, drawn back into the world by his religious projects and his devotion to Richelieu, smoothed the way for the great Cardinal's accession to power.

That access was not immediately gained by the compact arranged at Loudun and Condé's adherence to the Court. The next seven years were passed in the struggle between the Queen Regent and Luynes, which ended in Marie's withdrawal from Paris and in Richelieu's retirement to his bishopric of Luçon. During these vicissitudes of fortune, Joseph retained great spiritual influence over the various members of the royal family, and used it with consummate dexterity to advance the interests of his friend. It was a strange and impracticable *cotene* which the Capucin had to guide—Marie de' Medici, a Spaniard in heart, as greedy of power as she was incapable of wielding it; Gaston d'Orléans, with all the high arrogance of

* The expression is used by both Richelieu and Father Joseph.

an heir-presumptive, the vices of a low profligate, and the caprices of a leather-headed fool; and Louis XIII., sombre, taciturn, stony, yet submitting to be told his duty as king and as husband, in minutest detail of public and domestic life, by his outspoken director, and desirous in his own sluggish way of performing it. Such were the royal penitents upon each of whom, with discriminating and appropriate reasons, Father Joseph urged the advantages of placing the government in the Cardinal's hands. Nor was he less faithful with Richelieu himself—that eagle, as he termed him, whom he had seen suspended on poised wings gazing at the mid-day sun with full, unshrinking eyes. He required of his friend a stern account of all the talents which God had granted him. He censured his lukewarmness, his indolence, his indulgence in the vain distractions of a gentleman and a courtier. For himself, who on entering the cloister had renounced all worldly vanities, he considered every moment lost which was not spent in the defence and extension of Roman Catholicism; and it is to this aspect of his life, the historic facts being abundantly accessible elsewhere, that we shall mainly direct the attention of our readers.

When Richelieu became chief of the Cabinet in April 1624, Father Joseph was engaged at Poitiers in a religious duty of much delicacy and difficulty, for whose accomplishment the favour of royalty was almost indispensable. Amongst those who had been influenced by the wave of enthusiasm for monastic reform which swept at this period over Europe, and which reached its zenith in the Spanish foundations of Santa Teresa, a princess of the blood royal, Antoinette d'Orléans, was inspired with a desire to restore the strict Benedictine rule amongst the Feuillantines of Toulouse, the sisterhood to which she belonged. The *prestige* of her royal birth and her high reputation for sanctity marked her out as a fitting successor to Eléonore de Bourbon, the Queen's aunt, as Abbess of the great monastery of Fontevault; and Father Joseph, who had become Antoinette's director, warmly advocated this proposal. Antoinette herself, however, was irreconcilably opposed to the greatness which such a post would thrust upon her, and the suggestion was intensely distasteful to the majority of the Sisters, who held in horror the reforming zeal of their future Prioress. After long discussions, in which the authority of the Bishop of Poitiers and of the Holy Father had been in turn invoked, and after several attempts at compromise, which only evoked the jealousy of the new Abbess of Fontevault, it was finally determined to solicit authority from the Curia to establish an independent order, over which Antoinette d'Orléans should preside. Its rule was to

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be the Benedictine discipline in all its pristine severity; its purpose, a life of mortification and prayer for the conversion of heretics and the recovery of the Holy Land from the Infidel; and its title derived from the scene on Calvary, which was to be the subject of perpetual meditation by the sisterhood, as it had been the primary cause which led to the vocation of its founder. The proposal passed through the wonted apprenticeship of objection and delay at the Papal Court, but influence and assistance of no common order were forthcoming. The new Abbess of Fontevrault consented to release the sisters of Leuloiitre—over whom Antoinette d'Orléans presided—from their fealty to herself. Marie de' Medici displayed even more than her wonted piety—the term is M. Fagniez's—in support of the petition. Large contributions were bestowed by Richelieu on the new foundation, to which in after-years he gave further support; and finally Pope Gregory XV. sanctioned by the Bull *ad militantis cœlesis regimen*, and King Louis XIII. confirmed by letters patent, the privileges and independence of the Order of Calvary. So detailed an account can hardly be deemed superfluous when we remember that amidst all the pressure and throng of secular concerns the heart of Father Joseph ever turned with pleasure to the instruction and to the intercessions of Calvaire.

From the institution of the Calvairiennes we pass, by a natural transition, to other means employed by Richelieu and Father Joseph for dealing with the Huguenots. M. Fagniez assures us that the ruin of their political organization had been decided on at the very first meeting of the Capucin and the Cardinal, who patiently bided his time for a suitable pretext for the blockade of La Rochelle. The abortive attempt of Buckingham upon the Île de Ré afforded the desired opportunity of resisting a foreign invader, and so of escaping the odium of commencing unprovoked civil war. It is not our task to recount the list of mutual recriminations which preceded the blockade, nor to apportion the blame for excesses committed on either side. In Richelieu's view the situation was intolerable, and the privileges accorded by the Edict of Nantes were a standing menace to royal authority and to the solidarity of France. The preparations for the blockade of La Rochelle, commenced long before the actual outbreak of hostilities, had been practically completed three years before Richelieu's accession to power; yet the great Minister was in no haste to precipitate the final struggle. He hoped that treachery would open the gates which it would be difficult to force, and Father Joseph had secret emissaries within the walls who attempted to bribe one of Guion's lieutenants,

and who betrayed to him the points at which the ramparts were most vulnerable.

It was the day when ecclesiastics did not deem it unsuitable to take an active part in the operations of war, when Richelieu replied to the remonstrances of the Curia that each man's abilities must be employed on the field in which they could best be utilized, when he insisted upon retaining the Cardinal de la Valette in the command of the French army beyond the Rhine, when he superintended in person, as the actual if not the nominal general, the siege of La Rochelle. It is with the less surprise, then, that we find Father Joseph combining in his own person the duties of commander, of combatant, and of chaplain. The old military spirit of François du Tremblay was not extinct beneath the cowl of the Capucin, who six years before—monk though he was—had carefully reconnoitred the ground in anticipation of the destined conflict; and the martial fire burst out at one time in a stratagem to carry the fort of Taddon, at another in leading a forlorn hope in person which tried to penetrate by the canal into the city. The final catastrophe, despite the heroic defence of the besieged, has been regarded as a signal mark of Richelieu's indomitable perseverance; but, if Lepré Balain is to be believed, it is to Father Joseph that no small share of the credit is due. Worn out with the unexpected obstinacy of the besieged, with the growing ill-will of the Queen-mother and her adherents, and with the alarming news from beyond the frontier, Richelieu had determined to raise the siege; but the earnest persuasion of Father Joseph roused him from his despondency and stimulated him to hold on to the end. In like manner a band of Capucin monks animated the courage of the troops, heard their confessions, and sent them forth to the assault with benedictions upon their long and arduous toils.

Yet it was not on the field of open warfare that the most important victories of Father Joseph over the Huguenots were gained. As Superintendent of the Mission of the West, he despatched to Poitou a number of Capucin fathers to recover wanderers from the papal fold. The ignorance and evil lives of the clergy—as both sides allow—had largely contributed to the spread of heresy, which had been further quickened by the greed of the nobility to seize on Church property, and had been disgraced by excesses of destruction and disorder. When the first generation of those who had become Protestants through genuine conviction had died out, when the influence of great and wise leaders, such as Coligny and De Mornay, was ended; when many nominal Protestants

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were changing sides to win royal favour and secure the possession of their Church lands; when the profession of whole villages vacillated with the uncertain profession of their landlords, the way was open for conversion from one faith held with indifference to another which could be embraced, it without conviction, yet assuredly with profit. It is recorded that mothers avowedly restrained their daughters from any profession of a creed, and, when asked to which religion they belonged, replied unblushingly, to that of the man who may want to marry them. It would require more space than we can spare to analyse the character or the degree of success of these Home Missions, of which Father Joseph was the animating spirit. Protestant writers, such as M. Lièvre, assert that shameless tyranny and unwearied chicanery were resorted to, and that the religious orders swept down like a swarm of locusts on the infected regions. M. Fagniez allows that in the work of conversion physical force had considerable influence, that official pressure was freely used in support of clerical persuasion, and that every inducement was offered to win over hesitating hearers. The path of return was made as easy as possible, and more doubtless were gained by the devotion of the Capucins during the plague than by their preaching. Of the thousands who received absolution, it is impossible to decide what proportion were genuine converts.

The fall of Privas completed the political extinction of the Huguenots; and henceforth Richelieu, guided by his own unfettered judgment, would probably have left them undisturbed. Despotic as a statesman, as a Churchman he was singularly tolerant, but the zeal of Father Joseph and the rival orders was irrepressible. It was not yet, indeed, the day for the dragonnades, yet persecution disguised under legal processes could do much, and few of its resources were left untried. Soldiers were quartered upon obstinate heretics, or they were deprived of their children, who were only restored to them at the price of their apostasy. Under such inducements the work of conversion went on merrily. All the lukewarm and indifferent, all the crowd of waiters on Providence, took the only course—so it was frankly declared—which would obtain the King's favour and open the door to place or pension. Protestant temples were closed, Protestant clergy suspended from their ministry. If the place of worship were inconveniently near church or convent, if it were within the jurisdiction of a Catholic noble, if it were served by a foreign teacher, it was liable to be demolished. Without the restraining hand of the Cardinal, these injuries would have been greatly increased, and

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their ardent promoter, his own closest friend, would have established the Inquisition in France and have become himself the Chief Inquisitor. So rapidly was the progress made amongst all classes by the *convertisseurs*, that Richelieu and Father Joseph were planning a grand *coup de théâtre*, by which, after a public disputation between Protestant and Catholic controversialists, the former were to declare themselves convinced, and an act of solemn submission and union with Rome was to be adopted. Already, it was asserted, eighty Huguenot preachers had been won over, and the reign of Louis XIII was to witness a triumph for the Church through moral suasion, which his successor strove to gain by unrelenting and unveiled brutality. M. Fagniez suggests that the scheme fell through owing to the refusal of the Curia to sanction the terms which would have secured its acceptance. The Papal Court not only held that unqualified submission must be insisted on, but regarded Richelieu himself with no little suspicion, which his demands were hardly calculated to allay. He wanted to be made Legate for life, so that he might exercise the extensive powers which that title involved throughout the kingdom. He wanted to be appointed Abbot of Cluny, that he might bestow its patronage in *commendam* amongst his dependants. It was rumoured that he had further dreams of the erection of France into a Patriarchate, of filling its throne, and ruling the Gallican Church in practical independence of, although in nominal subjection to, the See of Rome.

Whatever foundation there may be for attributing such schemes to the Cardinal—and it is certain that he was held in the deepest suspicion at Rome—the energies of Father Joseph were being turned to other matters. Unexhausted with the combined weight of business which pressed upon a Secretary of State and a Director-General of Home Missions, the Capucin was working at an elaborate scheme to bring Africa and the East within the fold of the Latin obedience. The division of labour which has been so beneficial in every branch of human progress was as yet in its infancy, and it did not seem incongruous to him to unite the duties of the Home and Foreign Offices with those which are discharged amongst ourselves by our great Church Missionary institutions. That this early effort to occupy a wide mission field was not made in hasty or perfunctory fashion will be apparent from the following details which we have extracted from M. Fagniez.

Very comprehensive powers, at Father Joseph's request, were granted by the Curia to himself and to Father Leonard, his coadjutor in the superintendence of the work, and their recital

will illustrate how minute was the supervision attempted from headquarters, then as now, over the world-wide missions of the Latin Church. The missionaries were to enjoy the right of confession and absolution, even in reserved cases, with the consent of the ordinary. They had permission to read heretical books with a view to their refutation; to celebrate mass at a portable or mutilated altar; to release from ordinary vows and irregularities; to consecrate altars and articles for Divine worship; to perform 'the office' in the open air or underground, before daybreak or after mid-day, or twice in the same day, or in the presence of heretics and the excommunicated; to reserve under specified conditions the consecrated hosts; to give dispensations from prohibitions of marriage arising from relationship in the second or third degree; to publish anonymous books without any indication of the printer or place of issue; to excuse the newly converted from restitution of ecclesiastical revenues unlawfully acquired; to go abroad without the prescribed dress; to grant plenary indulgence to penitents on their first confession and subsequent communion, to assistants at the forty hours' prayer twice a year at the mission stations, to penitents in *articulo mortis* who though contrite could not communicate, and to themselves as well as to their followers; to release one soul from purgatory each time they celebrated with this intention on every alternate Sunday a mass for the dead.

With these powers the Capucin prefects, and all the mission priests they nominated to the Congregation of the Propaganda, were to go forth armed for their task. We should not omit to mention that concern for Great Britain was coupled with that for the Turkish Empire in this pious design; twenty priests being sold off for England and Scotland, and fifteen for Constantinople. If the scheme were an ambitious one, the preparations for its accomplishment were mapped out with great deliberation. Paris was to furnish missionaries for Greece, including Asia Minor, Roumania, Thrace, the Morea, Candy, and the Archipelago. Brittany would be responsible for the wants of Palestine as far as Said Beyrout and Damascus. Touraine should supply Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia. Liberal offerings of undefined amount, devoted to the purchase of such modest lodgings as the Capucins required, and to the supply of grammars and dictionaries in the languages of the Levant, testified to the general interest and justified the highest expectations. How could failure await an effort supported by the warm recommendation of Richelieu and Louis to the Pope and the diplomatic body, and inaugurated as to become a matter of national importance?

We cannot follow the fortunes of Father Joseph's emissaries throughout

throughout the Eastern world ; but the mission to Morocco was of such exceptional interest as to demand a passing notice. The Moorish corsairs, who swept a broad reach of the Mediterranean, carried terror and destruction to the fleets of Southern Europe, and so extensive was the devastation they wrought that 6,000 Christian captives groaned in the dungeons of the Moorish Sultan, or were chained to the benches of his galleys. It would be a pious enterprise at one and the same moment to cajole this common foe of Christendom, to seize under cover of a parley and occupy the island of Mogador, which commanded one of his chief ports and whose natural defences could easily be made impregnable ; to secure for France a monopoly of the commerce yielding a profit of 30 per cent., on the exchange of iron and linen for gold dust and dates, ostrich feathers and bars, to effect the release of so many Christian prisoners, whose condition was a standing reproach to the authority of the Most Christian King ; and to secure toleration for the missionaries of the Roman Church, and for their efforts to gain converts from Islam. It is said that similar elaborate efforts to make the best of both worlds under the guise of missionary zeal are not altogether unknown in the French Foreign Office in much later times, and that it is possible to trace a continuity of missionary policy which the change from Monarchy to a Republic has not seriously modified. Nor were the designs of Father Joseph confined to Morocco. It was but to serve as the door by which entrance could be forced throughout the continent of Africa. So brilliant a prospect was worth some sacrifice. The King gave a grant of three-quarters of a million francs 'to gratify the Sultan and ransom his captives'—a grant which the Council confirmed, and raised by the sale of fresh legal appointments. Alas that so well-planned a scheme should have been baffled by delay, deceit, and disaster ! After interminable hindrances, the enslaved Europeans, whose hopes had been kindled by the promise of speedy deliverance, were reduced to the last extremity of famine and despair ; and their tardy release in September 1631 was the sole result of an expedition from which Father Joseph had confidently anticipated far-reaching consequences.

Meanwhile the Church at home urgently demanded Father Joseph's reforming zeal, for the position of things was highly discreditable. When, in 1628, the Capucin roused the King's scruples on the irregularities which prevailed, it was ascertained that over 120 bishops lived more in Paris than in their dioceses, to which they at once were bidden to return—the Bishop of Metz amongst the first, although he was the natural brother of Louis. The Duke of Guise was enjoined to take orders forthwith, or resign
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the Archbishopric of Rheims and the other benefices he held with it in *commendam*. The Princess of Condé asked for the See of Auxerre for her son, who was two years old; and although Richelieu returned a sarcastic refusal, it was only to confer it on one of his own almoners. The Bishopric of Troyes was shortly afterwards bestowed on a youth of ten, whose father administered the temporalities of the diocese. Church property of all kinds was grasped with greedy tenacity; and when a benefice was once secured, every device—reversions, pensions, charges, many of them antedated—was exhausted to retain it in the family. The existence of pluralities was universal and unblushing. When objection was made to the presentation of the Abbey of St. Denis by a son of the Duchess of Guise, a young man seventeen years old and a freethinker, his tutor treated the complaint with disdain. 'What a miserable quibble!' he said. 'Monseigneur de St. Denis enjoys, as you well know, other more important benefices; consequently his ability to hold this is quite unquestionable.' Guise's cousin of Lorraine, who had found the Bishopric of Verdun in his cradle, retained it to his death, although he lived as a layman and could never go beyond the rank of a sub-deacon.

When the higher ranks of the clergy set such an example, their subordinates would not be slow to follow it. Non-residence prevailed so widely, that in many districts the people were left in heathen ignorance, and the rites of the Church were perverted by hedge priests, who omitted the chrism in baptism, celebrated illegal marriages, abridged or altered the sacramental words in consecrating the host, and could not pronounce rightly the form of absolution. Amidst the crowd of priests gathered round the great collegiate and cathedral churches, the one chief defect was to evade residence and attendance at mass, and imaginary names were used to give a colour to fictitious law-pleas, which might serve as a plea for absence from home. These particulars, for some of which we are indebted to Avenel, show the extent of the evil to be combated; and Richelieu, though sincere in his efforts at amendment, was only for moderate means. His own modest revenue from ecclesiastical sources was a trifle of a million and a half of louis. Father Joseph was troubled by no such inner misgivings. He was sincerely anxious to sweep away abuses, and one enactment after another was effectually passed, until the personal and private efforts of Lamoignon, Bérulle, and St. Vincent de Paul wrought the change which legislation failed to secure.

In matters of Church discipline we must pass to Church reform. The immediate cause of the controversy upon the principles

principles of Gallicanism was the publication in 1611, by Edmond Richer, Professor of Theology at the Sorbonne, of the '*Libellus de Ecclesiastica et Politica Potestate*,' which strenuously re-asserted the theory of Gerson, and maintained that the Sovereign of France was in all respects absolutely independent of the Roman Pontiff. To define with exactitude the mutual relations of Church and State has ever been one of the thorniest of political problems, and its discussion in Latin would hardly seem calculated to provoke any outburst of popular passion. But in Richelieu's day the question, far from being purely academic, might produce the most direful consequences. The treatises of Mariana and Suarez had borne bitter fruit in the crimes of Clement and Ravaillac, and the dagger of a fanatic might again give emphasis to the abstract right of the Papacy to excommunicate heretical kings and to absolve their subjects from their allegiance. We have seen already, when referring to Condé's rebellion, how great was the excitement occasioned by the attempt of the Parliament of Paris to insist upon the enforcement of the theory which Richer's book now reusciated, and to which almost all the religious orders, holding as they did directly from the Pope, were bitterly opposed. A fierce outcry was raised that the Pope's authority was being undermined, and Richelieu was constrained to intervene. It is not difficult to realize his annoyance, for nothing is more irritating to a born politician, whose aim is to conciliate and to compromise, than the interference of an intruder who rashly throws down the gauntlet and challenges a public contest. Richelieu's desire was to avoid hard and sharp definitions, to let sleeping dogs lie, and to find in some *via media*—however illogical—a practical solution of angry differences.

Without enlarging further on a controversy in which Father Joseph bore an effective part, and which was managed with consummate skill by Richelieu and his secretary, it must suffice to say that Richer was first discredited by being induced to retract, and then was with contemptuous leniency dismissed. The final composition of the quarrel brought complete victory to neither side. If the Richerists were compelled to retract, their opponents had to acknowledge that the Holy See had no authority over the temporal power, to recognise the superiority of General Councils, and to reserve the traditional liberties of the Gallican Church in its acceptance of the papal decretals. In reality, as M. Fagniez admits, political Gallicanism came out unharmed, and religious Gallicanism had not failed to insist upon its rights (*titres*). Yet the Court of Rome was well satisfied. The emphatic assertion of unqualified Gallicanism had received a check,

check, and an equivocal settlement left the claims of Ultramontaniam open for insistence on some more fitting opportunity.

The theories of Illuminism and Jansenism touched Father Joseph in his tenderest susceptibilities. The doctrines of the former were closely allied to quietism, and both were radically opposed to those methods of promoting evangelical perfection which their founder commended to the Sisters of Calvary. The Illuminists were accused of underrating good works, of advocating a passive tranquillity which disavowed all moral responsibility, of claiming a mysterious and individual inspiration, of indulging a prurient curiosity which overstepped the boundaries set to guard the soul against impurity. The most prominent advocates of Illuminism, Pierre Guérin and Claude Buquet, were examined by St. Vincent de Paul, and on his verdict were restored to their benefices; but in 1622 a fresh prosecution was commenced at the instigation of Father Joseph, who was alarmed at the rapid propagation of their tenets, now said to number 60,000 followers, gained chiefly among the religious orders. At the death of the most prominent upholders of Illuminism all legal proceedings were discontinued; but Father Joseph wrote in the most vehement terms to warn his Calvairiennes against their teaching. He was specially horrified at the theory that we need not strive against inward temptation, and that our chief aim should be to maintain tranquillity of soul even at the cost of voluntarily indulging in it. He was keenly alive to the liability of nuns to indulge in such speculations and to the dangers resulting from them, of which French history has supplied some startling examples.

We should hardly have thought it necessary to refer to Father Joseph's conflict with Jansenism, were it not for the curious side-light which it casts on the degree in which private interests may have weight in determining a purely theological question. M. St. Cyran had been early brought into contact with Richelieu and Father Joseph, and had been welcomed by both with exceptional favour. Indeed, St. Cyran and Jansenius were persuaded that the Bishop of Luçon was won over, and they looked forward with high hopes to his promotion to the Cardinalate. Richelieu, on his side, had marked out St. Cyran for promotion, and had once introduced him to the crowd in his antechamber as the most learned man in Europe. Father Joseph, too, had urged St. Cyran's appointment to the coadjutor bishopric of Langres, and during his own temporary absence had committed the Calvairiennes to his superintendence. To decline honours so graciously proffered by these powerful dispensers of patronage was to become the object of serious suspicion,

suspicion, which was quickened when Father Joseph learned that St. Cyran had been urging on his nuns rules of spiritual guidance materially different from his own. The publication of a work by Father Seguenot of the Oratory, of which St. Cyran was suspected to be the author, afforded the pretext which Richelieu seized on for placing St. Cyran in prison. His real crime was that he asserted contrition to be indispensable to the effectual reception of sacramental grace. The question had been keenly debated in the royal closet whether attrition—the sorrow arising from the fear of Divine judgment—was sufficient, or whether contrition inspired by a love for God was also necessary. Father Caussin, the King's confessor and a powerful opponent of Richelieu, whose dismissal the Cardinal had contrived, used to insist on the necessity for contrition, and had powerfully affected the mind of Louis, who was conscious that his own heart was exclusively influenced by fear. It chanced that Seguenot's book came into Louis' hands, and on reading it he exclaimed, 'That is what my good man used to tell me.' The danger lest Caussin should be recalled and Richelieu's absolute authority over Louis should be shaken, was sufficient to ensure the condemnation of a doctrine fraught with such perilous political contingencies. How influential the hand of Father Joseph was in these proceedings may be estimated by the testimony of an unexceptionable witness.

Early in February 1631, Sebastian Lestrier, the Austrian Ambassador, sent home a terse and graphic description of the French Court and nation, from which we may cull a few telling extracts. The Court, he wrote, suffers from the absence of the great nobles, who are disgusted with the followers of the Cardinal, and is full of lying, deception, treachery, and hypocrisy, and everywhere swarming with spies. The King is simple-minded, and occupies himself with trifles; he is credulous, solitary, and timid: the Cardinal crafty, false, apprehensive, boastful, and vindictive: the Duke of Orleans, intelligent, wanting to know and understand everything, changeable and untrustworthy, with blasphemy ever on his lips, a libertine, and a gambler. The people, nobles and commons alike, are crushed beneath the burden of taxes, which let nothing escape—salt, wine, corn, lands, profession, trade, houses, and persons. They are discontented and ripe for revolt. The army has few experienced officers, and is mainly composed of raw recruits, but well paid and wanting for nothing; it has plenty of *élan*, but is so soon discouraged and ready to fly that the writer holds that in action 40,000 French would not be equal to 15,000 or 20,000 Germans. The Catholic religion is despised and ridiculed by the superior

and cultivated classes, who incline to Atheism, and only the bourgeoisie and the clergy observe its rules. All political government by land and sea is exclusively in Richelieu's hands, who abandons the entire administration, especially that of foreign affairs, to Capucin Father Joseph, and the latter in turn divides the charge of it with Secretary Bouthillier and the other three Secretaries of State. The Cardinal, who absolutely and exclusively rules the King, is in his turn entirely ruled, and France with him in all things and through all things, by Father Joseph, and by the mouth of these two is every word established.

It is one of our special difficulties, in handling the work before us, that both its extent and the nature of the subject prevent our dealing with it in consecutive chronological order. Already we have had to speak of things which occurred towards the close of Father Joseph's career; and to give at all an adequate picture of the singular complexity of his character, we must direct attention to some further episodes, which we can only briefly sketch, but without which our article would be sadly incomplete. We must say something of Father Joseph's religious teaching, something of his skill as a diplomatist, something of his dream of a seventeenth-century crusade.

The century from A.D. 1620 to 1720 is marked by the historian Michelet as the period when public opinion in France was dominated by the religious orders. It were beside our purpose to dwell upon those aspects of their inner life on which so lurid a light is cast by the trial for sorcery of Father Clausfridi, and by the later troubles of Port Royal. We only desire to remind our readers how immense a force of public opinion was created through the influence of these orders and their clerical directors and auxiliaries. The labours of keen and far-sighted men, whose whole hearts were concentrated on the suppression of heresy and on the maintenance of papal power, were enormously furthered by the energetic co-operation of a whole army of convents—Ursuline, Visitandine, and others—whose untiring zeal was clothed in all the attractive persuasiveness which women of high rank, genuine conviction, and saintly life can wield. So rapidly did such organizations multiply that of the two orders we have named the Ursulines had a thousand houses by the end of the century, and a single branch of the Visitandines—that of the Sacred Heart—founded more than four hundred monasteries in twenty years. From a thousand convent schools, where these consecrated women trained the future mothers of most educated Frenchmen, from a thousand convent parlours, whence the *élite* of every grade took
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the watchword and the tone of a policy recommended with the double advantage of securing worldly advantage and spiritual merit for many who were in sore need of both, the *mot d'ordre* flew with lightning rapidity, and with a concentration of aim wholly lacking to modern variety of opinion in the public press. Outside the walls of *pensionnat* and monastery the cry was taken up by priests and monks of every degree, from the stateliest of courtly prelates to the rudest vagrant friar, so that the hand of Government was not unfrequently forced by the panic engendered through some baseless calumny which set the populace on fire and turned it in blind and senseless fury against the miscreants of the hour. Mutual jealousy only served to strengthen the virulence of passion, and the older orders vied with the Jesuits in pious ardour to strike a blow for Holy Church against Protestant or Jansenist. Here, at least, was a subject on which rival factions could agree. If the doctrines of the Huguenots were odious to the clergy, their austerities were no less hateful to the courtiers and their aspirations for liberty to the statescraft of the day. To the pensioners of Spain and the advocates of absolutism they were even more detestable than a generation later were the psalm-singing Puritans to our roystering English Cavaliers.

But this was not the kind of spiritual force on which Father Joseph relied to accomplish his designs. He wanted auxiliaries cast in a sterner mould, and a thinly-veiled contempt for any but the most absolute concentration of purpose may be detected in his exhortations to his Calvairiennes.

‘I know nuns in Paris who instruct the whole town; they are all day long at the grille, and people go to see them in crowds and call them Gertrudes and Bridgets, and they allow it all, and I believe they do it with good intentions and with the object of gaining souls for Jesus Christ, and that they do not fail to preserve, through all this popular applause, a deeper humility inwardly than you who take so much pains to seclude yourselves. I blame them not, nor do I judge anyone. I understand it all, and the more so because I believe it is their vocation, but it is not yours, and if I saw you do thus I should regard you as lost. There are others who have over forty or fifty thousand livres of rent, who send collectors every day into Paris to collect for them. Sometimes they carry a little Jesus to the houses of their friends, and say at one time that it requires a robe worth three or four thousand crowns, at another a diamond worth 100 pistoles to place in his crown, so that the little Jesus is soon very rich, since, for very shame, no one dares to refuse them, although one is not very anxious to give to them. I do not in any degree condemn this: I know they are induced to do these things through devotion and zeal to adorn their altars, but I tell you

I would rather all your furniture were shipwrecked and that you had nothing but dry bread to live on than that you should imitate them. How many mischiefs follow from such practices cannot be told. It is from such things there arise acquaintances, distractions, breaking of silence, loss of time and of the spirit of prayer, and transgressions of the rules; for one must render the like again, and for this purpose one must get from the Superior the privilege of seeing friends, of giving presents and the like. At this time there is no house so reformed but that all the ladies of the Court have permission to enter: and to possess this privilege is a mark of very slight influence. Yes, I say in the most reformed houses, for as for the rest no one deigns to go to them. And they not only enter them, but they even stay there a week or a fortnight and board and sleep there, and bring with them five or six young girls: of whom each nun will take one. She is "my cousin," "my confidante," "my pious little friend." Judge during this time what goes on—what silence, what retreat, regularity, or mortification there is in the house. They laugh, they give vent to their opinions to their friend, they complain of those who are not exactly to their liking. Now you, my good sisters, by the grace of God, are by your constitution exempt from these misfortunes.

Plausible pretenses of course were not wanting to excuse these relations with the outer world. Were they not necessary to make the society known, to attract novices to it? But between its extension and the conservation of the inner spirit Father Joseph does not hesitate.

'Although I knew,' he writes, 'that through admitting a lady only once into one of our convents, she would build five or six others at her own expense, I would never allow it her, and I would refuse her offer, nor would I wish even that a girl should be received who would bring all the riches imaginable if she had not the true spirit, for I seek for neither money nor members, but the inner spirit (*l'esprit*).' (Vol. ii. pp. 94-96.)

We have not space, nor is this the fitting occasion, to describe in detail the scheme which Father Joseph elaborated to promote the spiritual growth of the sisters of Calvary. In the infinite variety of human religious needs and aspirations there may be room for his microscopic analysis of prayer, and its division into the several stages which mark its gradual progress through a preparation under the fourfold heading of right intention, humble-mindedness, contemplation of the subject, and entire detachment from all distraction; and then onward through meditation and self-surrender to the complete union of the soul with God. Nor is it in any mocking spirit that we advert to the singular taste which could work out with scrupulous particularity the highest manner of obedience to the exhortation, 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it,' and which

which explains that the mouth should be opened not as for eating, speaking, or breathing, but like one exhausted, panting and gasping; although even this last conception does not exhaust the force and meaning of the metaphor, which is further unfolded in terms of mystic ecstasy which only the initiated can fully comprehend. That the mystic and the practical, each in its highest degree, can be united in one and the same person, has been abundantly seen in such lives as those of St. François de Sales, Santa Teresa, and St. Bernard: and with the example before us of the eighty-nine sermons at Clairvaux on the Song of Solomon, we are not surprised that from that Epithalamium extracts in the most full-blooded phraseology of Oriental poetry were employed by Father Joseph to illustrate the felicity of the brides of Christ of the Order of Calvary. Those who were curious to know how minds encouraged to such enthusiastic rapture—which it is only fair to say was not pressed on all alike—were to be restrained from the danger of self-deception and Illuminism, will find in M. Fagniez's work a lucid summary of the constitution drawn up by Father Joseph for the Calvairiennes. It would be hard for human wit to devise a more wonderful contrivance for subjecting every professed nun to spiritual surveillance, and for laying bare her inmost soul to the curious gaze of her superiors. We may question the wisdom of this spiritual instruction and of the discipline which controlled it; but from the standpoint of the actors, we are bound to respect the object which they strove to further through its agency. The whole force of the merit, so painfully acquired through utter self-abandonment and absorbed contemplation of the Cross, was to be concentrated on and devoted to the conversion of heretics and the recovery of the sacred places from the power of the Infidel.

To the end of his life Father Joseph retained the spiritual control of the Calvairiennes, which satisfied at once his yearning for asceticism and for absolute authority. When an hour could be snatched from State affairs, it was gladly spent in hearing their confessions or in teaching an eager audience gathered at the convent grille. Once only, under the pressure of overwhelming occupations, he committed his trust to St. Cyran, and had cause to lament his selection of a director whose ideal of spiritual training differed so widely from his own. Nor were these spiritual pains entirely without their reward in the sphere of mundane politics. How often direct revelations were vouchsafed to the Calvairiennes, and to which of the Sisters the divine oracle was made known, are unrevealed secrets of the cloister; but M. Fagniez mentions two occasions

at least when the gift of prophecy was accorded them. Upon one of these a slight mistake occurred about the name of the place in question, the raising of the siege of La Capelle having been erroneously predicted instead of that of St. Jean de Losne—a mistake promptly corrected *after* the relief of the latter town. On the other, the veil which shrouds the future was most opportunely lifted, and the recapture of Corbie foretold and accomplished at the exact moment when the prophecy was needed to quicken the impenetrable sluggishness of Louis and the intense depression of Richelieu.

When we pass from the sphere of mysticism to that of practical statesmanship, we quickly realize that Father Joseph was no enthusiastic dreamer. In the spring of 1636 the prospects of France were almost desperate. Through the incapacity of Condé the Imperialists had carried La Capelle, Catelet, and Corbie; had pushed their skirmishers to Compiègne, and were threatening Paris. La Valette and Bernard were hastily recalled from their victorious campaign in Alsace, and the general terror aggravated the hatred so widely felt for Richelieu. Pasquinades and pamphlets, surreptitiously but widely circulated, inveighed against the Cardinal's nepotism, his pomp, his avarice, his craftiness. A reward was offered to the man who would bring in a sack the remainder of the Cardinal's stock of chicanery. He was openly hissed as he drove through the Porte St. Denis, and his retinue, clad in new and sumptuous liveries, had to fly. Worse than all was the King's mortification and sullenness; for although Louis did not care to govern, he expected the man who governed for him to be uniformly fortunate. Richelieu fell into such deep dejection as to ask, in modern parlance, whether life was worth living. Joseph took him to task roundly. 'What culpable weakness!' he cried. 'Is this the way to earn the Divine compassion? Is it not rather calculated to call for the wrath of God and to awaken His vengeance?' His words roused the Cardinal from his lethargy, and in a fit of awakened piety he stirred up Louis to dedicate his kingdom, in solemn form and with ceremonies then deemed appropriate, to the protection of the Virgin; and when the experiment of braving the public discontent had first been tried on the *corpus vile* of Bullion, the most unpopular member of the Cabinet, the great Cardinal drove through the streets of Paris with only a scanty escort, and was everywhere welcomed with the acclamations of the populace. His swagger cowed the mutinous; his affability, his patriotic language, his encouraging and happy words, his confidence, won all hearts, and produced a natural revulsion of feeling in his favour, that
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for the moment eclipsed the coldness and misunderstanding with which his policy was habitually regarded.

It may be well to cast a rapid glance at the position of France when the 'Thirty Years' War had run half its destined course, that we may recall the extraordinary difficulties with which her statesmen had to contend. It was essential to their purpose that they should stand forth as the champions of Romanism in France, and of Protestantism in Germany and Holland; that they should uphold the Swedes without permitting them to become too powerful, and should support Bernard of Saxe-Weimar in the invasion of Alsace, which they yet hoped to wrest by negotiation from his grasp, that they might add it to the territories of Louis. They had designs on the fidelity of Wallenstein, on the adherence of the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne to the Imperial cause, on the long-projected dream of a Rhine frontier, on reducing the House of Hapsburg to a status consistent with the balance of power. They, in turn, held in suspicion Oxenstiern and Bernard, the Landgrave of Hesse and William of Orange, the Calvinistic Union and the Catholic League, the neutrality of England and Savoy. They had to face the open hostility of Austria, Bavaria, and Spain, and to allay the distrust of their German allies, who were loud in warning that Richelieu's secret purpose was to spread ruin and destruction throughout the Fatherland. They were hampered by a bankrupt exchequer, a discredited army, and a cold-blooded unsympathetic Sovereign. How hopeless to assert for France its rightful place in Europe so long as its necessities had produced one general worthy to lead its armies, whose material was so inferior that Richelieu had thoughts of recruiting its cavalry with mercenaries from far distant Poland! Yet the stern discipline of such trying conditions had not been altogether fruitless. Was it through them that Joseph had learned to modify the intolerance of earlier years and to look beyond the frontier the heretics whose existence within it had steeled him to the ruin of La Rochelle and the invasion of Poitou? Had patriotism engendered a more truthful conception of the liberty which is the crown of Christ's teaching, that to which a narrow bigotry had once rendered him insensible? To such questions we may answer that, in his instructions to be laid before the German Protestant envoys, he declared the old persecuting adage, *cujus regio, ejus religio*, to be a simple abomination, and disavowed as alien to the spirit of Christianity all means of conversion save that of reasonable persuasion.

Such professions would justly have great weight in the judgment of the man who uttered them, were it not for the universal

universal distrust which he inspired in those who dealt with him. Declarations of disinterestedness were too manifestly sincere when all men knew that an extension of territory on one side, or a more defensible frontier on the other, was the avowed object in view, and this was always to be accomplished by some circuitous method by one who was pastmaster in the art of using words to conceal his thought. It is wearisome to go through the mass of fruitless negotiation, of elaborate proposal and rejoinder, of insincere suggestion and idle promise, which succeed one another in an interminable series, all of which were for the most part intended to be as futile as they were false. Sometimes two sets of diplomatic agents were simultaneously employed, whose mutual animosity was more serious to their masters than all the astuteness of their opponents. All the arts of deception were engaged, all the resources of diplomacy exhausted, to carry a position which was continually abandoned, to overreach an ally whom one was obliged to defend, to conceal an advantage gained at the cost of religious or political treachery. Seldom indeed did the performance accord with the promise on the faith of which the most earnestly debated articles of a solemn compact had been formally accepted: so that it seems idle to linger over the details of subsidies that were promised, but were never paid; of troops guaranteed, but not supplied; of wages duly earned, but withheld; although the agents of the high contracting powers wore the garb of a priesthood, whose faith proclaimed the duty of truth to be of priceless importance, and whose unqualified submission to that faith was their chief motive in engaging in secular concerns.

On such moral judgments, M. Fagniez cautiously abstains. The following quotation is a good example of the dexterity with which he handles the most questionable elements in his subject's character:—

By carefully veiling his thought, Father Joseph obeyed at once the dictates of nature and deliberate calculation. In all negotiations it is necessary to talk a great deal without committing oneself to any definite position, to turn the attention of the interlocutor aside from the question at issue, to divert the discussion to general considerations by conciliatory protestations, and under cover of such digressions to betray him into some concession; or at least one must, if he be too clever to be so easily trapped, warn out what latitude his government allows him in the sacrifices he is authorized to make. This art was practised by Father Joseph in a superior manner. He owed his superiority to his philosophical penetration, to the subtlety and tenacity with which he advanced to his point by approaches that were somewhat circuitous (*obliques*), to a *bonhomie* which dissembled and so forth.—No. 366. 2 C attenuated

attenuated difficulties, to a nerve which induced the most discreet to speak, and to a lofty inspiration which melted the most frigid. It must, however, be added, that with the seduction he exercised there was mingled a certain distrust. The urgent, occasionally almost domineering, tone of his argumentation, the inconsistency apparent between his ideas and those which his robe would lead one to expect, inspired some astonishment, uneasiness, and reserve. Diplomats rarely introduce into their language so much elevation and vehemence. After listening to him, the hearer was almost always impressed and finally won over, but not without having first been filled with astonishment and doubtfulness.' (Vol. i. p. 197.)

All the resources of the art thus elaborately portrayed were called for and were exercised in the negotiations about the occupation of the Valtellina, in the endless intricacies of the Mantuan succession, in discussing the terms of alliance between France and Gustavus Adolphus or his successors in the Thirty Years' War, in dealing with the complicated and conflicting interests of antagonistic parties at the Diet of Ratisbon. Perhaps even greater delicacy of touch was necessary in questions of internal policy, with the regulation of a hostile and discontented clergy, with the definition of religious principles designedly left obscure. From Father Joseph's first employment by Richelieu the Nuncio Spada recognised the superiority of the man with whom he had to deal, and the Ultramontane party learned, to their surprise and to their cost, that with him and his master national interests would be upheld in preference to any other claims whatsoever. *Quais ab incepto* the wily monk, employed in every important emergency, was equal to the task. He seemed to revel in the perplexities of knotty problems, to have always some hidden resource available behind and besides his openly accredited agents, to have the secrets of every European Court at his command, to know every man's ambition and every man's price. Once at a critical period in the negotiations with the Austrian envoys at Ratisbon, he exceeded his instructions, and was promptly disavowed by Richelieu; but we are tempted to believe that the friends secretly understood each other. At all events, after a brief interval the Capucin was as high in favour as ever.

One further trait in Joseph's character must not be passed over. We should have thought that anyone schooled in such experiences as his would have been effectually delivered from any tendency to entertain illusions. The daily lessons of diplomacy, as he practised it, were calculated to sweep all romance roughly aside, to restrain all ideals within the limits imposed by the most careful estimate of political probabilities.

to see facts in the cold dry light of reason, not in the rosy atmosphere of enthusiasm, but in the bare outline of naked reality. From this point of view, of all the dreams which could occupy a brain already teeming with a thousand urgent anxieties, none could seem more hopelessly visionary than the idea of proclaiming, early in the seventeenth century, a truce of God amongst Christian nations, and of marshalling their combined forces against the common enemy of Christendom. From one end of Europe to the other Protestant and Catholic were in open warfare, or were watching each other with mutual suspicion. Yet in the mind of Joseph the thought appeared so far practicable as to be worth pressing on the attention of Louis XIII., by whose direction a long State paper was drawn up and submitted to the Pope in 1616, explaining the scheme of the proposed Crusade.

It is difficult to withhold a smile as we read the elaborate and detailed protocol in which this clerical Moltke assigns its position to each of the great European Powers, and delineates the routes to be followed, the points of concentration, the quotas of naval and military strength, the stations for the reserves. Did he seriously believe, in the face of present division and of past disaster, that at the bidding of the Roman Pontiff the hordes of Bethlem Gabor and the mercenaries of Wallenstein would unite in one common enterprise, that the armies of France and Spain and Italy would fight shoulder to shoulder, that the cavalry of Poland and of Hungary would sweep together over the central plains of the Turkish Empire, and that Constantinople would fall before the combined assault of the navies of France, the argosies of Venice, and the galleons of Spain? Those who are curious to determine whether Joseph was inspired with genuine insight into military strategy, or with the vain imaginations of an idle dream, may read in M. Fagniez's Appendix at full length the memorial—it covers a dozen long and closely-printed pages—in which the materials believed to be available for the attempt are detailed and its prospects of success considered. Nor did Joseph's efforts terminate here. He inaugurated under papal and royal patronage a new military order of Christian militia, which was to enrol for this service the *élite* of European cavalry, and he gathered funds for its extension and for providing a fleet in its support. But the impossible Turk was not yet fated to be obliterated from the map of Europe. The forces designed for the Crusade were squandered in internecine Christian strife or yet more hateful civil war. The plains of Germany were to be saturated with fratricidal bloodshed, and

the sack of Magdeburg, of La Rochelle, and of Privas were to bring nameless horrors wrought by Christians on their Christian fellow-countrymen.

Yet, as we read Father Joseph's description of the Porte, we could imagine that we had before us a consular report drawn up within the last few months. The Sultan personally (he says) is quite a nonentity, entirely unwarlike, strongly opposed to attend to matters of business, lost in luxury and voluptuous living. His finances through long neglect are in disorder. He has few generals or pashas of high character, as he has sacrificed very many of them and is suspicious of the rest. So widely spread is the general discontent and distrust that not only Christian subjects of the Porte but many of the Turks themselves would at once make common cause with an invading army. It were long to dwell upon the other arguments adduced in favour of the project, such as the assurance of substantial help from the Shah of Persia and Prester John of Abyssinia, to say nothing of the fact that united action in so sacred a cause would infallibly soften the animosities which now unhappily divided Christians asunder. Yet a few extracts from the concluding paragraphs of this State paper may be admitted as characteristic of the writer and his times.

His Most Christian Majesty is humbly requested to remark that our three royal races have begun and strengthened their prosperity by similar enterprises, and that Clovis brought his Christian kingdom to the birth among the French by the slaughter and ruin of the unbelievers. It was as a recompense for the shedding of their blood that Heaven sent them the balm of the holy chrism, and the lilies were given Clovis to testify that nothing could more effectually water France and preserve its royal majesty in full bloom than the sweat wrung from it for the extension of the Christian name. It was the victories of Charles Martel and Pepin over the Infidels that raised the French kingdom to an Empire. The memorable conquests of the French under the conduct of the king's brother, with the aid of Godfrey de Bouillon and other lords, occurred most opportunely to prop the feeble foundations of the third race . . . when this holy enterprise kept Christendom at peace and caused infinite good works and the saving of souls without number, both of those who passed to the Holy Land and those whom they delivered there from the yoke of the Infidels. The early years of St. Louis were greatly depressed by civil dissensions until this salutary remedy dissipated them; and although St. Louis sacrificed his life to it for the glory and merit of his soul, he yet made himself more peaceful and absolute, both at home and
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broad, than any king that came after him until Henry the Great, the father, should it please God, of a new age of happiness, surpassing all other ages by having given birth to a new Clovis (like him), who, on becoming a Christian, first bore (as king) the name of Louis.

The adroit phrasing of the final sentence, remembering whose pen it was that wrote it, with its eulogy of Henry of Navarre and its comparison of Louis XIII. to Clovis, is really inimitable.

The authority which Joseph exercised over Louis XIII. was hardly less imperious than that which he wielded over the cardinal. As official guardian of the royal conscience, he told his sovereign many home truths about his duty as husband and king: and when the freedom of a confessor could scarcely be strained to the needful frankness, he employed, *with most entire sincerity*—so M. Fagniez gravely assures us—the revelations with which God favoured him or his nuns. In this way he aided, as under Divine authority, rebukes of his master's fretful and sullen humour and his neglect of the cares of government. It may be questioned whether a Secretary of State ever drew up a stranger memorandum than that which has been found among the Foreign Office records in the handwriting of Father Ange; it contains the *procès verbal* of a revelation of Jesus Christ to a sister of Calvaire, drawn up at the dictation of Father Joseph for use in dealing with the king. The extract, which is too long for insertion in full, assigns to the Divine Speaker a tone of grave and fatherly remonstrance:—

'Consider, my daughter, if it be reasonable that I should be served and loved with all his heart after having conferred so many favours on the king and being willing to bestow on him as many more. He has had desires, which I have given him, but the results do not correspond to them for lack of pains and careful consideration. He should take the pains to fulfil his office which it well deserves. I do not forbid his diverting himself against the ennui of life by such useful pleasures as he chooses, but that should not prevent him, as I have often told you, from setting his chief affection on and devoting most of his time to the fulfilment of his duty as it comes.'

And so the level stream of exhortation runs on with mingled reproof and encouragement, after the fashion of the most commonplace of sermons, and ends with an injunction that the king should pay special honour to the Virgin Mother, and thus secure her intercession for his realm. It is difficult to characterise seriously so singular an effusion. Must we say that a further stage had been developed in the evolution of deceit,—children with sweetmeats, men with oaths, dullard monarchs with rapid visions? Could the most credulous believe that the spirit

spirit of prophecy that once had flashed out as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces, had sunk so low? Did Joseph deliberately revive the years when the prophets prophesied falsely, and the priests bare rule by their means, and take refuge contemptuously behind the adage, '*Rez vult decipi et decipiatur*'?

So far back as the siege of Privas (1629) the Nuncio Bagni had acquainted the Curia with the growing influence of Joseph, and two years later the Austrian envoy, Lestrier, had written, in terms of transparent exaggeration, that not only the work of the Foreign Office, but that of all other departments, was abandoned to Joseph by the Cardinal. It were useless for us to follow the story of petty intrigue, oftentimes repeated by various actors, by which more than one member of the Cabinet involved himself in ruin through vain efforts to supplant Joseph in Richelieu's esteem. His unfeigned admiration for the Cardinal's splendid ability, his intelligent and unqualified devotion to his aims, his indefatigable industry, his intimate acquaintance with all the threads of a policy which had its agents in every Court in Europe, his knowledge of every man's price, his willingness to assume compromising positions and to essay adventurous enterprises, his unrivalled dexterity in diplomatic discussion, and his dark impenetrable secrecy, which won him the familiar sobriquet of *tenebroso cavernoso*,—all combined to render him indispensable to the Cardinal, who called him *sa créature et son âme*. To prepare the way for his succession to Richelieu, and to clothe him with the outward emblem of authority, his name was formally presented to Urban VIII. as the French king's nominee for the high rank of Cardinal.

The first presentation of his name met with an unqualified refusal. No man was better known in Rome, and none more cordially detested. He had violated, it was alleged, the canonical rules of his Order; he had returned from the cloister to the world, and lived in shameless luxury, dining off silver plate and journeying by carriage or on horseback; he had openly defied the Pope, whom he had sworn to obey *perinde ac cadaver*; he was the prime cause of all the troubles throughout Christendom, and it was his hand that had unchained Gustavus Adolphus to devastate Catholic Germany. His promotion would evoke an universal outcry against the Pope, and the Imperialists threatened to become Protestants if he were elevated to the purple. Yet Richelieu did not bend before this storm of opposition; he calmly renewed his application and bided his time. Joseph's name was not included in the list of new creations at the close of 1633, and for four years more no further vacancies were filled

up.

up, so that eventually the long-expected honour was granted too late, and was transferred to Mazarin.

The piety of the Sisters of Calvaire has preserved some details of the last hours of their founder, which now first see the light in M. Fagniez's pages, and from which we gather some particulars. The closing scene was marked by incidents which illustrate with singular vividness the one ruling, lifelong passion of the great Crusade, which had, beneath the crushing burden of his public and religious duties, animated the dying man:—

On Dec. 13, at 6 o'clock in the morning, Father Joseph was beginning one of his customary addresses to the Calvairiennes of Paris, when he was seized with violent sickness, but he insisted on finishing his discourse, which lasted for about two hours and half. With characteristic energy he spoke louder than usual, and asked those farthest from the grille whether they could hear him plainly. Exhausted by the effort, he saw very few people that day, and in the evening he sent for the Lady Superior and her two assistants, and spoke at much length to them on his favourite subjects, the unity of the Church and the deliverance of the Holy Places. On the latter subject he said he had no special revelation or assurance, only an inward call to do his best to release Jesus from captivity. If this should be effected, he said, we must send there twelve of our daughters and must select the strongest and the bravest.*

Next day at 7 o'clock he was able to say mass, at which the Superior and nuns who aided her in the spiritual direction of the house assisted, and he afterwards gathered round him his little Cabinet, as he familiarly called them, and inquired into the state of the souls entrusted to their care, entering into the details of their temporal and spiritual concerns. The day following he was able to say mass, and to give audiences to several persons. Indeed he was so much better than he had been since his accident at Compiègne, that the Cardinal playfully urged him to attend with him the comedy, the subject of which, he said, was very serious. 'I am going to make my comedy with my breviary,' was Joseph's reply in the same tone; after which he partook of a light repast, during which he had read to him, as usual, 'The History of the Conquest of the Holy Land by Godfrey de Bouillon.' As he was about to leave the table consciousness and speech failed him. It was clear that this attack would be the last, and in a few hours, during which Richelieu was constantly with him, he passed away.

By the King's order the body was buried before the high altar of the Capucin Church in the Faubourg St. Honoré, hard by the tomb of the Père Ange de Joyeuse, who had admitted him

to the order. With all the stately ceremonial with which the Latin Church performs the obsequies of those she holds in honour, mass after mass was sung for the repose of the deceased—monk, diplomatist, statesman, all but cardinal; and the foremost men in Church and State attended, with Richelieu at their head, to weep and pray on the tomb of his friend. On the fourth day the *défilé* reached its climax. Nothing like it had been seen for thirty years. Prelates, princesses, knights of every order, gentlemen, magistrates thronged the sacred building. More than 500 coaches were counted in the procession, and as many more were unable to get near it, owing to the crowds. A whole avalanche of pamphlets, religious and satirical, which appeared at his death, showed how large a place he occupied in the public mind.

A few salient characteristics gathered from M. Fagniez's pages, with some admissions made by this his latest apologist,—admissions of the greater value, because their author seems unconscious of their moral import,—may help our attempt to estimate the character of the remarkable man on whose career we have been dwelling. The task is one of no ordinary complexity; and no hasty judgment passed upon a review, taken in fragmentary and imperfect fashion, of one side only of his life will do justice to Father Joseph, the diplomatist, the statesman, the religious controversialist, the spiritual guide. Of his transcendent abilities, of his unwearied powers of application, of his fidelity to his country's cause and to the great statesman who upheld it under conditions of enormous difficulty, there is but one unanimous verdict cast alike by friend and foe. Nor is there any question that his strength of will was of such terrific force as to recall and justify the well-worn lines of Horace:—

‘*Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum serient ruinae.*’

Of course, Father Joseph had the defects of his qualities, and it was only in keeping with this rugged inflexibility, which is written in every line of his corrugated features, that we learn he was at times fearfully impatient, unable to restrain a bitter or a brutal word, intensely intolerant of the slightest hesitation when tidings of good or evil fortune were brought him, bursting out into excessive rage against anyone who had disappointed or thwarted his plans. When the news came that the French army under Rohan had recrossed the Ticino, he wanted to send Paolo back that very evening, with orders for his master under pain of death to enter the Milanais *coûte que coûte*, and to effect a junction with the Allies. Choleric, nervous, impetuous, rugged

—so far we can read him plainly, and such a character is not inconsistent with the existence of many high and admirable qualities.

It is when we pass to another section of his strangely composite nature that we are met by many irreconcilable contradictions. How could one man, without the deepest conscious hypocrisy, combine the crooked duplicity, the implacable vindictiveness, the coldblooded heartlessness of Father Joseph the politician, with the enraptured counsels of spiritual perfection taught by Father Joseph the director of the Calvairiennes? Not only did no man ever know better how to dissemble, but he seemed to love dissimulation in itself, and to prefer hidden methods when candour would have answered equally well. Dark and inscrutable, Richelieu's sobriquet already quoted—*tenebroso cavernoso*—marks the predominant element in a character whose profound contempt for mankind led him always to suspect unworthy motives, and to believe that the highest objects might be accomplished by the meanest agency. Nor did his scorn for human nature engender any spark of compassion for the erring. Woo to the man who dared to contravene his policy, or to the heretic who withstood him! Beneath apparent reconciliation with a rival, he ever cherished at the bottom of his heart an undying grudge, which only bided its time to exact ample vengeance, and on his way to mass he could ruthlessly bid an officer slay every soul that resisted, and then calmly proceed to offer the sacrifice of Omnipotent Love.

Blinded by fanaticism and seduced by ambition, Father Joseph implicitly adopted that deadly maxim, which blurs so fatally the eternal distinction between right and wrong, that the end justifies the means; and his ideals once formed, whether designed to promote the welfare of France or of the Church, he followed them persistently, no matter how tortuous or how terrible the road. It is useless to plead for such a man the difficulty of his position. We can make allowance for strong measures in evil times; but we are seasonably reminded (and we thank Lord Acton most heartily for his emphatic insistence on a truth too often forgotten in historic judgments) that treachery, injustice, falsehood are the very things which make times evil, and their odious detestability is deepened on lips which can at other times utter counsels of the loftiest sanctity. The man who, like Father Joseph, resorts to such weapons, under whatever plea, deserves and should receive the righteous condemnation of his fellow-men.

- ART. IV.—1. *Sandford and Merton*. By Thomas Day. Three Vols. 1783-89.
 2. *Evenings at Home*. By Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld. Six Vols. 1792-95.
 3. *The Story of the Robins*. By Mrs. Trimmer. New Edition. 1785.
 4. *The History of the Fairchild Family*. By Mrs. Sherwood. New Edition. Circa 1788.
 5. *The Parents' Assistant*. By Maria Edgeworth. New Edition. 1796.
 And many others.

‘N ICHT bloss der Stolz des Menschen füllt den Raum mit Geistern, mit geheimnissvollen Kräften, auch für ein lebend Herz ist die gemeine Natur zu eng, und tiefere Bedeutung liegt in dem Märchen meiner Kinderjahre, als in der Wahrheit, die das Leben lehrt.’* So speaks Schiller by the mouth of Max Piccolomini in his ‘Wallenstein,’ and they are words of eternal wisdom. The mind and the memory in early youth are susceptible as melting wax to even fugitive impressions, and anything that lays firm hold of the fancy must leave an indelible mark, and may possibly shape an existence. What sends so many boys of all classes to sea, in spite of the parental warnings, and the assurance, generally amounting to conviction, of the sorrows awaiting the novice? The innate spirit of adventure has been nursed on sea-tales from the sagas of marauding sea-kings down to the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar: the boy has cherished his fancy on Cooper and Michael Scott and Marryat; he revels in the dashing deeds of the buccaneers, and has even a shamefaced admiration for such chivalrous pirates as the Red Rover or Adderlang; he looks at all in rose colour and little in shadow. He will see a world of strange countries, and make acquaintance with marvellous customs; even the thrilling narratives of terrible catastrophes are rather incentives than deterrents, for he is pretty sure to be saved in the boats, and may be cast up to play the Crusoe on

* The words are thus rendered by Coleridge:

‘Tis not merely
 The human being's pride that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
 This visible nature and this common world
 Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my youthful years,
 Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.’

(‘Wallenstein,’ Part II. The Piccolomini.
 Act III. sc. 2.)

some

some enchanted island. It does not occur to him that Defoe and his imitators take care to supply their castaways with the stores of a well-found ship; and that for one man who has been snatched from death by a miracle, many scores have gone straight to the bottom or survived for lingering tortures. So at the present moment more stringent legislation is contemplated for the suppression of the cheap sensational literature which is supposed to occupy the police courts and fill the prisons. The most experienced judges and magistrates have expressed their convictions that many a Jack Sheppard in embryo might have betaken himself to an honest trade and grown up a valuable member of society, had he not been demoralized by the desire to emulate the deeds of the heroes of the *Newgate Calendar*.

These, no doubt, are extreme illustrations. Our girls do not go to sea, nor are the boys of the upper orders seduced into bloodshed and burglary. But, looking at the matter in its lighter aspects, the same principle still holds good. The mind is formed by its intellectual food, and the chief element of success in instruction consists in making education at once enjoyable and beneficial. Recreation is not only to be sought in dancing or out-of-door games, excellent and even indispensable as they are in their place; it ought to be made an essential part of study. The lively imagination, never more realistically and dramatically active than in the nursery or schoolroom, should be stimulated and guided. Read the life of any distinguished man or woman, and we shall see that in the choice of books from earliest childhood they showed decided predilections. Omnivorous readers they may have been where books were scarce, but at least they knew exactly what pleased them; and we almost invariably find that their future career, when they were free to shape it, was the reflection of those pronounced early tastes. John Stuart Mill and Macaulay were prodigies of infantile precocity in studies philosophical and historical. The one and the other, with their comprehensive grasp, were born to be omniscient and tolerably accurate. Kinglake, who devoted the best part of a long life to the monumental story of a war-episode,—a story which had become ancient history, long ere he finished it,—was nursed upon Homer in his mother's boudoir, and devoured all books on military subjects. So David Copperfield, the future novelist, found a treasure in 'the blessed little room' at the Rookery, where he forgot his troubles when immersed in Fielding and Smollett, in Cervantes, Le Sage, and Defoe. We venture to say that many of his duller seniors would have found parts of those classical masterpieces exceedingly stiff reading. To the bright young enthusiast they

they were touched everywhere by the enchanter's wand; and in the world of fancy into which they transported him, he was to live and move and have his being.

It is a commonplace of the day to congratulate our children on their singular good fortune in having been born some sixty years later than their grandparents. If comparative luxury with far greater indulgences be an unmixed good, there is no denying the proposition. Whether they are better or even happier, are questions less easily answered. The old-fashioned discipline was one of Spartan severity—for obvious reasons. Children were treated neither better nor worse than their fathers and mothers before them. It may be worth while to glance at the contrasts between those ascertained times and the present. Social and domestic England had changed but little since the Revolution. Communication, no doubt, had greatly improved, but it was still slow, costly, and precarious. Isolation, even in considerable towns, was the prevailing rule, and the remoter country districts were shrouded in benighted darkness. The Metropolis was a city *sui generis*, and the Londoner was regarded with awe by the rustics as a foreigner of strange experiences. There were no railways to instigate a craving for perpetual movement. The shortest journey was a matter of serious thought and not to be undertaken lightly. For days on the great roads the intending traveller might have to wait for the chance of a seat on the stage-coach, or the opportunity of a return post-chaise. The sovereign of those days would have thought it an Arabian Nights' dream, had he been told that one of his proximate successors would spend good part of the year at a castle in the Scottish Highlands. Old Farmer George lived in peaceful content between the slopes of Windsor and the beach at Weymouth, as the gayer Regent divided his time between Carlton House and Brighton Pavilion. George III. was an affectionate and indeed a doting father, but in Madame d'Arblay's *Memoirs* we hear much of the ceremonial reverence with which he was treated by his daughters in the quiet domestic circle.

That patriarchal fashion of government prevailed everywhere, and the distance between old and young was reverentially observed. We doubt not that wives could twist husbands round their fingers, or that a winning daughter, when she came to years of discretion, knew very well how to get her own way. We know that sons would break loose from paternal control, and burden the family properties by dealing in reversions and post-obits—none the less that they had been severely bitten and curbed. But as children they were trained to show something

something like Oriental deference to their parents; they acquiesced contentedly as matters of course in the homely fare and the rigorous discipline. In the stricter households they stood up in the parental presence till they had formal permission to be seated. They punctiliously addressed the house-father as Sir, and their mother as Madam. There was no lack of love, but certainly there was no coddling. Venerable ladies who have in some way made their mark, have been falling into the fashion of writing autobiographies. Perhaps on the principle of *forsan et hæc olim*, &c., they all linger fondly on their childhood and girlhood, giving many curious and suggestive details. Their wardrobes, at the best, were wonderfully limited. A single frock for great occasions sufficed for their simple wants. They wore cotton stuffs in the depth of winter, and were indulged with little in the way of warm underclothing. They dressed in fireless garrets, and dispensed with washing if they could not break the frozen water in the pitchers. We have spoken of the single gala dress, and with regard to that there is a story told by Miss Sinclair in her 'Holiday House,' which shows how little attention was paid to juvenile coquetry. A perverse child, engaged to an afternoon party, slips into a stream, soaking that only dress. Her hopes of pleasure were high, so the disappointment was severe. But, little as she deserved it, she escapes retributive justice, and a good genius comes to the rescue in a managing woman who dries and irons the drenched garment. Our contemporary story-tellers are sensational enough, but no one of them would hazard an episode so extravagant. It is unimaginable that any tiny woman of the day would submit herself in such attire to disparaging criticism. Mortified vanity would turn the gaiety to gall, and sorrow in solitude would be a thousand times preferable.

A century ago, or even much later, the young folks had to take their chance of fair health; and parents from sheer force of custom acquiesced in the survival of the strongest. In many cases they could hardly help themselves. The nearest doctor may have lived many miles from the sequestered Hall or lonely Rectory. He was seldom sent for, except in extreme emergency, and probably his education was incomplete and his knowledge elementary. As the village farrier prescribed for the horses and cattle, so the children were dosed by rule of thumb from the shelves of the store-room. There was no coming to London for consultation with specialists, when the ailing heir or a favourite daughter showed symptoms of a serious internal ailment. There was no wintering in southern climates. The
invalid

invalid either pulled through somehow, or died and was deeply lamented. Indeed, new and deadly diseases seem either to have been developed by unfamiliar luxury or invented by the ingenuity of medical science. Our grandfathers had never heard of diphtheria, and they called a cold a cold. Bacilli, bacteria, and microbes had not been imagined. As for the colds and chills, they must have been common enough. When Tom Brown, the only son of an affluent Berkshire squire, went from London to Rugby, he was roused at Islington at 2 o'clock in the morning to take his seat on the roof of the coach. It was a bitter frost, but, with his feet dangling above the straw, his sole wrap was a tightly-buttoned Petersham great-coat. Nowadays our petted darlings travel to Rugby and Eton in cushioned first-class carriages, with foot-warmers and railway rugs.

Probably the young people of the olden time owed their immunity from serious illness to the rough but wholesome fare, which hardened robust constitutions. The schoolboys, when they clubbed their pocket money for stealthy feasts in the bedrooms, were by no means sybarites. Very simple delicacies contented them. When Charlotte Brontë went to the school at Cowan's Bridge, which she has immortalized as Lowood in 'Jane Eyre,' only 14*l.* was paid for her board and lodging. The school was exclusively for the daughters of clergymen; but save for some scraps of meat at dinner, the girls, like the early Edinburgh reviewers, were nourished upon oatmeal. It may be said that that institution was cheap and charitable, but the Reminiscences of Miss MacDonnell, the daughter of the high-born chief of Glengarry, refer to much the same period. In the rude but hospitable Highland halls on the banks of Loch Oich, there was a profusion of venison and salmon, of muir fowl and wild fowl; yet, apparently on principle, the girls were fed, like the *pensionnaires* of Cowan's Bridge, on porridge and oat-cake, and were compelled to swallow their unsavoury rations, whether they liked it or no. When they were taken to spend the winter at Perth, what they chiefly looked forward to was indulgence in loaf bread. As to dress, the children of the proudest of chieftains wore gowns of dark cotton and sandals of half-dressed deerskin. Miss MacDonnell adds, however, that they seldom caught cold and never expected to do so. Now, somehow, the children are always catching cold, and are being perpetually ordered to some health resort for change of air. Now they are introduced to society almost as soon as they begin to talk, and are taught to look forward to rounds of dissipation at the high festivals of Christmas and Easter-tide. Now, while as yet in nursery or school-room, they are initiated in all the coquetties
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of feminine costume. They go to fancy dances in the silks and brocades of Venetian dames or Oriental sultanas. They rustle in stately procession up the aisles of fashionable churches as juvenile bridesmaids; and even unfortunate small boys, who would be far happier if they were bird-nesting or playing football, masquerade in lace and satin as mediæval pages.

Of course the doctor follows in the train of the confectioner and cook; and if medicine cannot tide over the trouble, the services of undertaker and sexton must be called in. Thirty years ago, in the régime of the Second Empire, our sarcastic caricaturists were fond of taking for subjects the overdressed small men and women in the Champs Elysées and the gardens of the Tuileries. Now their counterparts may be seen every day in the London parks and on the promenades of Brighton or Bournemouth. As for the Americans, where the aristocracy is an aristocracy of wealth, they have gone ahead of the old country, as might have been expected. Sweetmeats, and especially candy, prematurely sow the seeds of the indigestion which is subsequently developed among business men by hurried meals and heavy bar-drinking. And the blooming maidens who are to come husband-hunting to Europe, with Saratoga trunks filled with the triumphs of milliner and mantua-maker, have *carte blanche* with the transatlantic Worths while still in the school-room. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's 'Poganuc People,' eminently realistic as it was acknowledged to be at the time, is now but a memory of the vanished past. Never again, even in the woodland solitudes of Massachusetts, will the daughter of a well-to-do minister, living in the most select rural society, be encouraged in such unsophisticated tastes and reared with such uncompromising simplicity.

It may be said that the influences of ever-increasing wealth and of a more refined and fastidious civilization are irresistible; but that the growth of luxury is more than compensated by the yet more rapid progress of intellectual activity. The body may have suffered, but the mind must gain. We know not how that may be, but we doubt whether the marvellous multiplication of books for the young has increased the sum of juvenile enjoyment. There is nothing like habitual privation for giving a zest to unfamiliar pleasure; nor can anything be more delightful to a bright and imaginative child than the surprise of some strange and novel sensation. When Tom Brown took that cold night drive to Rugby, he consoled himself for his sufferings by the thought that he was enduring with the courage of a Briton. None the less did he enjoy the change from purgatory to paradise, when ushered into the cosy inn-parlour,

parlour, with its blazing fire and its well-spread breakfast table. So, too, when books were few and far between, the advent of a new and good one marked an era in the receptive juvenile memory. It is difficult to realize the intellectual destitution towards the end of last century. There were a few libraries in great houses, where some scholarly and wealthy landowner had indulged his cultivated tastes. Like a Duke of Roxburghe or a Lord Spencer, he had been more or less of a bibliomaniac, and had engaged the services of such agents as Snuffy Davy, with the scent of a sleuthhound and the snap of a bulldog. His successors lamented the vain extravagance, and added nothing to the useless collection. For the most part, in the homes of the rural gentry and of the middle classes, whether in town or country, there were a score or two of dusty volumes on the shelves. Probably they were either theological treatises and books of sermons, or standard authorities on venetie and domestic matters. The elders of the household seldom disturbed them. They had forgotten everything they might have picked up at school as to matters which did not immediately concern them. They were engrossed in every-day cares and occupations. The talk at table was of markets, bullocks, and wheat; of depression in trade and the insubordination of the working hands, who were fighting on a starvation wage against the introduction of machinery.

In those days an intelligent and imaginative child found neither sympathy nor suitable intellectual food. Snubbed by his parents when he asked foolish questions, terrorized by schoolmasters and teachers who held him hard and fast to the elementary routine, he was thrown back upon himself and his own resources. It was as a fountain gushing in the desert when he chanced upon anything he really enjoyed. The Bible with the Apocrypha—an unfailing resource—was to be found in every house. He delighted in the thrilling narratives of the Old Testament; in the pictures of the hospitable Patriarchs welcoming angels to their tents; in the hard fighting between Israel and the surrounding nations; in the heroic and Homeric exploits of the Samsons and Jephthahs; in the hairbreadth escapes of the poet-warrior, who, as an outlaw before he came to the kingdom, anticipated in treeless Palestine the feats of Robin Hood and Rob Roy. Next to the Bible in many households, and notably among the Nonconformists, was Bunyan, or Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' The sufferings of the sturdy witnesses for the truth had a repulsive fascination for him, and he shuddered delightfully at the abominations of cruelty when the martyrs tied to the stake were frizzling over slow fires. His fancy was
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kindled by those flames of Smithfield, and his imagination was quickened by the biblical romance. But beyond these, and in the way of congenial secular literature, there was seldom anything within his reach. There were stray volumes of the old English ballads; there were some twopenny chap-books, containing in black letter the veritable history of 'The Babes in the Wood' and 'Old Mother Goose.' And, besides these, perhaps the only romances in very exceptional circulation were the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' As for the 'Arabian Nights,' the first translation from the French made its appearance in England in the time of the Stuarts. But we may conceive that seniors of an illiterate and prosaic generation regarded these absurd extravagances with supreme contempt and indifference, seldom squandering their money on such crackbrained folly: so that the 'Nights' were practically non-existent; and as for the sale of 'Robinson Crusoe,' the ingenious author had overreached himself. The men into whose hands it came, accepted it as a veritable fragment of biography, like the Memoirs of Captain Carleton or the Life of Colonel Jack, and they dismissed the experiences of the shipwrecked mariner as trivial, prolix, and irrelevant.

But the renaissance of English letters in the golden age of Queen Anne was to be succeeded by a new birth in juvenile literature. The interval between the periods was prolonged, for the new ideas as to education had been ripening slowly. The poets, the essayists, the pamphleteers, and the historians, in emulous pursuit of fame and fortune, had been writing for people of mature intelligence. They were ambitious of the praise of the critics, or they desired to win place and favour from the Ministers who governed the State. We remember how Johnson sneered at Goldsmith for condescending to trivial talk in his fables; but Goldsmith, with his boyish playfulness of fancy and his wise disregard of dignity, was anticipating a school of writers who were to take the nursery and schoolrooms by storm. Formal they were, although they stooped to amuse, but Aikin and Barbauld, Trimmer and Sherwood, will still be household words, when many a temporary celebrity will be forgotten who had a public funeral in Westminster or St. Paul's.

The vitality or immortality of a book is a fair though rough test of the talent of the author. It is always difficult to draw the line between genius and talent; but we may say that the educational writers of the last quarter of the last century were more than talented. To the deliberate composition of unpretending works they brought a rare combination of qualities; and if the dead care for posthumous fame, they must have been

rewarded beyond their utmost expectations, for the books that were popular a hundred years ago are being reprinted and are selling largely. Genius apart, the secrets of their success appear to be these. They had gathered considerable stores of various information: they chanced to have a happy knack of communicating it pleasantly; they were gravely impressed with a sense of their responsibility; and they held up ideals for generous imitation. Their writings have stood the critical test of time, of the developments in thought and the revolution in manners. We often smile and we sometimes laugh, but the laugh is sympathetic and kindly, nor is it only for old associations' sake that we are fascinated by 'The Story of the Robins' and the inimitable 'Evenings at Home.'

These writers had no ordinary gifts, but they also had no ordinary opportunity. They broke ground in fresh and untrodden fields, and let the light into dark chambers of ignorance. Facts that are now familiar to the children in our village schools were then startling revelations, and a full half of the habitable globe was still enveloped in doubt or mystery. In the best maps the interior of Africa was covered by an 'Unexplored' in capital letters. Asia, and notably the Indies, were popularly associated with fabulous riches. All Northern America to the west of the Mississippi was abandoned to the red man and the buffalo; and in the Southern hemisphere few adventurers had penetrated beyond the fringe of Spanish and Portuguese settlements. Communications by commerce were chiefly between civilized countries and their colonies, and scientific invention was in its infancy. The few well-informed people who undertook to instruct the ignorant, were as yet like children groping in the twilight. The strange knowledge which had stimulated and gratified their curiosity, had made so strong an impression on themselves that they could vividly impress it upon others. Had they not been scrupulous, they might have abused the credulity of their readers to any extent, and with no very great stretch of conscience they might have made their travellers' tales infinitely more sensational. As it was, they were content to stick to the truth, and they might well be satisfied with the effects they produced. The boys and girls of England were transported to real scenes, as wonderful to them as the jewelled palace of Aladdin or the treasure cavern of the Forty Thieves. They experienced the extremes of heat and cold, with the fur-clad natives of Greenland and the naked savages of the Southern Pacific. They drove on the reindeer sledges with the skin-clad Laplanders; they skated to market with dairy produce on the Dutch canals; they

the deserts on the humps of spice-laden camels; they went into action on the backs of castled elephants; and they banqueted with Abyssinian Bruce on steaks cut from living cattle. Simply credulous they were, yet these astounding truths might well have staggered their unsophisticated reason. But their faith in their teachers was confirmed by entertaining enlightenment as to facts coming under their daily observation, and which they could easily verify. The lessons which were communicated in attractive form, increased their pleasures, developed their latent tastes, and gave a new and delightful zest to their lives.

They were enlightened by a cluster of genial luminaries. Day and Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Sherwood, and Mrs. Trimmer betook themselves to book-writing almost simultaneously. The didactic story-tellers were the best of friends, and seldom missed a chance of commending each other, though doubtless they were animated by a generous rivalry. Earnest friends of the young, they were inspired by no ignoble ambition and accepted their mission with heart and soul. Comparing them with their successors of the present day, we remark the lavish expenditure of excellent materials. The stories which are merely introduced episodically might be expanded into scores of our Christmas novelettes; and they had read, mused, and committed to memory as few of the caterers for youth have done in the present day.

Day's '*Sandford and Merton*' deserved to be an epoch-making book. The ingenious author was an enthusiast,—a crack-brained enthusiast, many people might call him. If he did not kennel, like Diogenes, in a tub, he sternly declined to sacrifice to the Graces, and refused even to comb his hair. He insisted on his wife dispensing with servants and denied her the indulgence of music. In the book he wrote for the delectation of the young, he carried the principles of his master Rousseau to an extreme. Yet the doctrines of the speculative idealist of the French Revolution could not well be acclimatized in practical England, which, on the whole, had been fairly well governed. Day took up his parable against the corruption generated by civilization, commerce, and the increase of riches, as he indirectly advocated that return to the primitive simplicity of the untutored savage which the strong-minded Johnson satirically reprobated. Yet, at the same time, he appealed to the generous instincts of boyhood, by indicating the ideal of a manly training in the exercise of the noble virtues of courage, self-reliance, and liberality. Idealist as he was, it is nevertheless noteworthy that he addressed himself to selfish and personal motives,

motives, in opposition to all the teaching of experience and revelation. Scott, in defending the melancholy *dénouements* of some of his novels, declares that no worse lesson can be taught to the young than that virtue invariably brings its reward in this world. Day, on the contrary, as if he were bribing Tommy and Harry with the cakes he would have them condemn, makes each kindly action bring its immediate recompense. But Day was essentially an unpractical dreamer, whereas Scott was a man of the world and a shrewd student of humanity.

Harry, who by the way could not read, although the son of a substantial farmer, until taught by the good Rector, is a model boy. Like young Gilbert in Dumas' '*Mémoires d'un Médecin*,' he is the soil in which philosophers such as Rousseau love to sow. He never eats unless he is hungry, nor drinks unless he is dry. In winter time, although we should have fancied there was no lack of plain fare at the farm, he goes supperless to bed that he may feed the starving birds. As for himself, he would dine with satisfaction on a dry crust, 'though you placed sweetmeats and fruit and every nicety in his way.' Invited to the luxurious table of the wealthy Mr. Merton, he is neither awed by the state and plate, nor silenced in the presence of his seniors and superiors. Addressed good-naturedly by the host, the peasant boy straightway goes off at full cock, and it is a veritable case of 'babes and sucklings.' He protests that 'it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get and be contented: just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air and live upon herbs and need nothing but water, and yet they are strong and active and healthy.' Mr. Merton does not object that the analogy is not absolute; that cattle can sleep out in water meadows without risking a rheumatism, and that if six-months-old children were cast off to fend for themselves, they would scarcely thrive like the lambs and the fox-cubs. On the contrary, he decides that the young philosopher is the very companion for his own spoiled boy, who has been nursed in tropical luxury and is heir to a splendid inheritance. A more judicious parent would have paused to weigh the advantages of such incongruous connexion against the drawbacks. But Day, in his worship of Equality, by a mere effort of the fancy levels the indestructible barriers which have been raised by instinct and refinement for the separation of classes. After all, Dickens did the same, and with less excuse, when—among a score of other examples—he wedded Florence Dombey to the son of the old instrument maker, and reduced the pompous City merchant to hobnob with Captain Cuttle. It is the revolt of genius which has raised itself, against the influences

influences of birth and breeding which oppress it ; and envy, though perhaps unconsciously, has much to say in the matter.

Having chosen Farmer Sandford's boy as a companion for the son of the Nabob, Mr. Day must find them a tutor after his own heart. The parish clergyman is the very man. Mr. Barlow does not underrate the trouble of training Tommy, but he undertakes to keep the troublesome urchin as long as may be desired, on condition of receiving no remuneration. His self-confidence is equal to his liberality, and he makes sure he will succeed. He trusts much to the influence of example, and means to couple his mischievous Tommy up with the steady Harry, as the horse-breaker harnesses a frolicsome colt by the side of a sober old roadster. Naturally, the system works admirably. Patience, perseverance, and judgment were sure to win in the end ; and to carry on the metaphor, Tommy is petted, humoured, and coaxed, punished and half-starved by turns. The paternal riches seemed destined to be a snare to him, but it is borne in on his mind by example and precept that poverty has well-nigh a monopoly of the virtues. If he is discontented, he is straightway marched off to a cottage, where the inmates, though oppressed by a cataclysm of calamities, are profoundly grateful for their slender mercies. Yet he is taught that if wealth be a curse, it nevertheless has its duties and privileges. Never in his short life has he known a more blissful moment than when, having run home to his indulgent father to beg a pocketful of guineas, he rushes back to relieve the distress in a hovel where his best feelings had been harrowed. So if Equality is practically unattainable, he may still fall back on Fraternity. In his friend Harry, he had a wonderful model, not only of practical benevolence and self-sacrifice, but of superhuman fortitude. The innumerable admirers of the book must remember the highly dramatic episode where Harry keeps the secret of the hunted hare. Squire Chase administers a tremendous flogging, and we are inclined to think he might plead extenuating circumstances. Harry, in the true spirit of Christianity, freely forgives his enemy while still smarting. But, not to miss a chance of imparting instruction, he goes on to tell Tommy all about the Spartans, and Tommy's sympathy dies out in gratified curiosity as he listens to the somewhat prolix narrative. We are inclined to think now that, though the young English gentry may have their faults, they can show as fair an average of stalwart manhood as any class of the community. But when Tommy asks whether a person cannot be strong without manual labour, Harry meets him with the *argumentum ad puerum* :

puerum: 'You can judge for yourself. You often have fine young gentlemen at your father's house; are any of them as strong as the sons of the farmers in the neighbourhood, who are always used to handle a hoe?' &c.

We might multiply examples of what strike us as absurdities, but they only increase our respect for the talents of the man who has, nevertheless, written an immortal book. Mr. Barlow is so inveterate a story-teller, that he even told lengthy stories to Mr. Merton over the wine and the walnut; nor was it merely the civility of a courteous host when Mr. Merton begged him to continue: for, as in all the contemporary books of the kind, the stories are as good as the are abundant. The fountain of apt illustration flows in a free and perennial stream. Still more attractive, in their way, than the moral fables and classical romances—which, by the by, were always assumed to be historical truth when any practical lesson was to be deduced from them—were the rambles in the fields and woods. Dr. Aikin's 'Eyes and No Eyes' in 'Evenings at Home' is a masterpiece in that kind of practical instruction. Boys will naturally take to bird-nesting. They used to blow and string the variegated eggs and torture the nurslings from pure thoughtlessness. But all these writers, living in the country or in small provincial towns, were naturalists and botanists like Gilbert White. They sought to divert their pupils from heedless cruelty by awakening them to every-day sources of enjoyment. Like his favourite companion, the terrier, the boy loves nothing more than ferreting in the hedgerows and copses—than stalking the shy wild creatures of all sorts and carefully noting their habits. Far from feeling condemned to them as wearisome tasks, those works became the country-boy's pleasant handbooks, and Day, although a pedant and theorist, had anticipated William Howitt and Richard Jefferies.

'Evenings at Home' was the forerunner of the periodicals and journals which now cater indelatably for the tastes of all sorts and conditions of juveniles. An admirable miscellany it is, equally instructive and fascinating. The unpretentious little volume, published in the smallest of type, was written by Dr. Aikin in collaboration with his gifted sister. We fancy we can single out the fifteen articles said to have been contributed by Mrs. Barbauld; for it seems to us there is a sharp dividing line between the imaginative and realistic. Each of the romances which we attribute to the lady might easily have been expanded into a volume. Incident crowds upon incident—sensation follows fast on sensation. Nor is the sensational interest less absorbing in the homely annals of the struggling

poor than when the theme is far more ambitious. Undoubtedly the most striking and dramatic of the tales is 'The Transmigrations of Indur.' We know that it left ineffaceable impressions on the memory of veteran men of letters and genius. The soul of the benevolent Brahmin, who is the embodiment of St. Paul's precepts as to charity, flits from tenement to tenement: successively he is resuscitated in a bee and a whale, a dormouse and an elephant, and he passes through many an intermediate stage, ere again, as the reward of his virtues, he is restored to the calm sanctity of the Brahmin priesthood. It is an epic in sections,—a drama in many acts, which paradoxically preserves the unities, although apparently setting them at defiance. The soul of the benevolent sage is the connecting link; and if its earthly existence had been tranquil to monotony, when disembodied it revels in intoxicating experiences. Now the whale is sporting and rolling among the Arctic ice-floes, till the inoffensive monster is lashed into fury by the mortal thrust of the harpoon; now the mighty elephant is being urged into the battle in all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental war; and again, with a sudden change of scene, the humble ant is attending to its household cares, or the busy bee with honey-laden wings is hovering over the flower-beds of an old-fashioned farm garden. The ever-changing situations are so vividly presented that the child learns more of geography and natural history in these few pages than in weeks of drudgery over dull lesson books. We may take by way of contrast to 'Indur,' and in a very different style, 'Perseverance against Fortune.' It is a homely narrative, in the minute manner of Defoe, of an everyday battle with perverse ill-luck, and the more impressive in that it is intensely prosaic. But the interest is the more absorbing because the youngest reader has the unconscious feeling that possibly his own case may be that of the victim who courageously contends with persistent adversity. Consequently he will lay the lesson to heart, that the heroism which refuses to acknowledge defeat, if it does not always triumph in the end, may nevertheless ennoble the most commonplace career. In its moral teaching, 'Evenings at Home' is always eminently practical, yet there is something of the same accidental inculcation of impracticable theories which predominates in Day's book. Battle is roundly condemned as murder, although great part of Holy Scripture is a chronicle of the hard fighting to which even the Chosen People were condemned as the inevitable consequence of the Fall. And although the mischievous and arbitrary division of society into the classes and the masses had not been dreamed of then, there are signs of the socialistic sympathies

sympathies with the impecunious which animated the Quakers and kindred fraternities. There is no censure of the farmer who wantonly breaks a nestful of partridge eggs, though presumably the game ravages were considered in the rent. The love of the animal world goes to the wall, when it seems to subserve the privileges of rank, or clashes with the supposed rights of the poor folks; and for once Dr. Aikin, who was no sportsman, is utterly at fault as a naturalist: for the partridges, by their greedy consumption of noxious seeds and destructive insects, more than compensate for any harm they may do to the agriculturist.

The stories in these books of instruction would appear, at first, to have been tentatively introduced, on the principle on which powders in the nursery were insidiously administered in jelly. We believe it was Mrs. Trimmer who originated the juvenile romance, pure and simple, in her 'Story of the Robins.' The nestlings are reared on a footing of easy intimacy with the model children who are their patrons and benefactors. Primness and conscientious principle are the key-notes of this novelette with a purpose. We admire and are awe-struck by the correct propriety of thought and conduct. We picture the good lady, who was evidently a born schoolmistress, sitting down to write, in a starched mob-cap with falling lappets—in mittens, spectacles, and a straight-backed chair. A born schoolmistress she was, with profound convictions of the deference due by the young to their elders; yet, like Walter of the Vogelweid, she had a wonderful sympathy with the fowls of the air. Nothing can be prettier than the way in which she represents the fluttering parental anxieties of the old birds, and the gentle discipline tempered by wise indulgence with which they deal discreetly with the different temperaments and foibles of their offspring. We follow with pleasure the adventures of the newly-fledged family in the garden: the melancholy accident which is the summary punishment of self-will, and the flights in the surrounding meadows and copses in which the excellent father warns his children of the troubles they must face in their chequered existence. The education proceeds apace, and the action is necessarily rapid, for the young robins are to be left to their own devices when the old birds, in obedience to Nature, are preparing for fresh family cares. With the Benson children, on the contrary, the foundations of sound principle are being slowly and solidly laid. Moral lessons are being continually insinuated in homoeopathic doses. Benevolence should be discreet and charity well considered. We have another application of Miss Edgeworth's moral of 'Waste not, want not,'

when Mrs. Benson remarks that, if the feathered pensioners increase, other food must be found for them, 'as it is not right to cut pieces from a loaf on purpose for birds, because there are many children who want bread, to whom we should give the preference.' The good lady adds, with the formal precision we expect of her, in a paragraph too elaborate for quotation, that tenderness towards animals must not make us oblivious of the poor. Nevertheless, the moral of 'The Robins' is the duty of consideration for the brute creation, and, as in all these educational works, the duty is practically enforced on unsophisticated critics by violent contrasts. Little Harriet is tender-hearted to a fault, and her small brother is as kindly, although less thoughtful. But their neighbour and occasional companion, Master Jenkins, is a Nero in embryo—a monster of cruelty. We do not care to catalogue the horrors and dire tragedies which gave him a day of agreeable diversion. We fancy that even in those days such a little fiend was a *lusus nature*, and we suspect Mrs. Trimmer must have evolved him from her imagination, to produce an indelible effect by a severe shock to the sensations. If that was her intention, she undoubtedly succeeded.

We see the same breadth, depth, and contrasts of colouring in Mrs. Sherwood's 'Fairchild Family.' The Fairchild children were as amenable and well behaved as any children could be. Never did conscientious parents sow seed in more kindly soil. Necessarily they subscribed to Solomon's maxim as to the folly of sparing the rod, but they did not shrink from sterner measures and showed small consideration for nerves and susceptibilities. One scene stands out in the memory which even surpasses in lurid and sombre sublimity the atrocities of the boy-fiend in 'The Robins.' There has been an ebullition of angry passions in the nursery: the children, having been whipped and gone without their breakfasts, have expressed penitence and been kissed and forgiven. But the chance of improving the occasion is not to be neglected, and Mr. Fairchild deals with the juvenile delinquents in the spirit of the prophets of the Old Dispensation who had their mission to the stiff-necked and backsliding Jews. He tells his wife that he means to take the children to Blackwood, to show them something they will never forget. 'If you are going to Blackwood,' said Mrs. Fairchild, 'I cannot go with you, though I approve of your taking the children. Let John go with you to carry Harry part of the way, for it is too far for him to walk.' Not unnaturally did the lady decline to make one of the party, though she sent a babe so young that it had to be carried. She might as pleasantly
have

have ridden forth with Catharine of Medici and the Valois Court, to see Coligny swinging from the gibbet at Montfaucon. For the spectacle was a gentleman in blue coat and alk neckerchief, gibbeted in chains, and 'the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it.' The poor little things were in haste to be gone, but their father would not hear of hurried departure. 'Not yet,' he said quietly, and there they were kept till they heard the latest horrible version of the old tale of Cain and Abel. Apparently that terrible lesson, which comes off in an early chapter, bore permanent fruit, for there is nothing else in the book which is revolting or repulsive. Of course the children were severely warned by precept, punishment, and apt illustration against their besetting sins—against greed and temper, selfishness and frivolity. They learn lessons of industry from the ants and the bees: the butterflies show the folly of wasting precious time, and the pigs, snorting over the trough and snoring stertorously afterwards, bear eloquent testimony against gluttony and sloth. But, above all, attention was paid to the due observance of the Sabbath, and we hear with a certain incredulity that these happy children considered it the most enjoyable day in the week. For then they rested from their daily labours—such as these were—and when not actually in Church or Sunday-school, amused themselves by discussing the sermon and their school lessons. No cooking was permitted, save boiling potatoes; but then the children—and it is suggestive of the regimen we described—had the luxuries of tea and bread and butter for breakfast.

It is easy, as we say, to ridicule all that, yet the fact remains, that even the absurdities which amuse us now have clung to the memory. The small tragedy of the stolen apple, with the attendant mystery and horror when the authorities have some clue to the crime, is almost as fresh in our recollection as our first mother's momentous trespass in the Garden of Eden. Then the imaginative author of 'The Lady of the Manor' tells many an apposite tale, although of the goody-goody order, with all the fancy and the fluency of a Scheherazade. And she has painted so pretty a picture of the happy relations of moderately rich benefactors with their poor dependants—of a family which makes Agur's prayer its own, that it may be cursed neither with poverty nor riches,—that when the Fairchilds unexpectedly come in for a fortune, we are inclined to sympathise with the victims of prosperity. In the enjoyment of perfect contentment with their modest lot, they have the good sense to feel that they cannot change for the better. Indeed, their fears are fully
justified,

justified, and there is abundance of quiet and fine humour in the description of the consequences and troubles of their changed condition. The sage Lucy, who used to sit at the feet of her seniors, 'that she might improve her mind by their conversation,' bears prosperity well; but the more thoughtless Harry gets his head turned and temporarily goes altogether to the bad. Well was it for him that he had been whipped and lectured and kept firmly through nursery and schoolroom to the path in which he should go; for, after sundry slips in the valley of Humiliation, fortified by a succession of distressing experiences, he resumes the Pilgrim's Progress with renewed vigour: the parents are rewarded for their assiduous care, and the dénouement, though abrupt, is entirely satisfactory.

A new era opens with the juvenile romances of Miss Edgeworth. She threw the formal proprieties of the professed teacher behind her, and wrote with all the ease of the modern school and the verve and freshness of a cultured Irish woman. Scott, who was a kindred spirit, bestows on her works what seems exaggerated praise—as indeed he overpraises others of his feminine contemporaries, notably Joanna Baillie. But there is a wonderful fascination in the stories, which had all the charm of a Protean introspection of the personages and of a novel and flowing style. Yet there is a continuity, easily accounted for between Miss Edgeworth and her precursors. Her father, who influenced her tastes and directed her talents, had been the intimate friend of Mr. Day, and had eagerly accepted his rational theories. So in 'Waste not, Want not,' Hal and Ben are the very boys in 'Sandford and Merton' resuscitated. But though Ben is all that is wise and Hal all that is reckless, their dispositions are contrasted and their adventures described with the light and sprightly touch of a woman of the world. And Miss Edgeworth had pre-eminently the dramatic genius. She sometimes casts her tales in the form of comedies, as in 'Eton Montem' and 'Old Poz'; but every one of them, with slight modifications, might have been happily adapted to the stage. The characters are strong and sharply defined; the situations are striking, and the construction is plausible and thoroughly well considered. When truthful realism is expressed with dramatic power, the impression on the youthful imagination must be vivid. With Miss Edgeworth, as with Scott, the unfamiliar scenes she was to present had first been photographed on her brain by the flash of a phenomenal imagination. As Scott transports us to the Syria of the Crusades, to the camp of Charles the Bold, or to the dizzy precipices of the Forest Cantons, so Miss Edgeworth in soaring home-flights is scarcely less

less successful. That lady had seldom been out of Ireland; she had seldom frequented fashionable society in England; she had never visited Italy. Yet, had her works been published anonymously, one would have pronounced the writer to be a travelled citizen of the world, with the experiences of a man and the sensibilities of a woman. She is as much at home at the hot wells of Clifton and in the crowded reception rooms of London as at Castle Rackrent. She might have run up bills with fashionable mantua-makers, and consequently been compelled to have recourse to usurers. The painting of the Neapolitan gardener's son in 'The Little Merchants' is as forcible a presentation of an actual national type as Murillo's street-boys of Seville, or the *Hilanderas* or *Borrachos* of Velasquez. What can be more delightful insinuation in the way of moral apothegm than little Rosamond spending her pocket-money on the beautifully-tinted vase, and being disillusioned by the fallacious coloured water? It is the old and eternal truth brought home to the childish comprehension—'What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!' Then, to dismiss a subject on which we might linger long, where is there a more charming village idyll to be found than in the very simple story of 'Simple Susan'? The pathos of the scene where Susan and her little brother take leave of the household pet which is doomed to the slaughter, should alone make that idyll immortal.

Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, member of a family eminent alike in law and letters, followed Miss Edgeworth. There is less delicate painting in the manner of Miss Austen or Miss Mitford; she rather anticipated the broadly sensational style of writers of the present day, who make self-possessed and precocious children the heroes or heroines of thrilling adventure. She wrote for girls, and she had the early choice of themes which since have been wrought out to attenuation or exhaustion. We confess that many a year has gone by since we saw her 'Mary and Florence,' yet fresh in our minds are the lively experiences of the sisters when, taking shipping at Bordeaux in a scurry of terrified fugitives, they and their companions were saved by the skin of their teeth from Napoleon's arbitrary edict of arrest. When the ill-found ship was delayed by baffling winds, and all the passengers were generously sharing their scanty stores and resigning themselves to short rations, we well remember the incident of the greedy girl who feloniously swallowed a Bologna sausage, and was blighted before the hungry company by her aunt's reproachful gaze. 'Lella or the Island' had even wider popularity. With the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' it was among the earliest of the books which cast
children

children ashore to Crusoe it on an uninhabited but luxuriant island. In all these books the ingenious writer, with a keen eye to stage business, makes the castaways as comfortable as the case will admit. The ship goes to pieces, and, by the care of a kindly Providence, the surge floats ashore the chests with clothes and the casks of salt junk. Even metals have a strange buoyancy in the Southern Pacific, and the refugees are amply supplied with tools, guns, and ammunition. In fact, with a light-hearted child like Leila, trusting fondly in her father, and with a nurse to see to her ablutions and toilette, the misfortune becomes an enchanting picnic. She has turtle eggs at breakfast for those of the domestic fowl; the bread-fruit takes the place of loaves and French rolls; and, instead of being stinted to an orange at dessert, she revels in everything—from grapes to bananas. When she has overcome her tremors, she is happy in a tropical paradise that combines the palm-houses of Kew with the inexhaustible excitements of a Zoological garden. Above are the cerulean skies, around is the azure sea, with limitless aquaria of limpid water within the coral reefs; and when the ship comes which is to bear her back to civilization, the child and the childish readers are more inclined to cry than to congratulate themselves.

'Leila or the Island' naturally suggests 'Masterman Ready,' which was written, as Marryat assures us in the original preface, chiefly from conscientious motives. No doubt that very ready writer was eager to turn his hand to anything professionally, but he resented the inaccuracies of the 'Swiss Family Robinson.' He had intended to write a sequel to what he admits is an amusing book; but he was scandalised not only by nautical blunders, but by the ignorance of local botany and zoology. We know not whether the young folk care greatly to differentiate the rig of a schooner from that of a brig, or to discriminate between the mango and the mangrove. Yet from the artistic point of view Marryat was right, and we are reminded of Scott making notes at Rokeby of the wild flowers enamelling the banks of the Greta. When Morritt suggested that the conventional violets and primroses would serve the purposes of poetry quite as well, he received an answer which satisfied and silenced him. Description may be monotonous, but Nature never is. Marryat was nothing if not singularly accurate, and that goes far to explain the prolonged popularity of his innumerable books. We are amused by the boisterous son, but there is solid painting in the background. A remarkable example of Marryat's strict fidelity to truth appears from Mr. Knight's 'Cruise of the *Alerte*,' which describes an expedition to the Southern Trinidad in search

search of buried treasure. That barren jumble of volcanic rock, now a subject of international dispute between England and Brazil, had seldom been visited, for the barricades of surf are often impracticable. But Knight was startled to find that in 'Frank Mildmay' the crumbling precipices, the waterless gorges, and even the slippery mosses beneath the spasmodic cascades, were described by a man who had gone over the ground and carefully marked each spot in his memory. So 'Masterman Ready' is no piece of fancy scene-painting. It may rank with 'Tom Cringle's Log' for its inimitably faithful pictures of tropical scenery, of animated nature from the ground-sharks to the fire-flies, and of the wildly picturesque atmospheric phenomena which seem to shadow forth the terrors and splendours of the judgment-day.

We ought not to overlook Miss Martineau, with her 'Fests on the Fjords,' 'The Croston Boys,' &c. That gifted lady did not obtrude, in her exciting juvenile books, the unhappy religious creed which she felt bound to profess elsewhere. Nor can we omit Miss Catherine Sinclair, who, in 'Holiday House,' broke away from the old traditions and treated human frailties generously. We have but faint recollections of a story we have not read for some fifty years, [but we do remember that the healthy and high-spirited children played the parts of small social demons in a well-regulated household. Indeed, malevolent critics might have plausibly said that Miss Sinclair suggested to children all manner of mischief.

But as we must draw an arbitrary line somewhere between the old and the new, the line may as well be drawn at 'Masterman Ready.' The naval veteran who succeeded and surpassed Captain Chamier—who rivalled and, in nautical science, surpassed Cooper—was among the last of those fortunate writers who had a fair field and few efficient competitors. Of a sudden we find publishers and purchasers submerged in the ever-growing spring-tides of literature for school-room or nursery. Now the season sets in, year after year, with the punctuality and profuse downpour of the Indian monsoon. Or, to change the metaphor, about a couple of months before Christmas the illustrated gift books, in every conceivable style and vein, descend like snow flakes on the floors of the publishing houses. They come like the snow flakes, and like the snow flakes they disappear. There are few indeed which have left affectionate impressions, or which survive in a fair succession of 'new and cheap' editions. With scarcely an exception, the most fascinating have been written by ladies, and we are glad to think that, when not avowedly religious, their moral tendencies are unimpeachable. And further,

further, they have invariably obtained the greatest popularity when the style has been simple and the subject domestic. The innocence of childhood is easily pleased; and although we may subscribe to the doctrine of original sin, we nevertheless know that it is the children who are nearest to heaven.

We cannot enter at the end of an article on an aggressive discussion of the merits and defects of recent writers. We may single out a few who personally have pleased us most. We recall Miss Charlesworth, with her 'Ministering Children' and 'England's Yeomen,' written in the blissful tranquillity of days before the agricultural depression, when the hospitable farmer was happy on a modest competence, and while the squire and the worthy parson were still his trusted friends. Then there is Miss Montgomery's 'Misunderstood,' awakening all our sympathies in favour of the delightful little scapegrace who came to shipwreck for want of a motherly Mrs. Fairchild or of a Mr. Barlow brought down to date. There are Mrs. Chifford and Mrs. Molesworth, and, above all, the late Mrs. Ewing, who as we happen to know, with one of her pregnant apothegms as to the punching of heads and the pleading in Law Courts, threw a busy Queen's Counsel into oblivious abstraction when he ought to have been attending to innumerable briefs. Above all, there is Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' which in its way should be such an epoch-making book as 'Jane Eyre' or Mrs. Gaskell's 'Ruth.' As matter of fact, we must hazard the sinister prediction that 'Lord Fauntleroy' will never live with the 'Fairchild Family.' So, we fear, it will fare with 'Sweetheart and I,' which, with its frolicsome humour and its gentle pathos, converted us to a faith in Mr. Crockett's genius, when we had hesitated over 'The Men of the Moss-Hags' and his locally coloured Covenanting tales of 'Guy Mannering's Country.'

If we ask why that should be, we find it hard to answer. But some contributory solutions of the problem are sufficiently obvious. As books are multiplied, professionally and almost mechanically, the pace of production is inordinately accelerated, and the machinery turns out the products to a monotonous pattern. A single striking success produces endless and most wearisome imitation and reiteration. But the chances are that the happy hit has a *succès d'estime*, so far as the children to whom it is addressed are concerned, and that the brilliantly imaginative writer wins the approval of older folks. It seems to us that the fairy fancies of 'Lewis Carroll' are cases in point. They have passed through endless editions; they were translated into several foreign languages. And yet the author in

in the 'Hunting of the Snark' introduces bankers and bill-brokers among the members of the adventurous expedition. We thank Heaven that many a year must pass before any of our darlings in brief petticoats know anything of pecuniary worries, and we hope it may be long ere our boys of the preparatory school are tempted by usurers and versed in accommodation bills. But in the realms of mythological romance, and as to the manners and habits of the unseen sprite world which surrounds us, the children are positively *blasé* and absolutely unsusceptible of surprise. They know all about the fairies and the gnomes, the brownies and the brute-elves which the first Lord Lytton touched so delicately in the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine.' We are sure they would still read the travels of the pilgrims in the subterranean Rhineland and his version of Reynard the Fox with breathless interest and throbbing pulses; but they are so thoroughly well-informed as to resent the intrusion of book-making ignoramuses among those sacred mysteries. The heavy, blundering tread scares away the sprites who will only make friends with sympathetic genius. When the children long for cake at Christmas-time, they are generally given a stone, or bread that is dry, flavourless, and indigestible. Consequently we fancy that they will welcome with effusion the republication of the old classics for children, and we are optimists enough to believe that the experiment will be a success.

Ann. V.—1. *La Crise actuelle: Le Canada République ou Colonie.* Par Joseph Royal, ex-Lieut.-Gouverneur des Territoires du Nord-Ouest. Montreal, 1894.

2. *L'Avenir du Canada: Réponse à M. Royal.* 'La Vérité,' March 17, 24, 31, and April 14, 1894.

3. *Code of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec.* Montreal, 1889.

4. *Pastoral Letter of their Lordships the Archbishops and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, 'On Education.'* March 1894.

THE 'splendid isolation' of Great Britain has, apparently, quickened colonial loyalty to the Empire to a very remarkable extent. Even Canada,

'the very province which had seemed readiest to make light of her Imperial obligations, the province which must be first to suffer if war actually came, rivalled, and perhaps surpassed, all others in her declaration of devotion to the Crown, and of her purpose to stand or fall with the Empire itself.'

This assertion of the 'New York Herald' is strongly confirmed by the fact that, when Mr. McNeill gave notice in the Dominion House of Commons of a resolution professing Canada's unalterable loyalty to the Empire, the resolution was carried unanimously, and supported by stirring speeches from both sides of the House. The Canadian press, whether it represented the Government like the 'Gazette,' or the French-Canadians of the Dominion like 'La Presse,' or was an independent organ like 'The Witness,' spoke one thought with one voice.

'If war' (said the 'Gazette') 'was forced upon the Empire, from any quarter whatever, Canadians would, as a matter of duty, freely accept all the responsibilities that such an occurrence would imply. This is not jingoism. It is the simple expression of the country's feeling, sent at an opportune time to the statesmen who have the Empire's interests in their care, so that they may know what British people outside of the central United Kingdom think, and what they are prepared to do, if need be, in defence of the general interests of the Empire.'

'La Presse' writes thus of Mr. McNeill's resolution:—

'Inutile d'ajouter que cette résolution a été votée d'emblée sans contradiction.'

'Cette manifestation de haute loyauté envers l'Angleterre a certainement sa raison d'être, actuellement. En tous cas, le patriotisme de nos députés a été mis au grand jour avec une profusion de discours marqués au plus haut degré d'attachement à la mère-patrie.'

'The Witness' expresses the same sentiment of patriotic loyalty.

'Canadians,' it said, 'are as ready to count themselves one in interests with the rest of the people of the Empire as if they lived in the very heart of the Empire, in Middlesex or Surrey. This is quite consistent with the feelings of the greatest good will toward the people of the United States, toward whom Canadians feel as brothers and with whom they would willingly stand against all the world besides. But in a struggle between the Empire and the United States, Canada, as she felt during the recent excitement, would be heart and soul with the Mother Country. There could be no question about that. The people of the United States have never realized that Canadians are not under any other bonds to England than those of heartfelt loyalty; that we are a self-governing people, with a more responsible government than their own in many ways. Great Britain has made or rather left us perfectly free, and she has our true devotion.'

So far, therefore, as parliamentary resolutions, endorsed by the leading newspapers, can be taken as proofs of Canadian sympathy with Great Britain against any possible assailant of the Empire, we have abundant evidence of the loyalty of Canada.

As we are dealing chiefly with French Canada, it may be as well, in connexion with this question of loyalty to the Empire, to confine our attention at this moment to the attitude of the province of Quebec, and to that of the French-Canadians in particular. Sir Hector Langevin and M. Laurier, both French-Canadians, the one a Conservative, the other the leader of the Opposition, gave utterance to their patriotic feeling towards Great Britain in the House of Commons at Ottawa. The following summary of the speech of M. Laurier is taken from 'La Presse':—

'La France, dit-il, est l'égal de l'Angleterre dans les arts et les lettres; mais, à part cela, l'Angleterre, par son industrie et son commerce, conduit le monde dans la voie de la civilisation. Pendant que les autres nations s'armaient, l'Angleterre cultivait l'art et la paix, par ses finances. Elle est la plus sûre garantie de la paix universelle. Si par malheur les horreurs de la guerre frappaient une partie quelconque du vaste empire sur lequel le soleil ne se couche jamais, tous les sujets britanniques se dévoueraient pour la défense de l'Angleterre et de l'Empire.'

It remains to enquire how far such a speech expressed the real feeling of M. Laurier's race. Two facts are, in reference to this subject, worthy of remark. Firstly, the loyalty of the French-Canadians towards their native province is so intense that, of the thousands who annually migrate to the United

States

States, the great majority refuse to become naturalized, because they always intend, if possible, to return. This *local* loyalty has in the present case developed into a very real Imperial loyalty by a chain of reasoning of this nature. If the United States were to go to war with Canada, the province of Quebec would in all probability be first attacked. No French-Canadian, even though a naturalized American, could resist such an appeal to his patriotism. Therefore, when it was a question of a possible raising of troops, the local militia officers in Montreal received as many offers from French-Canadians as from their English-speaking fellow-subjects. The second stage of the process is obvious. Great Britain was prepared to defend Canada, and, of course, the province of Quebec; therefore, Great Britain deserved their loyal devotion and help. The 'Venezuela scare' quickened Canadian loyalty as nothing else could have done. Mr. Cleveland could not have calculated on such a result; and Great Britain and her Colonies—Canada especially—may be thankful for the unintentional favour.

Great Britain has, however, another and, in some ways, a stronger claim on the loyalty of the French-Canadians; on those, at least,—and they are the vast majority,—who are loyal to the Roman Catholic Church. In dealing throughout the following article with the subject of French-Canadian loyalty, it has been found necessary to insist, more than once, that such loyalty depended on the decision given by the Privy Council in the Manitoba School Question. That decision has now been given on certain points in favour of the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba. It can safely be asserted that, whatever the outcome of 'remedial legislation' in the Dominion Parliament may be,—and the issue is still uncertain,—the fact that 'Protestant England' has pronounced in favour of 'Roman Catholic rights' has, in a people much influenced by sentiment, and above all things fervently loyal to their religion and their race, kindled a feeling of gratitude and loyalty, of confidence in British justice, such as they have never felt before. That the loyalty which sprang from such a cause should, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, have been supplemented by a loyalty originating in a pure, if somewhat local patriotism, is a fact well worthy of consideration. French-Canadian loyalty has undoubtedly been secured to Great Britain by two of the strongest motives that can influence an emotional race.

Yet it still remains true that the French-Canadian question is the crux of politics in the Dominion. No one who is possessed of any knowledge of the facts will deny the accuracy of the statement. The only possible difference of opinion on the

subject arises from the fact that there are two ways of looking at it. And the question is, indeed, a difficult one. It is not merely a matter of differences of race, language, and religion; it is also a matter of these differences in close juxtaposition and constant political rivalry, with practically no supreme local authority to intervene. If the French-Canadian is a bigoted Roman Catholic, the Englishman of the other provinces—Ontario and the West in particular—is a bigoted Protestant, often an Orangeman. Political rivalry is scarcely less keen than religious differences; none the less so that Quebec has, of late years, been somewhat handicapped by the rapid growth of the other provinces. Originally one province among four, Quebec is now one among seven. Its 65 representatives formerly sat in a House of 181 members; they now sit in a House of 215. Even these 65 are not all French-speaking, but the strictly French vote of Quebec in the Federal Parliament does not exceed 48. Nor does this solid vote make the French members, to all intents and purposes, masters of the parliamentary situation. The Protestant vote—on either side—is so much larger than the French vote that a Ministry pursuing a 'popular'—i.e. a Protestant-English—policy can, and does, ignore the latter. It is unquestionably this consciousness of decreasing influence which causes, among French-Canadians, a restlessness and an anxiety not to be wondered at. They are, in fact, rapidly approaching the condition in which Ulster would be placed in a Dublin Parliament.

Such a prospect, to a race conscious of priority of occupation, and justly proud of their history and achievements, must seem both cruel and unjust. No man or community of men will submit cheerfully and without resistance even to the stern pressure of inevitable events. Were the positions reversed, all the sympathies of this country would be with the minority. Without expecting so much as that, it may fairly be demanded, as a preliminary to any discussion of the matter, that it should be approached without prejudice.

The French-Canadian is, as recent events have shown, essentially loyal. That is a fact not to be forgotten. Loyal to Canada—that is, to his own province, since he can hardly be expected to be enthusiastically loyal to a more or less arbitrary combination of English provinces whose chief points of agreement, as it seems to him, are aggressive Protestantism, and a distrust, if not a dislike, of his race, his language, and his religion. But he is distinctly and unquestionably loyal to the British connexion. Moreover, it must always be insisted on that this loyalty is the result of his religion, and intimately connected

connected with it, whatever Protestants, Orangemen, and Promoters of History may say to the contrary. He is fully conscious of the fact that his religious freedom and privileges are safe in London, and that they are very far from safe at Ottawa. Loyalty to the British connexion, says a well-informed writer, has long been a first tenet with all the most responsible and active French-Canadians. In what respects, then, it may be asked, does 'the French-Canadian question' constitute the crux of Dominion politics? Why should there be a growing restlessness and anxiety among all classes of French-Canadians, and an increasing consciousness that, within the Dominion, it is almost impossible that their special claims and grievances can be impartially treated?

The French-Canadians, as a race, are imbued—whether fully or not, is immaterial—with the conviction that they are a 'chosen people.' For this, their past history and present position are chiefly responsible. As the first colonists of Canada, they look back, with a just pride, to conquests, sufferings, and triumphs. A conquered people, they have preserved their language, laws, religion, and privileges; a people cut off, from these very laws, religion and language, from any possibility of amalgamation with their neighbours, they have remained as completely differentiated a nationality as the Jews in Babylon. Such a race the loss, not only of their former influence, but of all it seems to them—of any hope of justice and redress, is sufficient to cause them to look on almost any political prospect as better and more promising than their present condition.

In other words, to understand the French-Canadian question, we must know how and why it is the crux of Dominion politics, and it is necessary to study it, not only from the calmer and more rationally optimistic standpoint of the English visitor, but also from the more passionate, eager, and possibly unreasonable standpoint of the French-Canadian himself. We may say, if we choose, that he is foolish, that his proposals are not to be seriously entertained. That is easily said; it is not difficult to assert that his grievances are, after all, very trifling. But they are very real to him, and it is neither by ignoring them, nor by making light of them, that we can hope to persuade him to regard them as we should wish him to do. He has no hope of redress at Ottawa; it would be a pity were he to lose his faith in the justice of Great Britain. For this reason any proposal which meets with the support of the French-Canadians is worthy of serious consideration. In itself it may be utterly unreasonable, utterly impossible; but in order to convince

convince him of the fact, the proposal should first receive our earnest attention. The study is in itself an interesting one. But when it is remembered that for some two millions of our fellow-subjects—whose loyalty renders our hold on Canada easy, if not actually possible—the question is one of vital importance, the matter ceases to be one which can be lightly set aside.

French-Canadians of all shades of opinion are agreed that they are approaching, if they have not already reached, a very grave political crisis. The chief cause of their dissatisfaction is the unjust school legislation of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and its most serious effect is a growing desire—not yet extended to the majority—for independence. It may be fairly asked, What possible inducement has a French-Canadian to be loyal to the bond of confederation? The other provinces are alien in race, language, and religion; utterly out of sympathy with Quebec, if not actually hostile to her. She has gained nothing by Confederation; she has, in fact, lost much of her former freedom of action. Why, then, should the French-Canadians be 'patriotic' with reference to the Dominion? Would the Ulster Protestants be 'patriotic' as regards a Home Rule Ireland? It is well to insist that the cases are as nearly parallel as possible. At the same time we must repeat most emphatically, that the French-Canadians as a race are, up to the present, wholly loyal to the British Empire. Their reason for this loyalty is the strongest motive that can influence a man or a community, the instinct of self-preservation. To recur to the comparison so often made, they have as much cause to be loyal to Great Britain as have the Protestants of Ulster. In each case the motive is precisely identical.

From the French-Canadian point of view, all parties agree as to the gravity of the situation. M. Royal, the late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces—the real centre of the religio-scholastic-political trouble—goes so far as to call it *la crise actuelle*. It is only as to the remedies proposed that there is any real difference of opinion. M. Royal, in brief, proposes independence, as M. Mercier has done before him; 'La Vérité,' which represents the strictly French Catholic element in the province, irrespective of mere party, disagrees with him entirely.

'For our part,' says 'La Vérité,' 'we cannot accept this thesis which does not exactly belong to M. Royal, since others have formulated it before him, and we cannot regard independence as a solution of the crisis from which we are suffering.'

'Although to us the thesis of M. Royal does not see

yet an important truth is contained in the pages which he has just published.

To begin with, M. Royal acknowledges that the actual state of things in Canada cannot last. "The Constitution of 1867," he says, "did not make sufficient provision in respect to all rights."

Further on, M. Royal says again :

"We believe that the actual situation cannot last long, and that, if prolonged beyond measure, such would be the intensity of the crisis in all parts of the social organism that the chiefs of the Government . . . would find themselves, some fine morning, without authority to conjure the final tempest."

The fears of M. Royal seem to us to be well founded.

When a community becomes possessed, no matter whether with reason or without, by the conviction, that an 'actual crisis' is close at hand,—a crisis, moreover, focussed as it were on one distinct and definite grievance,—and that 'the actual state of affairs cannot last long,' it surely becomes an imperative duty not simply to accept one version of the matter, but to study, carefully and without prejudice, the views of the minority. When Ulster Protestants pronounced, in no uncertain tones, their conviction that Home Rule in Ireland would mean their ruin, a large and influential party in Great Britain were quite ready to listen to them, and—no matter from what motives—to believe them. In the same way, when the French-Canadians of Canada declare with practical unanimity, that they are suffering under an injustice which the Federal Parliament is unable or unwilling to remedy, Great Britain, the professed champion of oppressed minorities, should surely listen to them with attention, and give them credit for being sincere and earnest. The duty is the more plain as there exists a definite agreement on the part of Great Britain with regard to the chief point at issue; namely, the rights of minorities in the matter of education. It is obviously better in such a discussion to let the parties concerned speak for themselves, as far as may be possible. An occasional explanation or comparison may be necessary; but the *ipsissima verba* will be of more interest and of more importance.

M. Royal, following up his argument on behalf of independence and a new Constitution, affirms that,

"if the inter-provincial compact of 1867 has failed to provide sufficiently (for the full exercise of justice by the public authorities), it is the duty of the political leaders to seize, as early as possible, the opportunity of removing this source of all our misfortunes, and of guarding the new Constitution against it. In fact, our sole hope lies in such action as the only means of restoring stability to a social organization which has been violently shaken to its very foundations. There are rights and liberties which ought never to be put in question."

question. They are easily thrown into jeopardy when the Constitution does not withdraw them from the audacities and enterprises of political parties. . . . A Constitution is good for very little if, when the rights of a large class of people are at stake, it remains without power to act, and even without voice to speak.'

Further on he adds:—

'We assert that the actual situation is full of dangers if it lasts, the social and economic forces of the nation are profoundly disturbed.'

On this '*La Vérité*' comments as follows:—

'By these quotations we see that M. Royal is of opinion that the actual régime is full of dangers, that it cannot last, and that an organic change is needed.'

'So far we are in entire agreement with him. It is his remedy for the evil that we consider not to be efficacious.'

This language may be set down, if we choose, to French exaggeration. 'The average Frenchman of Canada,' it has been said by a shrewd observer, 'can no more be calm than the Frenchman of France; under excitement he is apt to lose his head, and to say far more than he means.' This is undoubtedly true, not only of the Frenchman—in Canada and in France—but also of the Irishman. Moreover, it is more or less true of all political oratory and journalism, even in the case of 'the stolid Saxon.' But, even if we concede that it is exaggeration, that does not alter the fact that those who employ such language are perfectly sincere in using it, and are entirely convinced that it conveys an accurate description of actual facts. Nor do excited words affect the question, whether, in this case, there has not been a distinct breach of a distinct agreement.

What is the remedy for the 'actual crisis' which M. Royal proposes? 'In effect,' says '*La Vérité*,' 'the former Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West proposes to us the independence of Canada, the rupture of the colonial tie, as the wonderful panacea which is to bring us health!' There is in M. Royal's proposal no narrowing of French-Canadian patriotism to the province of Quebec; he wishes that the Dominion, as a whole, should follow out its 'natural and final evolution' and become a Republic.

M. Royal's own words are:—

'Emancipation is a fruit almost ripe. . . . It is for Canada to make the first step; the matter rests only with her. We embarrass the Mother-country, which scarcely hides the joy we should cause her if we went away. . . . Within, nothing to modify, or very little.'

Here is the proposition, in good set terms, founded upon the
assumption

assumption that England feels Canada to be a source of possible complications, and would on that account be glad to get rid of her. On what M. Royal has founded this 'strange assumption hardly appears, unless on a passage in Sir Charles Dilke's 'Problems of Greater Britain,' where such an idea seems to be implied. But it will be better to give the French comments on the French proposition, so as to convey an adequate conception of what the French-Canadian view of the matter really is.

'*La Vérité*' remarks on this proposition :—

'We invite our readers to digest this last paragraph carefully. We shall see, later on, that the "nothing to modify, or very little," is a great strain on our faith. . . . The assertion of M. Royal that England does not care to preserve her sovereignty over Canada, and that she would renounce it with eagerness, with pleasure, is the most gratuitous assertion that we have ever seen in a political writing which has any pretensions to be serious.'

That, in effect—without entering at length into the arguments of '*La Vérité*'—disposes of M. Royal's 'thesis.' It rests upon an assumption which has absolutely no foundation. But the 'actual crisis' remains; on that point the editor is so perfectly in accord with M. Royal, that he is convinced that the actual state of affairs cannot possibly last.

It has been already said that the consciousness of loss of influence in the councils of the Dominion, and the conviction that there is practically no local power which can prevent the ever-growing encroachments of the Protestant English on the undeniable rights of the French-Canadians in Manitoba, and the North-West, where these latter are in a hopeless minority, are apparently the chief reasons which lead the French-Canadians to the belief that some fundamental change is imperatively necessary. This is, however, the view of an outsider; it will be well to present, as clearly as possible, the French view of the causes which have induced the crisis :—

'M. Royal,' says '*La Vérité*,' 'has two grievances against the actual regime, or, to speak more exactly, against the colonial bond; two reasons impel him to demand the independence of Canada. . . . The first grievance and the first reason relate to questions of political economy; the second grievance and the second reason depend upon the school question.'

This is how M. Royal formulates his political and economic grievance: 'England prevents us from drawing from the American market all the natural advantages that we need.' He urges that the colonial bond hampers the freedom of Canada in making commercial treaties with the United States, but
brings

brings forward no one fact in support of such an accusation. On this commercial grievance the answer of 'La Vérité' is clear: 'We do not hesitate to affirm that this is a very grave historic error. England has never placed the slightest obstacle to our commercial relations with the United States.' To demonstrate the cogency of his reply to M. Royal, the editor gives the history of the treaty concluded by Lord Elgin with the United States in 1854, which proved to be so much to the advantage of Canada, that the United States, in 1865, declined to renew it.

'If the colonial bond were severed,' continues 'La Vérité,' 'we should not be in any better position than we are to-day for negotiating with the United States a favourable treaty. We should indeed be worse off, for whatever influence England may have with the American Republic she has exercised in our favour, and not against us, when there was question of our commercial relations with our neighbours. Left to our own resources, should we obtain from Washington concessions and advantages which we have not been able to obtain with the support of England? A man must be more than simple to suppose that we should.'

This is certainly a strong appeal to common sense, to say nothing of self-interest. The latter may not be the ideal motive for loyalty; it is certainly not an uncommon one. Possibly—not to say, probably—it would be difficult to find, in these matter-of-fact days, any motive for loyalty which has more force. If the interest of Canada were clearly in the direction of separation, how long would it remain a colony? Therefore anyone, whether French or English, who can prove to demonstration, as does the editor of 'La Vérité,' that the real interest of Canada is in the direction of continuing in the Empire, has done a real service, not only to Canada but to the Empire as a whole. Moreover, in dealing with this political aspect of the matter, there is no trace of any attempt to narrow the patriotism of the French-Canadians to the province of Quebec. A French-Canadian editor, addressing a public of his race and language, points out first, foremost, and as of supreme importance, what are the true interests of the Dominion at large. It, further on, he insists that the true interests of Quebec are in this matter practically the same as those of the whole country, though possibly for reasons that are more local. What is this but to enforce, as efficiently as may be, the general lesson which he wishes to inculcate?

Even if it were true that the feeling of patriotism of the French-Canadian towards Quebec were warmer and more powerful than that by which he is inspired towards the Dominion,

Dominion, it would be, for the many reasons already alluded to, only natural. But when we find, as we do, that he has a true sense of patriotism towards the latter, in spite of grievances which to him are very real and bitter, it becomes more than ever an imperative duty to study those grievances impartially, to the end that they may be remedied or removed. If further those who are most familiar with the grievances, and who are at the same time loyal not only to Canada, but more especially to the British connexion, point out, earnestly and seriously, one remedy which of all others will, as they are convinced, effectually and finally put an end to the grievances and solve the difficulties, it is surely worth while to consider their proposals without prejudice and with careful attention. As to the local reasons which should tend to keep Quebec loyal to the British connexion, as opposed to independence, 'La Vérité' says:—

'If the Dominion were independent, we should be at the mercy of the English majority, even in purely commercial questions. That which suits the Province of Quebec in the matter of Customs' dues and free exchange does not always suit the Province of Ontario and the West. Therefore in that famous Canadian Republic, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which M. Royal wishes to found, we, of the East, should of necessity see the interests of the West always preferred to ours. . . . The severance of the colonial bond would have been of no service to us. Thus the remedy proposed by M. Royal will not be of the slightest advantage to us of the Province of Quebec, even from a purely commercial point of view.'

So far at least, however strongly the ordinary Englishman may disagree with the proposals of M. Royal, he must surely admit that the replies of 'La Vérité' are sound and directly to the point. This much, at all events, may fairly be conceded, that, as regards one aspect of the question, the less important of the two in the opinion of those most nearly concerned, the 'Conservative' French-Canadian view—the view of the most influential portion of the community, if not of the majority, as it practically is—is reasonable and worthy of attention and approval. If the views of the same persons as regards the second grievance, and especially as to the remedy proposed, seem at first sight less reasonable and less acceptable and practical, it must be always remembered, at the risk of a truism, that the French-Canadians alone really understand the nature and extent of the trouble, and that consequently any remedy to be effectual must, at least, be in a line with theirs.

To return to 'La Vérité':

'In his pamphlet, page 103, M. Royal puts this question: "How

can Canada be cured of the terrible evil of the religious dissensions by which she is rent?"

He does not say formally that these religious dissensions are caused by our colonial condition, by the political bond which unites us to Great Britain. That would evidently be too strong. But he insinuates it, since the remedy he proposes to cure us of these dissensions is the severance of the colonial bond. "That which will save Canada," he says, on page 102, "is the natural and final evolution . . . of her national destinies."

'Here are many words to express independence! Elsewhere, on page 99, he makes the following assertion: "This is why we assert that it is impossible to-day for any Government whatever to settle the school question justly, except by making it the subject of an amendment of the Imperial Act of 1867, which would hardly be practicable, or of an organic article of the new Constitution, which would be comparatively easy."

M. Royal, it will be seen, makes the school question the prominent article of his second grievance, of his second reason for independence. Herein he is entirely in accord with all leaders of French-Canadian thought; the persecution, as they deem it and as it undoubtedly is, of their brethren in Manitoba and the North-West is the most important issue in French-Canadian matters. It touches the people to the quick. It includes the whole subject of race, language, and religion; inasmuch as to the French-Canadian—whether in Quebec, or in Manitoba and the North-West—the complete freedom and legal status of the Roman Catholic elementary school is most intimately bound up with his religion. Moreover—wisely or unwisely—his loyalty to his religion is practically inseparable from his loyalty to his language, and *vice versa*; and so eminent an authority as Dr. Bourinot, the Clerk of the Ottawa House of Commons—a Protestant—declared that the French-Canadians would remain French only as they remained Roman Catholics. It may be a mistaken policy, but, considering the history, traditions, and present condition of the French-Canadians, it is hardly surprising that the bond of a common speech should be regarded by the vast majority as a safeguard to the bond of a common faith. It is, not unnaturally, in a very real sense a point of honour with a French-Canadian to be loyal to the speech of his fathers, as he is loyal to their creed, and almost unconsciously the one becomes inseparably connected with the other.

Therefore, when the declining weight of French-Canadian influence in the Dominion, and the absence of any impartial court of final appeal, seem to indicate to the French-Canadians—whose loyalty is of a passionate, all-absorbing nature, very different from the cold, somewhat colourless 'loyalty' of the

'stolid Saxon'—that there is danger of the extinction of the schools, the language, and consequently, as they deem it, of the religion, of any part of the race, a 'solidarity' of feeling is at once created, which of itself is sufficient to produce something very like a real crisis. In this, it may be said, they do not belong to the present time. In many respects the people have but little changed since the days of Louis XV. It is, in fact, the very sense of being a minority, surrounded by aliens in race, language, and religion, which of itself sufficiently accounts for the keen sympathy felt by the French-Canadians in Quebec, who so far still possess their full rights and privileges, for their brethren in Manitoba and the North-West, who are being, as they believe, oppressed and persecuted by Orangemen and Protestant bigots.

The 'school question' is the prominent issue at the present moment, being, so to speak, the first point of attack. If the 'separate schools' are suppressed, or, what amounts to the same thing, 'starved' by the withdrawal of all Government aid, the French in Manitoba and the North-West will be compelled—so the 'reformers' hope—to use the State schools. That means, beyond question, not only the loss of language, but the loss of religion. The majority in Manitoba and the North-West are Protestants of a type which has happily ceased to be influential in England; their crusade against the 'separate schools' has avowedly for its object the 'undermining' of the faith taught in them. The State schools are simply Protestant schools. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the French-Canadians are united in the conviction that such a state of things cannot last. The race is one, and injury to any part is injury to the whole.

The simple fact of the matter, then, is this: that, since 'the school question' is of the very essence of 'the French-Canadian question,' the one being practically synonymous with the other, the 'school question' is, in reality, the 'crux of Dominion politics.' A careful study of actual facts, of French-Canadian journalism, of expressed opinions, will only confirm the truth of this conviction. Were the 'school question' settled, there would be, to all intents and purposes, no 'French-Canadian question' left. The political grievance, such as it is, the sense of diminishing influence in the Parliament at Ottawa, derives its real importance from this, and from this only. It is well to insist on the point, since, unless it is clearly realized that the whole 'French-Canadian question' centres in the 'school question,' the paramount necessity for a satisfactory settlement of the latter is apt to be ignored.

A short

A short account of the facts of the case will therefore not be out of place here.

'Under the British North America Act, 1867, the right to legislate on matters of education was placed in the hands of the Governments of the several Provinces; the rights and privileges of denominational and separate schools, then existing, being specially protected.'

To this agreement all the older provinces have loyally adhered, Quebec especially. This last province, Roman Catholic to all intents and purposes,—the Roman Catholics numbering 1,291,709, and the Protestants of all denominations 175,670,—grants and guarantees 'the rights and privileges' not only of the separate schools 'then existing' at the date of Confederation, but of all others since founded, in the fullest and most complete manner possible.

This is a matter worthy of consideration. The old prejudice against the Church of Rome as being absolutely opposed to 'religious freedom' is not, unfortunately, altogether extinct, even in England at the end of the nineteenth century. To all who may be possessed of such a notion, the example of Quebec may be fairly pointed out as a refutation of the charge. The 'Code of Public Instruction' makes the most careful provision for the rights of 'dissentients.' 'Any number whatever' of proprietors, ratepayers, occupants, and tenants, 'professing a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants of' the municipality, may 'organize themselves' into a 'separate school commission.' Such 'dissentients are not liable for any taxes or school-rates' imposed by the majority; if too few to form a separate school of their own, they may 'unite with a neighbouring school municipality of their own religious faith.' If there is only *one* 'dissentient' in the municipality, he may 'support a school in a neighbouring municipality, which school shall not be more than three miles distant from his residence.' 'The trustees of the said dissentients shall either maintain under their immediate control, or subsidize, a school of their own religious faith situated in the said township or parish.'

To such 'dissentient' schools are paid all the taxes of those belonging to that religious faith; no attempt is made to support any school by raising money from taxpayers who cannot conscientiously use it. Both points are of no little importance. Dissident schools share, under certain specified and by no means difficult conditions, in the 'common school fund'; there is no question as to whether the school was founded before or after Confederation; the very smallest minorities and even single indi-
viduals

virtuals have the fullest and most perfect religious liberty conceivable. That is to say, that in the Roman Catholic province of Quebec, the law which assures to religious minorities their 'rights and privileges' in the matter of education, has been, and is now, observed strictly not only in the letter but in the spirit.

How then does the 'school question' so closely concern the French-Canadians of Quebec as to render it in effect the 'crux of Dominion politics'? This interest arises, firstly, from that complete 'solidarity' of the race throughout the Dominion; and secondly, from the unfair, if not illegal, treatment of the Roman Catholic minorities in Manitoba and the North-West.

What, then, are the facts of this latter case? The 'Manitoba School Question' has passed through three stages: firstly, the state of affairs prior to the Manitoba School Act of 1890; secondly, the law of 1890 with the conditions which it created; thirdly, 'remedial legislation' as now proposed. The importance of the subject—for we repeat that it is the kernel of the Canadian difficulty—demands that we should explain, as briefly as possible, the point at issue.

Of the condition of affairs prior to the Act of 1890, the 'Gazette' gives the following summary:—

'The Parliament of Canada, when it created the Province of Manitoba out of the Red River Territory, then just purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, ordained, among other things, that the minority of the Queen's subjects in the new province should have the privilege of education for their children in schools under their own control. The Manitoba Act gave to the Legislature of the new province the power to make laws in relation to educational matters, subject to the specific limitation that "nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law, or practice, in the province at the Union." It was further enacted by Parliament that "an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of the Legislature of the province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education."'

The 'Gazette' continues:—

'The Protestants of Quebec and the Roman Catholics of Ontario have no stronger legal guarantee that their present privileges of separate school education for their children shall be maintained to them than were given to the religious minority of the Queen's subjects in Manitoba, before it was known whether it would be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant minority, and which events have made a Roman Catholic minority.'

Denominational schools existed in Manitoba before the Act

of 1890, the control and management of which were in the hands of Roman Catholics, who received their proportionate share of the money contributed for school purposes out of the general taxation of the province. These schools were, as Principal Grant of Queen's University, Toronto, bears witness, 'as well taught and managed as was possible in the circumstances of a Province so sparsely settled, and with the winters so severe that, to this day, in not a few sections, the schools are closed from December to April.' They were not, the same witness adds, 'attacked for faulty administration, or poor results,' but as being wrong in principle, and therefore deserving to be abolished root and branch.

The Manitoba School Act of 1890 produced important changes,—changes which were designed to bring about the unification of the province of Manitoba by extinguishing the French language, the Roman Catholic religion, and, if possible, the race of French-Canadians as a separate element. It abolished the old privileges which, if not legal, were at least customary and of long duration. It practically provided that, for the future, Denominational schools should receive no aid from the State, while the rates and local assessments, provided for by the Act, were levied alike from Roman Catholics and Protestants.

These effects are the grievances of which the Roman Catholic minority complain. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on their appeal, has decided that their objection to schools, such as alone receive State aid under the Act of 1890, is 'conscientious and deeply rooted,' and has pointed out how the grievances may be removed by supplementary provisions. Here, however, matters are for the present at a deadlock. Remedial legislation has been proposed in the Dominion Parliament, and a Bill restoring denominational schools to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba is under consideration. It is, however, opposed on the ground that the right to legislate in educational matters is vested in the provincial Legislature, and that action by the Dominion Parliament is coercion of the province of Manitoba. The French-Canadians, on the other hand, ask that, if the Bill fails to pass, and if the Commission, now issued to negotiate with the Manitoba Government, does not succeed in effecting a compromise, the Imperial Legislature should secure them those guarantees which, they admit, the Canadian Parliament will find it difficult to create. Some solution of the difficulty is imperatively and speedily necessary, for the loyalty of French-Canadians and the settlement of the Manitoba School Question are interdependent.

Meanwhi

Meanwhile the contrast, thus presented, is surely worthy of attention. Quebec, a Roman Catholic province, grants to all minorities, however small, the fullest and most complete liberty in school matters, thus complying not only with the strict letter, but with the widest spirit of the Act of 1867. Manitoba, a Protestant province, the *soi-disant* champion of 'religious liberty,' enforces the very strictest letter of the Act against the Roman Catholic minority and manifestly violates the spirit of the agreement. And yet, were Quebec to enforce the letter of the law against the Protestant minority, as it has been enforced against the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba, there would be, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a howl of 'Popish tyranny' and of 'persecution of Protestants.' In such a case the 'school question' would become the 'Anglo-Canadian question,' and would constitute a 'crox of Dominion politics' far more difficult of solution than the present one. Such an illustration, however, will convey something like an adequate idea of the importance of the 'school question' to French-Canadians, and of the reality of the injustice under which they are suffering.

It only remains, before continuing the consideration of the main subject, to enquire into the reasons for the importance attached to this question by French-Canadians. Briefly, it involves the whole issue between the rights of the parents and the claims of the State; the whole controversy of 'denominational education.' To a Roman Catholic—in fact to any man who believes in dogmatic Christianity—it is 'the parents to whom God has given the children, and whom He has clothed with His authority to educate them well.*' In other words, the authority of the parent being divine, supreme, and inalienable, any legislation on the part of the State which makes it difficult or impossible for him to educate his children in accordance with his conscience is simply a tyrannical invasion of his rights. State education is in effect irreligious: if not, it must be, as in Quebec, impartial to Roman Catholics and Protestants, or, as in Manitoba, of the creed of the majority, that is, Protestant. Whether irreligious—'godless'—or Protestant, it is obvious that a sincere Roman Catholic cannot in conscience send his children to such schools, and that to tax him in support of them is utterly unjust,—is, in fact, 'religious discrimination' of the worst kind. The Roman Catholics of the United States pay a double tax; first, their share of the public school contribution—that is, to schools they cannot use—and then in support of their own schools. The Protestants of Manitoba have forced

* Pastoral, p. 3.

this double tax on the Roman Catholic minority of the province, a tax all the more unjust in that, were it not for the Roman Catholic schools, the Government expenditure for education would be enormously increased. It is certainly hardly to the credit of an English-speaking Protestant province, that the majority of its inhabitants should deny to the Roman Catholic minority the same freedom of religious education which they claim for themselves and for the Protestant minority in the Roman Catholic province of Quebec. The professed desire for 'homogeneity of language' is simply a shallow pretence, the whole animus of the Manitoba school legislation is against the Roman Catholic religion: the French language merely affords a pretext—a very shabby one—for an unjust discrimination, for a legal persecution. It is hardly to be wondered at that the French-Canadians should be convinced that a crisis is imminent, that such a state of affairs is unendurable and cannot last. Were it 'the other way about,'—that is, were the English-speaking Protestants of Quebec subjected to such a persecution,—the crisis would not only be imminent but actual; 'such a state of affairs' would not have lasted nearly so long. It is surely due to our French fellow-subjects that England should give the matter as serious a consideration as if the complainants were English—or Irish—and Protestants.

It is therefore hardly too much to ask that, such being the actual state of the matter, full and unprejudiced attention should be paid to the one remedy of all others proposed by those most conversant with the subject, and most affected by it, for the 'crisis' which they have every reason to regard as imminent.

If the French-Canadians are 'bigoted' in their defence of the 'separate school,' the bigotry is certainly not all on their side, and they are, after all, only defending a right solemnly guaranteed to them both at the conquest and at Confederation. In fact, neither the Roman Catholics of Quebec nor those of Manitoba would, without such a guarantee, have consented to Confederation. The Protestants—and most of all the Orangemen—of Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West have organized on this school question a regular old-fashioned 'No Popery' campaign. They seem totally to ignore the fact that the French claim to be in those provinces is as good as their own, if not better, by right of priority; that 'religious freedom' is as much the right of Roman Catholics as of Protestants. They are the majority, therefore they are the people; 'the separate schools must go.' The Ottawa Parliament must obey the majority. English Liberals and Conservatives are practically
unanimous

unanimous on this point, and the French are hopelessly in the minority.

'*La Vérité*' thus continues in its careful review of M. Royal's assertions:—

'We ask how M. Royal, after having himself acknowledged that the Protestant majority of Canada is "so fanatical and blind that it has become almost impossible to bring it to a calm, serious, and reasonable discussion" of the school question, can say, two lines further on, that it would be "relatively easy" to insert in the new Constitution of independent Canada an organic Article regulating this same school question in a just sense?'

'Since the Protestant majority of the *Colony* of Canada will not bear reason on this burning question, evidently the Protestant majority of *independent* Canada would not be more reasonable. For it is not the severance of the colonial bond that would render that majority wiser or more just. On the contrary, the separation of Canada from the Mother-country would render our adversaries more arrogant than ever. The supremacy of England does keep them a little in check.'

This is assuredly a practical argument. It is true that the writer appeals, as on the merely political aspect of the question, to self-interest. But it may reasonably be asked once more, 'What other motive is equally powerful?' Having proved to the satisfaction of any reasonable mortal, that not only Quebec, but the whole Dominion, has everything commercially to lose and nothing to gain by independence, he proceeds to show, by an equally forcible line of reasoning, that the French-Canadians as a race have every reason for loyalty to the British connexion and for opposition to independence. This, though apparently a narrowing of patriotism to one race, if not to one province, is not only natural but unavoidable. The Protestant majority, were Canada ever independent, would 'run things' to suit themselves; the Roman Catholic minority would be utterly at their mercy. Therefore not only self-interest but actual self-preservation is for the French-Canadians at stake in the matter. They are loyal to the British connexion, not only by free choice, but of very necessity.

It is curious, to say the least of it, that the destiny of Canada should seem to depend for the second time in her history on the loyalty of the French population to Great Britain. The movement towards independence, should it ever really come, will begin with the English population, not with the French. The latter are undoubtedly aware of the dangers and losses which must fall on their race in consequence of independence; as fully conscious, to use an illustration perhaps too often employed, as

are the Protestants of Ulster. If their grievances are redressed, —if the sole remedy, as they are convinced, is applied, in some more or less modified form as may be necessary, —they will remain loyal. Great Britain in 1759, and again during the American Revolution, conceded to them their laws, customs, language, religious rights, and privileges; they ask much less now,—only the *security* of these concessions. Is the request to be granted or refused?

‘*La Vérité*’ continues:—

‘It must be carefully noticed that our eternal enemies are not the English of Old England, especially the English of to-day; but rather . . . the English of New England. . . . After the war of American independence, many of these, under the name of Loyalists, came to settle in Canada . . . It is their spirit which still animate the fanatics of Ontario. While the character of the English of England has greatly modified . . . the sectarian spirit of our New Englanders . . . has remained that which it was two hundred years ago: a spirit of hatred, of persecution, of injustice.’

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the merits and demerits of Roman Catholicism or of Protestantism. But it is a simple fact that the English-speaking Canadians of the western provinces have no friendly feeling for the French-Canadians; that, even in the Dominion Parliament, they insult the religion, the language, and the nationality of their French fellow-citizens. This is something to be carefully borne in mind, when considering the attitude of the province of Quebec towards the rest of the Dominion. The French-Canadians are certainly *not* in fault in this matter; it is *not* they who are the aggressors; they are simply defending that to which they have every right. The strenuous opposition of a large portion of the English population to the rights, privileges, and securities granted to the French, both by Great Britain herself and by the Act of Confederation, is a very important element in the problem. It is not merely opposition, but an active attack,—one which the assailants would be the first to cry out about, were matters reversed. The fact that they refuse, when in a majority, the freedom of education which is freely granted to them when in a minority, is the chief cause of the crisis which actually impends. It is not a factitious grievance, worked up by French bigotry, excitability, and restlessness, but a very real injustice, wantonly perpetrated by Protestant bigotry of the narrowest kind.

By way of proving how utterly futile and inadequate would be M. Royal’s ‘independence’ as a remedy for the trouble, ‘*La Vérité*’ quotes at length from two Ontario papers. The first citation

citation is from the 'Globe' (Toronto), the organ of the Liberals, who are certainly the more moderate of the two political parties:—

'That which M. Royal characterises as "the terrible scourge of religious dissensions" must be cured, according to him, by the severance of the tie which unites us to Great Britain, and by making Canada an independent nation with a new Constitution, in which the school question should be finally and equitably regulated. In short, independence is proposed as a means of imposing on the West the system of separate schools.'

The bias is very apparent: anyone ignorant of the real truth would suppose, on reading the 'Globe,' that this system of 'separate schools' was an innovation altogether without precedent. The facts are, however, exactly the other way. The system existed in Manitoba by custom, if not legally, prior to Confederation; after Confederation, in distinct violation of the provision of the Act of 1867, which 'specially protected' the 'rights and privileges of denominational and separate schools already existing,' the separate schools of Manitoba were abolished. The Act of the Provincial Legislature has been pronounced, as already said, *intra vires*; the injustice remains, for all that. Even if legally the Manitoba Roman Catholic schools had no 'status' such as would bring them under the provisions of the Act of 1867, the Roman Catholic minority have certainly a moral right to complete freedom of religious education.

Both in Manitoba and in the North-West Territories the whole 'school question' is regarded by French-Canadians as nothing but a war of extermination against the French language and the Roman Catholic religion. That it should be waged by English-speaking champions of 'religious liberty' will hardly suffice to commend it to Englishmen. But it is well to repeat that this, and this only, is the cause of that crisis in French-Canadian affairs which we have been considering: this, and this only, it is—let the blame rest where it is due—which makes the French-Canadian question the crux of Dominion politics.

Is it only a trifle, after all? To those to whom nationality and religion are matters of philosophic indifference, possibly. Neither the one nor the other is so regarded by the French-Canadians, and the school question is looked upon, as already said, as of the very essence of both language and religion. They may be mistaken in clinging to their language as they do,—that is beside the question; even as to their religion there may fairly be difference of opinion: but to force them by double
taxation

taxation and petty persecution and insult into Protestant State schools, and to ignore or oppose their clear and undoubted rights, is not, on the face of it, the most effectual way of making them relinquish either the one or the other.

To return to the 'Globe':—

'To expose this plan is almost to demonstrate its futility. Let us suppose that independence were at this moment discussed as an actual question, which must be settled at once, and that the clauses of the new Constitution were being elaborated. As the condition of her entrance into the New Republic, Quebec might insist on the insertion in the Constitution of a provision stipulating the perpetual maintenance of the separate schools of Manitoba and the North-West. But what would be done as to the wishes of this Province and of these Territories? They would have an equal right to that of Quebec to participate in the new arrangement or to stay outside. In all probability they would refuse to have anything to do with an arrangement which would not give them the complete control of their system of education. . . . And if they took this position, what Power could undertake to reject their wishes and to force them to become part of the new nation against their will.'

The Conservative 'Mail' is more outspoken:—

'If we must have a new Constitution, it will be a moderate Constitution, giving to all the Provinces the suitable degree of liberty, and sweeping away for ever the ecclesiastical franchises which weigh on the people of Quebec.'

Certainly, independence is not the remedy to which Quebec can look with any hope as the means of terminating the difficulties which threaten the French race and the Roman Catholic religion. Nor, having regard to the 'bias' shown by the Ontario journal we have quoted, can it be fairly said that the difficulties in the way of a settlement are all on the side of the French. If the province of Quebec, as is clearly within her rights, chooses to continue and to confirm the ecclesiastical rights and privileges guaranteed by Great Britain, what right has the 'Mail' to be offended? 'La Vérité' has unquestionably shown that it would be simply suicidal folly on the part of Quebec to become part of any possible 'Canadian Republic.' But, the editor adds, 'if this remedy which MM. Royal and Mercier offer us is worse than the evil that they would cure, must we conclude that the evil is absolutely without remedy? We do not believe it.'

Before entering into a discussion of the remedy which, above all others, appears to the more thoughtful and moderate French-Canadian

French-Canadians to be effectual, it may be well to restate the facts. The French-Canadians as a race are intensely loyal to Great Britain, and absolutely convinced of the impartiality of British justice. Surrounded by a race alien in language and religion, conscious of an ever-diminishing influence in the Dominion, they cling to each other, however widely scattered, with the 'clannishness' of the Jews or the Irish. To them language and religion are all in all; the attack on the 'separate' schools of the West is an attack on both, to be resisted by *all* French-Canadians. They feel that there is no local power to intervene impartially; that matters cannot continue as they are; that some fundamental change is absolutely necessary. Lastly, the crisis has been induced, *not* by their clinging to their language and religion, but by a persistent assault by the Protestants of the West on all that they hold most dear.

'The larger hope of Quebec,' it has been said, 'lies in the unconditional acceptance of her Canadian destiny.' The statement is doubtless true; and it can be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that Quebec, as a province, is perfectly prepared to accept this view. The difficulty, if there is any, is not of her making. What is it that she requires? In one word, the final settlement of the school question.

'We assert,' says M. Royal, 'that it is impossible to-day for any Government whatever to settle the school question justly, except by making it the subject of an amendment of the Imperial Act of 1867, which would hardly be practicable, or of an organic Article of the new Constitution, which would be comparatively easy.'

We have seen that not only 'La Vérité,' but also the 'Globe' and the 'Mail,' regard independence as utterly inadequate to settle the school question. 'La Vérité' declares that the Protestants of the West would never consent to any terms favourable to the separate schools, and the 'Mail,' in the plainest possible language, confirms the assertion. What then is the remedy which 'La Vérité' would consider effectual?

'The actual Constitution,' says the editor, 'though badly drawn up, is sufficiently clear for those in good faith. The intention of the founders of the Confederation was evidently to guarantee to the minorities of the different Provinces liberty in school matters (and) separate schools; * and to give to the Federal Government the right

* The terms of the Act, as already shown, are clear: 'the rights and privileges of denominational and separate schools already existing being specially protected.' This applies equally to the Catholic minority in the West and to the Protestant minority in Quebec: if the rights of one minority may be abrogated by Provincial legislation, why not those of the other?

to disallow all provincial legislation, precisely in order to enable the central power to cause the rights of the minority to be respected.'

That is, surely, a reasonable and logical deduction from the terms of the Act. Certainly no English-speaking Canadian Protestant would question the right of the Dominion Parliament to interfere, were Quebec to treat the Protestant minority as Manitoba has treated the Roman Catholic minority. The 'Equal Rights' agitation, directed against the Quebec local 'Jesuits' Estate Act,' was carried as far as the Governor-General in Council; the Federal Parliament was unable and unwilling to pronounce on the question. The agitation of the Roman Catholics of the West against what they deem an unjust school law, was much less successful; and the Federal authorities refused to re-open the question. As has been already pointed out, it is this very sense of the impossibility of obtaining justice at Ottawa which causes the French-Canadians to look elsewhere for redress:—

'We have nothing to expect in the direction of Ottawa,' say 'La Vérité,' 'either under the actual Constitution, or under a new Constitution.'

'The Catholics of the Dominion,' continues the editor, 'have but one practical thing to do: it is to address themselves to the Imperial Government in such language as this: "The faith of the English Government is pledged in this school question. England has sanctioned the formation of the Dominion because it was perfect, understood that the minorities of the different Provinces should enjoy the greatest possible liberty in school matters. The Province of Manitoba, in particular, only entered Confederation on this express condition, formally sanctioned by England. We ask that England should cause the inter-provincial agreement to be respected, as the Province of Quebec has respected it." . . .

'It would be sufficient for England to order the Canadian authorities, federal and provincial, to respect the *spirit* of the Constitution of 1867, which guarantees incontestably to the minority of the different Provinces, liberty in school matters.'

This, then, is the remedy proposed: that Great Britain, if the real effort, now being made in Canada, fails to effect a settlement, should give force and validity to the guarantees already granted. Is that too much to ask? Let it be said again that, while the French-Canadians have, with reason, little hope of obtaining redress from Ottawa, they have the fullest confidence in the justice of Great Britain. That confidence is the ground of their firm and unwavering loyalty to the British connexion; on the response to that confidence depends the future of French Canada.

THE

That is the simple fact; they cannot and they should not submit in silence to the persecution of their race and religion by the Protestant fanatics of the West. They themselves have shown a justice, fairness, and liberality, in dealing with a small Protestant minority worthy of all commendation; have they not a right to expect as much in behalf of those of their faith and kin who are in a minority? That act of common justice has been refused by the Provincial legislature; the state parties seems to make it impossible that it should be rendered by the Federal Parliament. Believing that Great Britain is just, that she will keep her promise, they wish to appeal to her. What will be the decision of Great Britain? If favourable, they will remain, as hitherto, her most loyal subjects; if unfavourable, they will be the first to agitate for annexation,* not in revenge, but in despair.

Lastly, it is worthy of remark that there is in this demand no trace of any narrowing of French patriotism to the province of Quebec. They know that the peace and prosperity of the Dominion depend upon the peace and prosperity of both races, English and French. The French have a very real grievance, a very real injustice to complain of. Only Great Britain can—as they believe, and as, indeed, it really seems, for the Commission sent to negotiate with Manitoba has failed in its effort to settle the question—remedy both grievance and injustice. That is why they turn to Great Britain, not to Ottawa.

Nor does this statement of the actual and critical state of affairs, of the necessity of an immediate and final remedy, this demand that England should confirm and make effectual the guarantees of the Act of 1867, convey in any way the

* 'I do not think,' writes the editor of 'La Vérité' (in a private letter), 'that disaster may happen there will ever be any serious agitation among French-Canadians for independence, i.e. independence of the present Dominion as a nation. But if England fails to interfere in time to make the present union of the Province endurable to us, there will grow up, I am afraid, a very strong and dangerous agitation in favour of annexation. Our French-Canadian Liberalists secretly cherish that idea already. They fancy it would be an effectual means of getting rid of "ecclesiastical franchises". And, to most of those, they would willingly sacrifice French nationality. With a real pressure against England to work upon, they might raise a storm that would lead us into annexation before we knew where we were going. Even certain avowed Conservatives are more or less blind to the dangers of annexation. For this part, I dread it even more than the Roynt-Mercier plan of independence. I think, however, we French-Canadians might manage to wriggle out of a "Canadian people" and set up a *chez-nous* of our own—our ultimate destiny, as I feebly believe we could never do so were we once annexed to Uncle Sam. That would be the end of us as a future nation, as much so as the annexation of Louisiana was the beginning of the end of the French Creoles as a distinct national element' J. P. Thériault, June 23, 1894). As a 'representative' French view, this letter is worthy of attention.

'impression that French-Canadians sympathise with a policy of national disintegration in any form.'* On the contrary, they believe that the final and complete removal of a very real injustice would tend, not only to the strengthening of the tie which unites Canada to the Empire, but to the consolidation and benefit of the Dominion itself.

That is how the matter stands, in the opinion of the Conservative classes of the province of Quebec, as represented by their most influential journal,—it may be said, in the opinion of the majority. The denial of freedom in school matters to the Roman Catholics of the West is regarded as a flagrant injustice, which profoundly affects the whole French-Canadian population. If the French-Canadian question is the crux of Dominion politics—as it undoubtedly is—the fault lies chiefly, if not entirely, with those who refuse to others what they demand for themselves. The French-Canadians are convinced that such a state of affairs cannot continue; that a crisis of the most serious kind is closely impending. They demand of Great Britain an act of simple justice, a matter of keeping faith. They believe in the justice and impartiality of Great Britain, and of Great Britain only. On the response to that belief—it cannot be too often repeated—depends the future of French Canada.

* As to the 'policy of national disintegration' there is this to be said. *Le Croix* of Montreal (March 20, 1894) proposes the annexation of the province of Quebec from Confederation 'un-chez nous dans la Province de Québec, à la seule fin de remédier aux maux qui affectent la race française, et la formation d'une province autonome, comme le Nouveau-Brunswick, sous-direct British supremacy. Such a proposition is, at least, a strong proof of the fact, which French-Canadians claim in British justice. *Le Patriote* supported the scheme; various other journals were either favourable, or at least not unfavourable, to it. *La Verité* (March 21, 1894) says: 'Confederation might last a long time yet, if England would force the Protestant majority to respect the spirit which presided at the compact of 1867. If she neglects to do so, or if the majority refuses to submit to the injunctions of the Mother-country, nothing can prevent Confederation from bursting to pieces (*voler en éclats*) before its time.'

Certainly the proposition of *La Verité*, as contained in the body of the article, is more reasonable and easy of accomplishment. But supposing that to be which, in face of the Protestant bigotry of the western provinces, is a mere possibility, if not certain it becomes a question whether the formation of an autonomous French province might not be a practical possibility. In any case it is well to remember that when it was a question of preserving the rights of the Ulster Protestants, a similar scheme was seriously considered by the Unionist party.

ART. VI.—1. *The Birds of Devon.* By W. S. M. D'Urban, F.L.S., &c., and the Rev. Murray A. Mather, M.A., F.L.S. London, 1892.

2. *The Birds of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands.* By Edward Hearle Rodd. Edited by James Edmund Harting. London, 1880.

LOVERS of old-world poetry will remember how, when Michael Drayton desired to obtain initiation into the mysteries of the Bird Kingdom, he betook himself to a wood, and, having seated himself beneath a shady tree, fell into a trance:—

• Wherein methought some God or power divine
Did my clear knowledge wondrously refine;
For that amongst those sundry varying notes,
Which the birds sent from their melodious throats,
Each sylvan sound I truly understood,
Become a perfect linguist of the wood.

This is the information we need for the solution of many a problem that baffles us. Unhappily the poet, instead of gratifying our desire, serves up a *réchauffé* of discarded fables, which we could have read for ourselves in the pages of Pliny.

But if there is still abundant room for labourers in this fair field of science, we may gauge the progress of a century with some measure of complacency by turning to the pages of Gilbert White. The 'Natural History of Selborne' may fairly take rank as 'one of the most delightful books in the English language.' Its influence was powerful enough to found a school of naturalists, who transferred their studies from the closet to the field; and if their research has disproved many of the conclusions of their founder, if they have turned his guesses at truth into established facts, they will be the first to acknowledge that these results have been obtained by pursuing the methods which he indicated, under conditions which were then unattainable. Much of the advance of which we have spoken, has been made within the last five-and-twenty years. The growth of interest finds recognition in the many recent county histories devoted exclusively to ornithology, a subject which received but a passing reference from earlier writers.

By the publication of the 'Birds of Devon,' the county takes the position to which it is fully entitled. It has produced many eminent naturalists, though their labours have sometimes been of an ephemeral character. Kingsbridge has always been a favorite centre of the fraternity; and it was there that Colonel Montagu compiled the 'Ornithological Dictionary,' which was long

long the handbook of every student of the subject. Among the many merits of the 'Birds of Devon' is the fact that its authors have digested a literature at once bulky and conflicting, and have checked their personal observations by comparison with local lists, and the many fugitive notes which have found a place in the Transactions of learned societies, guide-books, magazines, and newspapers, during the last century. When we recall the contemptuous style in which such a writer as Seebohm sets aside the dogmatic assertions of some of his predecessors, it is well to warn the unwary that the last word has not yet been heard on such points as classification and nomenclature.

We shall not weary uninitiated readers with controversial technicalities, but it is necessary to state briefly the basis on which the present work is laid.

'The nomenclature and arrangement which have been followed are those adopted by the Committee of the British Ornithologists' Union in the List of British Birds, known as the "Ibis List," published in 1883. A few alterations have been made here and there, rendered necessary by the publication of Mr. Howard Saunders' useful "Manual of British Birds." Although the authors have thought it desirable to follow this List, as the best, it can be regarded only as provisional, and it is to be hoped it will soon undergo revision, as neither the position nor the names of the species are always to be considered as satisfactory.'

As the Avifauna of the British Isles differs widely in its distribution, so, in a minor degree, there are perceptible variations in different parts of the county. The limits are not arbitrary, but dictated by strongly-marked natural features. Devonshire has, however, a connexion with its neighbours which has induced the authors to widen the scope of their work, and refer to the ornithology of Somerset and Dorset. There is especially so close an affinity between the two westernmost counties of England that we have found it convenient to interweave much that is of common interest to the two. Gould remarks regretfully that very few people could name even one-fourth of the birds which are their daily companions; and many will agree with his estimate when they learn that some 316 species have been noted in this district alone.

When we come to the proper scope of the work, we find that, after the most rigid scrutiny has been applied to every doubtful case, 292 species have been entered on the census of Devon. Among the rejected candidates enough might be selected to raise the total to 300. It will, however, be more in accordance with the best traditions of ornithology to take the lower figure, leaving the rest to establish their credentials at a future date.

Of these some have failed to obtain recognition because the place of their capture is not duly attested. Others are believed to have escaped from confinement; while a portion are dismissed as 'dealers' shams.' Of the 292 species credited to Devon, 68 are casual and 49 accidental visitors. These occurrences are of supreme interest to experts. They throw much light on various abstract problems; and it is no deprivation of their value to science to say that it is to the birds which continue with us for the whole, or a considerable portion, of each year that general interest attaches. We must make one further deduction for passing visitors—sixteen—and we still have 159 species, whose presence among us during a part of the year can with certainty be counted upon. Of these 84 are residents, 30 summer migrants, 39 are winter visitors, while 6 are admittedly introduced species. It must be borne in mind that some, though included in the list of regular winter migrants, are irregular in their numbers. Some, among which are many of the Ducks, are seldom plentiful; and winters have been known to pass without the presence being noted of such birds as the Siskin, Hawfinch, Brambling, Lesser Redpoll, and Snow Bunting. Of the passing or transient visitors, on the contrary, the rule will at times be broken by the appearance on the southern coast in autumn of vast flocks of Skuas, pursuing their predatory life, together with the Arctic, Common, and Black Terns.

When we reach the 'casuals,' we touch the point where the number of 'appearances' are remarkable enough to be counted. Some were never common, while others are little else than stray visitors to the haunts once tenanted by their ancestors. The 'accidentals' stand last on the list. While repeating their importance, as clues to migration and many other subjects of inquiry, they possess little interest for the ordinary observer. The authors have given proof of a judicious scepticism by weeding the county list of twenty-nine species, on various grounds. Where a general resemblance permits it, the commoner species has occasionally been made to counterfeit the rarer—as with the Rock and Water Pipits. As to others which have been duly verified, it is doubtful whether they were really procured within the confines of the county. Some bewildered and exhausted voyagers are carried to our shores involuntarily, like the White-winged Crossbill, which probably fell from the rigging of some ship passing up the Channel, and was washed ashore on the rocks at Exmouth. The Yellow-bellied Cuckoo, a storm-driven waif, has been allowed a place among the distinguished strangers, on the strength of the specimens

men found dead beneath the lighthouse of Lundy. Of the 'rare birds' whose deaths are chronicled from time to time, many are doubtless 'escapes.' One—the Hawk-owl—had the luck to obtain the privilege of enrolment without the qualification of a *post-mortem* examination. Others, however, were less fortunate.

According to Mr. Howard Saunders, the example of the Little Egrets, in full adult plumage, killed on the Exe in 1870, is the only one about which there can be no doubt as having been obtained in the British Islands. The Buff-backed Herons killed in Devonshire appear to be the only specimens which have really occurred in Britain. The Great Black-headed Gull, shot at Exmouth in 1859, is likewise the only British killed specimen.'

All the four Continents have contributed to the list of accidental visitors to Devon; but since about thirty of them have been met with only once or twice, it would be superfluous to record their names, or to expect their return. Of the introduced species, six have been admitted to naturalization, including the Pheasant—viz. the Egyptian and Canada Goose, the Mute Swan, Summer Duck, and Red-legged Partridge, though the latter seems at present not to have established itself.

In the number of its species Devon ranks before the favoured county of Norfolk, and is surpassed only by Yorkshire. This, however, gives little idea of its position; for, could a census be taken of its feathered population, it may be questioned whether any other district would approach it. It does not attract the vast flocks of Wild-fowl which descend upon our eastern coast; but it offers to the delicate migrants from the South the retreat they love. In winter it is the rendezvous of flocks of residents and of the hardier migrants retiring from the more rigorous climate of the northern counties. Its Avifauna is distributed between North Devon, East Devon, the South Hams, and, perhaps, the Island of Lundy. There remains the district of Dartmoor, which, though scant in its own inhabitants, plays an important part in determining the occupants of other districts, by deflecting the streams of migration. The early ornithologists peopled this weird and then little-known region with Eagles, Goshawks, Great Bustards, and other marvels; but in truth it is singularly destitute of bird-life. The Ring Ouzel and the Water Ouzel, unlike in all else, have this in common, that they shun the haunts of men and add an indescribable charm to the desolation of the moor. The Dipper beguiles his task with a song, which seems to have caught its tone from the rush of water among the rocks or the dash of the waterfall; while the Ring Ouzel, flitting from heather to rock, pours forth a melody sweet as the Blackbirds' evensong,

evensong, but breathing of the wild freedom he loves. This, by the way, was the bird which warned John Oxenham of his fate.

'The ancient family of Oxenham, residing near South Tawton, on the northern borders of the Forest, used always, so runs tradition, to be visited by a fatal bird "with a white crest," which, seen by one of its members, foretold his speedy death.'

To satisfy the legend it is assumed that the 'white crest' is a confused recollection of the 'white collar' which in reality distinguishes this harbinger of death.

One beautiful little bird—the Grey Wagtail—the moorland wayfarer will remember with pleasure, displaying to the barren wastes the dainty dress and manners which seem formed to charm a crowd of observers. Few, however, of the feathered host care to endure the hardships of these lone places; the fat lands of the South Hams are more to their liking. There the plough turns up the rich, red earth to supply them with a plentiful table. There, too, are pleasant meadows, green as the emerald, and woods and coppices where they can trill their song all day, undisturbed by anything but the brook which tattles by their resting-place. There, too, is a climate which denies the too sweeping assertion of the Frenchman that the weather is *toujours affreux*. In these deep gnyles and sheltered combs Spring steals a march on the northern regions; and the soft breath of the west, which calls up the flowers, brings a rich crop of insect life.

Start Point is distant but eighty miles from Cap de la Hague; and many of the foreign visitors arrive by the direct route across the Channel. Among these are Chiff-chaffs, Willow-wrens, and White-throats, and sweet-voiced Black-caps to make the woods tuneful; Whinchats and Pipits, which spread themselves over the heaths; and Swallows, Martins, Wagtails, and Turtle-doves—a choice company to reinforce our residents. Then there is the African contingent, which enters Europe by the Gulf of Lyons, and shapes its course across France to the Bay of Biscay and thence to England: while others follow the coasts of Spain and Portugal to reach their destination. A large part, however, of the harbingers of Spring come by a different route. The great stream of birds which enters England by the Wash crosses the country to the Bristol Channel *en route* to Ireland; but before it leaves our waters, it breaks off into two smaller streams. One enters Somersetshire by Bridgwater Bay, and, passing between the Quantocks and the Blackdown Hills, follows the course of the Culme,

Culme, the Exe, and the Otter—spreading east and west before it reaches the Channel. Among this influx are several of the Warblers, the Spotted Fly-catcher, and at times the Cuckoo and the House Martin. Twice in the year this route is followed; the autumn flight bringing us Fieldfares and Redwings from Scandinavia, and a mixed multitude, among which are Finches, Skylarks, Starlings, and Lapwings, and the tiny Golden-crested Wren. Another stream follows the main body down the Bristol Channel, till it reaches Barnstaple Bay. After distributing a portion of its throng over North Devon, it sends a further contingent up the valleys of the Taw and Torridge, which, passing the watershed, descends the Tamar to spread itself ultimately through south-western Devon and the adjoining portion of Cornwall.

Having thus briefly referred to the influx of foreigners by which our resident population is recruited, let us review them at leisure in their several haunts. Seeborn strikes the keynote of a prevailing taste, when he speaks of the 'interest which attaches to everything that reveals the little mind, however feebly it may be developed, which lies behind the feathers.' It is, indeed, the life-history of a bird—its 'conversation,' as Gilbert White quaintly terms it—that captivates the fancy. In one of the idylls which enrich his pages, while describing the Goatsucker—the Night-Crow of the West—Gould says those who know its ways better than the closet student, are the parson returning in the twilight from a bedside visit, the village maiden and her lover beguiled into forgetfulness of the lengthening shadows, and the poacher abroad in quest of pheasants' eggs. The garden of Nature is open to all who care to enter it; and as the eye and ear grow more alert, the bewildering chaos of colour, form, and sound shapes itself into order. It were a long task to catalogue all the flowers that grow in a single field, or the birds that people a West-country valley. Acquaintanceship needs time to develope, and the gaps we leave will be filled at intervals by those whose interest has once been awakened.

As the rivers leave the hills to glide among the meadows, the Dipper gives place to the gem-like Kingfisher. The 'Dish-washer' and Grey Wagtail paddle in the shallows. Among the reeds where the Moorhen rests its broad nest, the Water-rail is quietly working its snake-like course. Over its head the Sedge-warbler chides the intruder; and the White-throat, with crest erect, betrays its nest by its fussy excitement. As they flit restlessly to and fro, we catch gleams of the yellow of the Great Titmouse, the delicate blue of the Lesser Titmouse,
and

and the more modest hues of the Coal, Marsh, and Long-tailed Tits. While busy, too, among the trees is the Nuthatch, plumed in blue and chestnut; and the Treecreeper, with its mottled coat and delicate curved beak. The laugh of the Green Woodpecker resounds through the woodland; and where a spruce or silver fir droops its boughs, the Goldcrest, tiniest of our birds, loves to hang its nest, too often to be plundered by the watchful Jay. The hedgerows shelter the Corn Bunting, the glittering Yellow-hammer, and the black-throated Girl Bunting. High overhead the Swift, the Devil's Screamer, is wheeling with a speed which trebles man's achievements; and with flight less daring, yet not less graceful, the two Martins and the chestnut-throated Swallow are hawking for their prey. The rosy-breasted Linnet, and the Greenfinch, dear to Wordsworth; the Chaffinch, with its merry song, and the Hedge-sparrow, doting over its eggs, blue as an April sky,—these and many another can never grow too familiar to pass unheeded. The pleasant theory of Linnæus, that the birds of prey grant a truce as long as the Cuckoo sings, is not true to fact. The larder of the Red-backed Shrike with its impaled victims testifies to the contrary. But while the Tawny Owl is snoring in its pollard and the Sparrow-hawk lies ensconced in the cover, the Ring-dove broods securely over its eggs and the birds make good their title of 'careless and happy.'

The ear, too, receives its tribute of delight. We may miss the plaintive note of the Woodlark, but the Skylark floods the air with music. The whispering of the Wood Wren, the drowsy chant of the Chiffchaff, and the soft cadence of the Willow Wren will aid the inexperienced to discriminate three birds which are often confused. The coppice has its own music: the coo of the Turtle, and undertone of the Bullfinch; but the rich melody of the Black Cap admits no rival. The Starlings warble their borrowed song among the hollow trees. The Thrush's 'far away—far away—far away' floats on the air, and at intervals the Blackbird pours from his golden bill notes, few but of surpassing sweetness. Such are some of the sights and sounds which arouse the interest of the novice and impart a delight which never stales with use.

Of the nobler birds three of the Harriers, which maintained their footing as 'residents' in Devon till the beginning of the century, have passed into the ranks of the 'casuals.' The Marsh Harrier was once frequent enough to be a terror to the warreners, and the nest of the beautiful Hen Harrier was well known among the furze-clad commons. The Vuzz Kit (Furze Kite) was familiar to the country folk; but so long

ago as the end of the last century it was on the proscribed list; and anyone who will consult the parish books will see that the authorities of those days were as determined enemies to the birds of prey as the modern gamekeeper. The Buzzard, and the species to which Colonel Montagu gave his name in 1802, are still, however, not infrequently noticed; so, too, at rare intervals are the Rough-legged and the Honey Buzzard. More frequent visitors are the Hobby and the little Merlin, loved by ladies in days of falconry. But while so many of their compeers have vanished, the noblest of all, the white-chested Peregrines of Lundy, may still at times be seen dashing from their eyrie in the cliffs, with a wild, barking cry. Colonel Montagu's account of the Osprey fishing in the Avon, as he crossed the bridge at Aveton Gifford, reads strangely to us, but the West of England was once their favourite resort, and they were breeding so late as 1838 on Lundy.

Among the aquatic birds of prey the most familiar are Shags and other Cormorants, which congregate in such chosen resorts as Ladram Bay, and Gannets dashing the water around them, as they plunge head foremost after the fish. Many of the Swans that are reported from time to time are strays from the great swanneries of Abbotsbury and Stackpole Court. The Wild Geese—the White-fronted, the Bean, the Barnacle, and the Greylag—which were once fairly plentiful, are now mainly represented by flocks of Brent Geese; while in Cornwall the Bean Goose is the prevailing species. So, too, the Wild Ducks bear no comparison with the vast flocks which were formerly found on the two Channels and on the tidal estuaries. More than twenty of the British Ducks have been noted. Large flocks of Common Scoter (Black Duck) may be seen resting securely on the sea, and the Scaup is plentiful on the northern coast. With the exception, however, of Teal, Widgeon, and Wild Duck, none can now be regarded as common; and even these latter bear no proportion to their former numbers. Slapton and the neighbouring *Leys* provide a rendezvous; and here, too, assemble in incredible numbers the Coots, which once blackened the waters of the Exe. Of the beautiful family of the Mergansers, the Red-breasted is frequently, and the Goosander and Smew occasionally, met with; the latter remarkable for its pied plumage of black and white and its parti-coloured crest. Here, as in so many other species, an adult, full-plumaged male is rare in comparison with female and immature birds,—a source of regret to the collector and of confusion to the unlearned, the dress of the young often varying so extraordinarily from that of adults.

We must now as succinctly as may be gather together a somewhat incongruous company, who, with a few individual exceptions, have this in common, that the sea is their home,—viz. the Gulls, the Petrels, the Divers, and the cliff birds. Four resident species of Gulls enliven our beautiful shores—the Greater and Lesser Black-backed, the Herring Gull, and the Kittiwake. Autumn brings with it its accustomed reinforcements of Gulls, Skuas, Shearwaters, Divers, and Ducks; while at times the Iceland Gull and the Little Gull—the smallest of its tribe—the Glaucous Gull, or Burgomaster, the 'tyrant of the Polar seas,' stray down from their home in the North. Nature never lacks the charm of life, whether they are clamouring noisily over a shoal of fish or drifting home in the evening with measured flight to their roost on the rocks. The Kittiwakes nest on Lundy and the Scilly Islands, and the Herring Gulls on the red sandstone cliffs of Ladram Bay, near Sidmouth, on Berry Head and Wembury, at the mouth of the Yealm.

A noble addition to the fauna of our bays and estuaries is contributed by the Black-throated, Great Northern, and Red-throated or Speckled Divers. Heavy birds, with legs far behind the centre of gravity, they are aptly equipped for their work; and though differing from the Cormorants in using the legs alone without the assistance of the wings beneath the water, they are equally expert fishers. In such favourite hunting-grounds as Torbay and Plymouth Sound, another method of gaining a livelihood may be observed. Two out of the four species of Skuas, which wander down our coast from their breeding-places, may be seen engaged in robbing their fellow-birds, who, when pursued by these sea-rovers, purchase their escape by disgorging their prey. Along the coast too—though often too far for a landsman's ken—are the Manx and Greater Shearwaters, whose name is derived from their habit of cutting their way through the crest of a wave. The Scilly group, Lundy, and the Pembrokeshire Island of Skomer are the breeding-ground of the former, where they nest in vast colonies in holes appropriated from the rabbits or burrowed by themselves—laying, like the Petrel, one white egg. Two of the Petrels, whose name bears such an ominous sound, haunt the Western seaboard—the Fork-tailed species and the Storm Petrel or Mather Carey's Chicken. That at times even these succumb to the storm in which they seem to revel may be gathered from an anecdote related by Dr. Bullmore. Two Fork-tailed Petrels were observed trying to make Falmouth Harbour in
-eth of a gale :—

And they attempt to forge to windward, dipping from
2 G 2 time

time to time in the trough of the sea, and as rapidly emerging from the hollow, just tipping the crest of the wave with their tiny feet. While thus occupied, a violent gust drove them both on board a fishing-smack that was working into the harbour. One struck against the mast, and fell dead in the boat. The other struck the vessel's side, and disappeared beneath the waves.'

These denizens of the wild seas have been driven into such strange places as the streets of Exeter and Barnstaple, and their small black bodies, resembling swallows, are at times picked up lying dead at high-water mark. The enormous quantity of oil contained by the Petrels and the Shearwaters is well known. The people of St. Kilda derive an annual harvest of lamp-oil from the great breeding station of the Fulmar.

The western counties have never entered into competition with other districts for the heavy bags of game which have been the distinguishing feature in the sporting annals of the latter half of this century. Yet, if the artificial stock reared for the gun is less abundant, the deficiency is supplied by the truer *feræ naturæ*. The absence of the Red Grouse is the main subject of regret. The wild uplands of Exmoor and Dartmoor would seem to offer equal attractions to those of the Welsh moors, across the Bristol Channel, but all efforts to acclimatize it have proved futile. The Heath Poul, however,—if we may adopt the local name of the Black Game,—still maintains its foothold. The solitary heather-clad moors, interspersed with fir-woods and carpeted with whortleberries, afford the home it loves. Yet in many of its former haunts its numbers are sensibly diminishing. Conspicuous from its size, and affording a notable instance of the mingled shyness and stupidity so often observable, it falls as easy prey to its ever-increasing enemies. Yet, covered as it is by the ægis of the game laws, it will be in great measure the fault of those who can offer it efficient protection if this noble bird should cease to adorn the hills of the West.

When we come to Pheasants and Partridges, which are rapidly absorbing almost the sole attention of modern sportsmen, the case is different. As a country puts off its rugged character and the moorland yields to the plough, Partridges increase, while the growth of wealth and artificial tastes produces a large head of Pheasants. The original red Pheasant, which we probably owe to the Romans, made its way by degrees to the western confines of the kingdom—though Polwhele speaks of it, at the end of the last century, as nearly annihilated in Devon. Writing about the year 1832, the Rev. Thomas Johnes, Rector of Bradstone, says: 'The Pheasant has been introduced of late years by the Duke of Bedford and Sir W. P. Call. The ringel-

beck variety is the most common.' This note must refer to the *Phasianus Torquatus*, which has now been established nearly a century in the British Isles. It must be acknowledged that this is the more showy bird. But if, as seems not improbable, it ultimately displaces the red variety, many will regret the old favourite, which once held exclusive possession of our woods. The Red-legged Partridge has never taken kindly to this humid soil; nor can this be a cause for anything but congratulation in a district where 'driving' has never become the order of the day. The Quail is a summer migrant, whose numbers, scant as a rule, are at times augmented by a considerable flight, such as that which favoured the two counties in 1870. Few sportsmen will fail, in the course of years, to have seen this much-prized bird added to the bag, and some will recall a like experience to the one mentioned, where a Quail was allowed to escape from being mistaken for a 'squeaker' Partridge. As cultivation has crept up the hill-sides, covering them with grain and turnips, Partridges have become plentiful in districts where they were scarcely known. Their asserted general increase will not, however, meet with the universal assent of sportsmen; and the like statement with regard to Woodcocks will be received with still greater reluctance.

The agricultural improvements which have year by year retrenched the feeding-ground of the Snipe have told upon Woodcocks. But, whatever may be the case with other autumn migrants, it is certain that the bird is yearly nesting among us in larger numbers. The record of every shot fired by Lord Malmesbury at Heron Court was a proof of the lifelong perseverance which excited the admiration of Lord Beaconsfield; and in like manner Colonel Montagu, during his residence at Kingsbridge, kept a shooting diary in which especial attention is given to Woodcocks. 'Four flushed, two killed,' is a most frequent entry, and thirteen was the largest number seen in one day. The woods beaten are specified; and it is on a comparison of these lists with the results obtained over the same ground at the present day that the reputed increase is based. Whatever be the fact, the theory propounded to account for it is sound, viz. the quiet necessitated by the modern practice of Pheasant-preserving — where the coverts, having undergone their two or three days of turmoil, are left in quiet for the rest of the season. Many Woodcocks, too, on these occasions, will slip back over the beaters' heads, and even those that go forward frequently offer a shot so difficult as to ensure their escape.

Woodcocks begin to strike the south-western coast about the middle

middle of the first week in October. The 'landslips' which lie between Seaton and Lyme are at times thronged by the first comers, but the whole coast as far west as Scilly receives its share. Thence a large portion disperse over the country, but they congregate again when the northern parts of the kingdom are bound with frost or covered with a deep snow, about the warm springs and sheltered woods. The Scilly Islands and Lundy are frequently visited by large flights. Still there is little in the West to compete with such famed East-county coverts as Swanton Wood and Hepburn Wood at Chillingham. The caprices of this bird will often have perplexed the inexperienced shooter, who, hearing that some particular wood is full of them, will beat it next day to find it empty—the wind having shifted and with it this sybaritic bird. 'Come without fail, to-morrow morning,' is the form of invitation suggested in 'Badminton' on these occasions, but even that will often prove too late.

The tale of the Woodcocks found walking about the larder the day after their supposed death in Lundy will try the faith of some; and we must give the following *ipse dixit*, leaving the responsibility to those who quote it:—

'Our next story has reference to a Woodcock's feigning death. It was told us by a friend who used to shoot in a very favourite Woodcock-cover in Cornwall. One day, having had good sport, bagging several couple, he called at the house of an old lady who owned the wood, as he was on his way home, to leave her a present. He rang the front door bell; the servant came. "My compliments to your mistress, and I wish to give her a couple of cocks;" and then his man took one out of the bag and handed it to the servant; but on taking out the second, as he relaxed his grasp to put it into the servant's hand, the bird gave a sudden start and flew away! My friend had his gun loaded, and fired at the cock as it was going over the house, dropping it on the roof. "There," said he to the servant, "you will find the other up on the leads."

The Great Snipe is an occasional autumn visitor from the north of Europe; but the Jack and the Full Snipe are the only two ordinarily met with. Though the Common Snipe is still plentiful in Devon, the following passage gives a fair description of the changes which have occurred within recent times:—

'The Common Snipe used to be an abundant bird in Devonshire, and the very great diminution in its numbers during the last half century is one of the characteristic changes in our *ornis*, which the enclosure and drainage of moorlands, salt marshes, and wet highland farms have helped to bring about, the increased number of guns pointed at the birds being also taken into account. Many a moor on which

which Snipes once nested numerous has disappeared, to give place to corn- and turnip-fields. Many a meadow formerly ornamented all over with rushes, and full of soft splashets, is now, through subsoil drainage, sound and dry, with not an inch of ground left which could attract a Snipe. In old days there was not a warm ditch by the side of a hedge which did not harbour in the winter-time some half dozen Snipe, and excellent shooting could be had without going to the moors and marshes, where the birds would be expected mostly to congregate. At the time to which our memory carries us back, twenty five or twenty-six couple could be had in a day on the Branton Marsh; and we knew of one sportsman and good Snipe-shot who used to get his six hundred couple in the course of the season on Burdon Moor and the adjoining commons, in the north-west corner of the county around the "West Country" Inn.

Yet, though in shrunken numbers, the Snipe has not forsaken its old breeding-grounds, and its strange drumming note as it wheels overhead will enliven the wayfarer on the moors. As the Woodcock loves one roosting-place, and, one killed, *non deficit alter*, so the Snipe has an attachment for one particular spot, which, as soon as vacated by its occupant, is taken possession of by another, —a peculiarity which enables any one acquainted with the ground to test the presence of Snipe in the neighbourhood and to fill the bag with a minimum of labour.

We have allowed perhaps undue space to the more familiar members of the *Scelopacidae* family, to the exclusion of others, from the impracticability of giving anything beyond a passing reference to the thirty-two species which stand on the list. Nearly all of them come to us from high latitudes. The breeding-ground of many of them was long unknown. The Sanderling and Curlew Sandpiper nest in the North of Europe, and the eggs of the Little Stunt, which had long been sought for in vain, were at length discovered by Seebohm and Harvie Brown on the tundras, or marshy flats of the Petchora river in Northern Russia. These are remarkable for the stilted legs and long and often curiously-shaped bills, which aid the Godwit, the Avocet, and others in their search for food along the ooze of the marsh or among the pebbles of the sea-shore. Their disproportionately large eggs carry young capable of entering at once upon the duties of life. The four eggs of the Jack Snipe weigh only half an ounce less than the parent bird. Some of them are familiar to frequenters of the shore, where the Curlew and Whimbrel, or 'Seven Sisters,' draw attention by their wild cry. The shore, too, is the resort of flocks of Godwits, Sanderlings, Knots, and Dunlins—flashing white or pink, as they wheel in their active flight. Many of the Sandpipers, which compose a large part of this group, are, on the other

other hand, lovers of solitude, and escape general observation. The group affords many instances of a brilliant nuptial dress being assumed by the male bird, to be exchanged for a sombre tint of grey when the breeding season is over. The most remarkable case is that of the Ruffs—the colour of the feathers from which they derive their name varying in almost every individual. This beautiful bird, whose pugnacious character is doubly marked by its double title of *Machetes pugnar*, was once found in sufficient numbers in the fen country of Lincolnshire to be captured and fattened for the market. In Col. Montagu's time it was not uncommon in the flats of Bridgewater, but is now only a chance visitor to the West. The adjoining county of Cornwall is so especially rich in the interesting group of the *Tringæ*, that we shall have occasion to mention them again. Every specimen known as British has been procured there with the exception of the Broad-billed Sandpiper.

Our authors are much to be commended for the fairness with which they hold the balance between the reckless exterminators and the sentimental apologists who, in their uninstructed zeal, have damaged the cause they advocate. Thus the libel to which Pliny gave currency still clings to the Cuckoo, and it is killed 'to prevent it turning into a Hawk.' The blue-grey of the old bird and the chesnut plumage of the young, which give it a general resemblance to the two common species of Hawks, are, however, a greater source of danger to it in these sceptical times. The Nightjar is happily protected from its ignorant enemies by a west-country superstition that 'there will be no luck if you shoot a Night-crow.' But it is science, not ignorance, which sets a price on the Water-Ouzel's head; and it is time to consider whether its destruction of the larvæ which prey on fish spawn may not condone its depredations. The theft of a few small Pheasants from the coops may be pardoned to the Kestrel; but we must demur to the asserted innocence of the Tawny Owl. The wing of a Partridge in the close time is certainly contraband, and visits paid to their larder during a succession of years convince us of their strong partiality to ground game. Those who favour the predaceous birds must bear in mind that they are thereby thinning the ranks of the weaker. The Jay is a skilful bird-nester, and a pair of Sparrow-hawks leave the nestlings of many songsters to starve in order that their own may be fed.

It was not his fondness for the cankered buds, but for the perfect blossom of their orchards that led the parish authorities of Dulverton, more than one hundred years ago, to put a price of threepence on the head of every 'Hoop.' Fish, flesh and
towl,

fowl, eggs, apples, walnuts, and potatoes—nothing comes amiss to the omnivorous Rook. These evil deeds are patent to all men, but his silent labours among the deadly wireworms, the leather-jackets—the evil legacy of the daddy-long-legs—and the grubs of cockchafers, which destroy the grass roots, are known only to those who study his ways. These ungainly birds, whose din excited the wrath of Carlyle, do, indeed, take no small part in the preparation of the harvest and amply earn the tithe they take. So is it with the Starling, who throughout the year is probing the ground with his dagger-like bill, though he certainly changes his diet for a brief period to the produce of the orchard. The Finches clean the stubble of a dirty farmer; and if the soft-billed insectivorous birds desire to share with us the raspberries, currants, and ripe figs which we had reserved for ourselves, it must not be forgotten how largely they have co-operated with us in their production. No bird-lover need shrink from a dispassionate statement of the *pros* and *cons*, and he may rest assured that his *protégés* will derive more benefit from investigation than from indiscriminating advocacy.

We have testified the satisfaction with which we have witnessed the new era of county histories devoted to ornithology. They have, however, the inherent disadvantage of stimulating a pseudo-patriotic competition to claim new prizes for their respective areas. The eagerness to add a new species too often makes the appearance of a rare bird synchronise with its death. Nor can any lover of the country look without pain on the devastation wrought among our rarer species by trade collectors. How far it may be true that the gorgeous Roller, the Oriole, and the Hoopoe would establish themselves on our western shores, but for the persecution which their bright plumage brings upon them, is a matter of speculation. But we would suggest that, when once a bird has been certified as 'British,' the object of the dealer and of those who are content to collect by deputy would equally be attained by the importation of specimens from countries where they abound. It is when a species begins to dwindle that man's persecution turns the balance against it. It is only a generation since the Chough, with his red legs and beak, was a common sight along the north coast from Lynton to Hartland Point, and lent an additional charm to the romantic scenery of Boscastle and Tintagel in the neighbouring county. But now too often he may be sought for in vain among his old haunts on Countisbury Hill, in the Valley of Rocks, and at Croyde, Morthoe, and Clovelly; while along the south coast his numbers have for years been diminishing. So, too, the Dartford Warbler has
been

been reported as extinct in Devon within the last few years. It is of this bird, never too plentiful, that Gould remarks that his friend Mr. Smither, in the year 1859, collected sixty-five nests near Farnham, one of its favourite localities.

The slaughter of 9,000 Kittiwakes at Lundy in the course of a fortnight must tell on even their abundant ranks. The delicacy of their flesh causes the flocks of the beautiful little Redstart to be sorely thinned on their route to England. Innumerable Skylarks are taken in the nooses of the shepherds; and a concerted attack was made on the Wood-pigeons by the northern farmers. Yet on well-established species how small is the effect when compared with Nature's harvest of death. Thus in the spring which followed the winter of 1880 there were spots where the voice of the Thrush was unheard; and the Fieldfares and their congeners, the Redwings, went back to their Scandinavian forests like a vanquished army. The gales which at times occur towards the end of summer make terrific havoc among the cliff birds. They are then in their moult, and incapable of meeting the extra strain put upon their powers. Weakened by want of food, they succumb in vast numbers. The bodies of Kittiwakes, Guillemots, and Razor-bills littering the sands of Barnstaple Bay, and of Puffins along the coast of Brittany, testify to the wholesale destruction.

It is not so much man's active persecution which affects bird-life as the changes brought about by what we term civilization. Many birds accommodate themselves to our ways, and even follow in our track; but to others man's unlovely presence is an offence. Scenes which were familiar to our forefathers have passed away for ever, and we must sadly recognise the fact that many of our every-day experiences will read as mere history to those who come after us. The great droves of Bustards, looking as big as deer, will never be seen again in England, and the 'boom' of the Bittern will be a record of the past. The ornithologist anathematises railways with all the fervour of Mr. Ruskin. Their disturbing influence along such rivers as the Taw, the Torridge, the Exe, and the Clyst, has become too sadly apparent on the innumerable aquatic birds which once resorted to their quiet estuaries. The Snipe and Wild-duck which once frequented Northam Burrows have been scared away by the villas of Westward Ho, and golfers have taken possession of their haunts. Lundy, derived from the Scandinavian name of the Puffin, still harbours vast numbers of these birds, together with Razor-bills and Guillemots, yet its days seem numbered:—

Lundy, like many another once favourite locality, has shared in
the

the disasters which modern progress has entailed upon the homes of those members of the feathered race which only resort to wild and lonely spots. The island, once quiet and seldom disturbed, has of late years been constantly trampled over by quarrymen and others; the greater part of it is now under cultivation; it has been discovered by the summer tourists, who come from Bideford and Ilfracombe in cheap excursion steamers, and harry the cliff birds and rob their nests. There need, then, be no surprise that many birds have forsaken their old home, the Chough among them; and that others which were formerly wont to use it as a resting-place are now scared from doing so.

The Great Auk, whose memory Colonel Irby enshrines in an obituary notice, enclosed in black lines, was once, according to tradition, a denizen of Lundy. Mr. Heaven, the proprietor of this picturesque appanage of Devon, referring to the subject, says that about the year 1838 or 1839 an enormous egg was brought to him, reputed to be that of the 'King and Queen Murr,' the name by which the islanders knew them, 'because they were so big and stood up so bold-like.' His informant spoke of their appearance and habits with the confidence of an eye-witness, and of their great size, which distinguished them from the Razor-billed Auk. Twenty years ago Gould remarked that the skin of the Great Auk would probably fetch one hundred guineas, and the egg half that amount. In the year 1894 an egg was sold by auction for 300*l.*—a proof of how little prophecy can estimate our ever-increasing pace.

But if we must sorrowfully accept the conclusion that 'the old characteristic *ornis* of the county is passing away,' there have been certain compensations. The destruction of thistles and other weeds has caused a sensible decrease in the bright flocks of Goldfinches. But improved agriculture, with its concomitants of increased food supply and amelioration of climate, has swelled the ranks of many of our residents and of our summer migrants. For some reason unknown to any but itself, the Nightingale has thought fit to remove its ban from the West country; and its thick-warbled notes have been heard often enough, and in spots sufficiently apart, to remove the long-standing reproach from Devon. Why it was so late in discovering the nature of the pleasing retreat remains a mystery. When we remember how many fantastic theories have been propounded as a solution, we may well hesitate to suggest another. Equally unaccountable is the westerly movement of the Starling. Fifty years ago it was only a winter visitor; now it is a regular resident. Having occupied Devonshire, it passed the

the Tamar, and its beautiful pale blue eggs are now well known to Cornish collectors.

The form in which Rodd's 'Birds of Cornwall' is presented to us is due to the editorship of Mr. Harting, the material supplied to him being the notes communicated by the author to 'The Zoologist' between the years 1843 and 1880. His task has been to recast the whole, and collect under the head of each species the references to it which were scattered through these notes. The diligent research of the Editor has, moreover, disinterred the information bearing on the subject which is to be found in the works of earlier writers. These records commence with that of William of Worcester, who was born at Bristol in 1415, and gives his 'Itinerary' from that place to St. Michael's Mount. He describes the island of *Rascow* (Trescoe), which then appertained to the Abbey of Tavistock, as uncultivated and peopled with rabbits and *pophyns* (puffins). Leland, in his Survey made for Henry VIII., confirms this statement: 'There be counted a 140 islettes of Sc'yллеy, that here gresse exceeding good pasture for catail. Gullles and Puffinnes be taken in diuerse of these islettes.' Carew, writing in 1602, says of the Nightingale, 'There were few or none at all.' Many fragmentary entries of this nature occur, but it cannot be said that much instruction is derivable from these pages. The information is meagre, and much of it evidently taken from hearsay. At times, however, we get a glimpse at the state of the country, and are enabled to fix a date for the existence of a species. No thorough examination of the county had, indeed, been attempted until Mr. Rodd undertook his observations. They are conducted with care, and with the enthusiasm which called him from a solicitor's office in Penzance; but they leave room for further investigation.

The character of the two western counties is so similar that there must needs be a strong resemblance in their Avifauna. The same granite range runs through both, rising into rocky heights, such as Hawks Tor, the Cheesering, and Kilmar Tor. There are the same upland moors and heaths, breaking gradually into grass and plough land, till the rich valleys are reached, through which, between copse and meadow, the rivers make their way to the Channel. No surroundings could be chosen more suited to the feathered race, no climate more attractive to the southern visitors; and, as the furthest point of our shore, it affords a last resting-place to winter migrants fleeing before a snowstorm. Yet, in spite of these advantages, it falls short in ascertained species of the sister county.

It will be superfluous to recapitulate what has been already mentioned, but some points of divergence call for notice. Mr. Harting finds a place on the Cornish list for 290 species. Bewick, we remember, speaks of the 'over-anxious desire of increasing the number of species,' which besets ornithologists, and Mr. Rodd seems to have been alive to the temptation when he introduces the Bearded Tit with the remark, 'If the fact of the occurrence of a species in one, or at most two instances, in Cornwall, entitles it to a place amongst the birds of the county, the Bearded Tit must be included in the present work.' It occurs among a list of rarities, including Richard's Pipit, the White-winged Crossbill, Glossy Ibis, the beautiful Purple Heron with plum-coloured head, the Roseate Tern, Red-breasted Snipe, and others, many of which have little more claim to admission than itself. All are recorded also from Devon, with the exception of the Roseate Tern. Among single appearances which came under Mr. Rodd's notice are the Snowy Owl, the Little Owl, and the Hawk Owl, taken on a collier off the coast of Cornwall. The bird was ultimately carried to the ship's destination, Waterford, so that the claim is fairly open to dispute. A curious instance of storm-driven waifs was provided by a consignment of six Tree-Sparrows brought into Penzance by a Norwegian brig, whose master reported that, between the Dogger Bank and the Galloper Light, thousands of these birds came on board. It is a proof of the rigorous scrutiny which 'the birds of Devon' have undergone that the Eagle Owl, here mentioned as having been found 'as far to the westward as Honiton,' is not allowed a place among them. In the same category, viz. that of single appearances, are White's Thrush, Wilson's Petrel, the Tawny Pipit, Short-toed Lark, Ortolan Bunting, Yellow-shank, American Stint, the Red-crested Duck (which was sold in Falmouth market for sixpence, and eaten instead of being preserved), and the Whiskered Tern. These, among others which stand on little stronger ground, may be admitted under the rigid rule of capture duly certified on *terra firma* or within maritime limits. Subsequent observation will, in all probability, add to their number, on Gilbert White's principle that the most prolific districts are those which are most closely scrutinised.

Of the interest which these events awaken in experts, we get a glimpse from a letter received by Mr. Rodd from Trescow, in Scilly:—

'We were, of course, much delighted to hear that the little bird sent to you by the last packet was a veritable Redbreasted Fly-catcher.'

catcher. This steamer will bring you something very nearly as good, as I think there is no doubt of its being the Little Ringed Plover, of which, I believe, only one or two specimens have been killed in England.'

But if the ornithologist has his moments of exultation, he has also his disappointments. The first Redbreasted Flycatcher had its head eaten off. The captor of the Barbary Partridge refused to sell it, as he wanted it for a 'sick relative.' The fate of the Bustard was still more ignominious. It was served up as a Pheasant at the travellers' table at an inn in Plymouth, and rejected by the fastidious company. The loss or damage of pet specimens, especially during travel, are among the sorrows of all collectors. But the tale of the Spur-winged Goose shot in the year 1821, near St. Germans, shows how patience and skill may triumph over the most discouraging difficulties. This luckless bird, the first of its kind in England, was taken in hand by the wife of its captor, who, failing in her attempt to preserve it, cut off its wings for dusters. The skin was recovered three weeks afterwards, covered with mud, and the head torn off; yet it was restored and forwarded to Bewick at Newcastle, where it obtained posthumous honours among the illustrations of his 'British Birds.' In addition to these misfortunes, there is at times the mortification of finding that the labour of identifying a specimen has been expended in vain. After admitting to his County list an Iceland Falcon killed near Padstow, Mr. Rodd received a letter saying that large numbers had recently been imported, and that the one referred to had probably escaped from Cardiff, where most of them had been trained and flown.

There is a perceptible difference in the Avifauna of the Eastern and Western divisions of Cornwall. It is characteristic of the fluctuation of species that the Green Woodpecker, now generally diffused, was unknown, during the thirty years of the author's residence at Penzance. We have referred to the tardy occupation of Devon by the Starlings. It was not till 1865 that Mr. Rodd learned that they had penetrated to Bodmin—though he had heard from his brother, a few years previously, that a few pairs had nested in hollow trees at Trebartha. By the year 1873 he had traced them as far West as Truro. As the Nightingale has overcome the strange caprice which gave a longitudinal bound to its migration, it may be hoped that it will extend its westward movement. It is not, however, peculiar in this matter. Though the Black Redstart is one of the boasts of the West, the Redstart is comparatively rare; so, too, are some of the nesting migrants, which

which might have confidently been looked for—notably the Garden Warbler, Lesser Whitethroat, Wood Wren, and Reed Wren. Rodd believed the Dartford Warbler to be on the increase. It is possible that, like some of the Crakes, owing to its love of seclusion, it may at times be present when unobserved. A place, too, is given to the beautiful little Fire-crest. The Hooded Crow, which from its former frequency was known as the ‘Market Jew Crow,’ is now diminishing, and the Chough is dwindling to extinction. Its pedigree, in its traditional home, is vouched for by the early writers. Upton, a Canon of Salisbury, speaks of the families who bore it on their arms. Turner in 1544 and Camden mention it as peculiar to Cornwall, and the latter repeats the old-world tales about its habit of carrying lighted sticks from the fire, and its thievish propensities,—whence Carew declares it to be a ‘slander’ to his county.

True sportsmen find delight in observing the ways of Nature, and to them the Scilly Islands offer even greater attractions than the mainland. The letters of Mr. Rodd’s nephew bear witness to his enthusiasm:—‘*Non homini cuius contingit*,’ he truly says, ‘to see Snipes feeding with the poultry in front of the drawing-room window.’ He describes a tour of the ponds where flocks of Widgeon, Wild-ducks, Teal, and Shel-drakes were quietly resting, together with a mixed company of Coots, Moorhens, Gulls, and Plovers. Here, too, a host of Starlings, Thrushes, Redwings, and Blackbirds had found sanctuary, ‘all within the range of the glass at once.’ Such a peaceful scene is disturbed at times by the rush of the Peregrine,—dispersing the wild-fowl in terror. The interest, however, culminates when an easterly gale, laden with snow, brings up its countless flocks. Some descend to rest, while others pursue their course right out to sea. At night the air is filled with their cries, and each morning brings its surprise. The reverse of the picture is seen in the multitude of birds which exhaust the available food and perish before they can recruit their strength for a further flight.

Here—in this furthestmost corner of our island—we lay aside a theme which may serve to divert the thoughts from graver topics. Many who may be induced to pursue the study further will reach the conclusion that ‘it is one of the few innocent pleasures of youth which follow a man into mature years, and upon which he can look back in the decline of life with feelings of pure and unalloyed delight.’ The courtier who found a new pleasure for the Persian king was a smaller benefactor than

than the man who interprets the book of Nature. It is an old tale, but one of infinite variety. It affords, too, a much-needed sedative—if we will decline to be swept into the mill-race, which is hurrying even Science to ill-considered generalizations. We cannot pretend to give statistics, as some have done, of the birds that fall, thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa, on their appointed flights; nor can we reduce to rule the caprices which enter into even this overmastering impulse. We cannot tell why some species of the Cuckoo deviate from the ways of other members of their family, nor account for the many contradictions that perplex us. It may rebuke our impatient dogmatism to find how often theory meets with a rude shock from experience. We admit the influence of individual caprice on our own conduct: must we deny its working in other creatures, because we attribute to them a lower intelligence? When, however, we assume the humbler rôle of the minute philosopher, we may feel that each verified observation casts a gleam of light on the beauty of an unseen world. We may think that we have added our mite to the sum of happiness. It may be that we shall have done as much as more obtrusive workers towards bringing back the Golden Age of unbought pleasures, which is to be the reward of our descendants for the feverish unrest which we are called upon to undergo.

ART. VII.—*The Universities of the Middle Ages.* By Hastings Rashdall. Three Vols. Oxford, 1895.

I HAVE a strong idea of the irrationality of the Middle Age,' wrote Matthew Arnold in a letter dated 1860, 'and of the utter folly of those who take it seriously and play at restoring it.' Since this verdict was delivered, the period, which it was once the fashion to misname the Dark Ages, has been 'taken seriously' by gifted and laborious scholars, who have 'restored' it with more insight and sympathy than is usual with 'restorations.' Yet if we sum up the Middle Ages as culminating in *sacerdotium, imperium, studium* (the three mysterious 'virtues' of Christendom, according to a mediæval chronicler), we may safely assert that the Papacy and Empire have been investigated with a loving thoroughness, all the more remarkable because the third great mediæval creation, the University—as splendid a constructive effort as Empire or Papacy—has been the victim almost of a conspiracy of silence, and this too in a generation which has achieved the most valuable results in the embryology of Institutions.

Mr. Rashdall's long-expected volumes are therefore all the more welcome; for already we have had to wait too long for a comprehensive, critical treatment of the Mediæval University based on the comparative method and on really original research. Previous to Father Denifle's volume, University literature is best described in that writer's caustic remark—'Previous University literature presents us with no pictures that are particularly pleasing.' In spite of ample materials and some excellent monographs on isolated Universities, the student desirous of a complete survey had to be content with either perfunctory sketches in the classical historians, the unsifted statements of University 'Laureates,' or the uncritical accounts of professed specialists, of which Huber's 'English Universities' is no unfair sample. When historical scholars of the eminence of Savigny, Maurer, Räumler, Gregorovius, Dollinger, Stubbs, not to mention lesser luminaries, had erred, it was high time for a new departure.

Fortunately this new departure was made by the appearance in 1885 of the first volume of Denifle's 'Die Universitäten des Mittelalters,' in every way an epoch-making book, for it literally made an epoch by the light that it threw on the Middle Ages, as well as marked an epoch in the study of Institutions. In its prodigious learning and elaborately scientific critical method it almost anticipated the impossible 'tabula' recently demanded by Lord Acton from those who

would sail 'the uncharted sea of original research'; at the same time, the work of the erudite sub-archivist of the Vatican had certainly the defects of its qualities. It was only an instalment, a Cyclopean fragment of what, when completed, will not be a history so much as an encyclopædic Baedeker. It dealt solely with the *Entstehung* of Universities (and even then Oxford and Cambridge received but scanty treatment), the fuller development and working of which, together with an appreciation of their place in the history of thought and education, have yet to come. Written in German, without any literary finish, it is not surprising that the book with difficulty found an audience, fit perhaps, but certainly few. Its author's object was a purification of the idols of the study, and this he carried through with remorseless severity, tabulating the results of his investigations with the austere asceticism of a scientific dictionary. Almost the only easy reading to be found in its pages are the copious notes, where, with academic impartiality, verdicts are meted out. Open the volume where you will, you are sure to find some eminent historian impaled. Indeed the notes form an *Index Expurgatorius*, a historical wreck-chart, while the pages of text are fringed with the scalps of distinguished scholars. Such a work is, of course, of enormous value, but it emphasizes the impossibility of writing a real history from MSS.

Mr. Rashdall's 'essay' is far different. Though not on the same scale, it embodies a masterly survey of the Medieval University from its rise in the twelfth century to its decline in the fifteenth; and it may be said at once that it forms a historical contribution of which Oxford and English scholars have every reason to be proud. The wealth of detail proves that in learning Mr. Rashdall is inferior only to Father Denifle, while in effective presentation of his subject he is immensely his superior. Mr. Rashdall, perhaps, would modestly disclaim pretensions to style, if by that is meant phrase-making or picture-painting. None the less he possesses a remarkable capacity for exposition, and he invariably writes with polish, clearness, and vigour,—qualities which, aided by the saving gift of humour, make his three stout volumes most interesting reading. He has even a lurking fondness for the 'drum and trumpet' method, and when occasion requires can tell a stirring story in a stirring way; nor is he by any means of opinion that the historian who is guilty of an epigram would forge a document. In his handling of so complex a subject Mr. Rashdall fully recognises that the historian of the Medieval University must show more than a Dryasdust's voracity for

masses of indigestible facts; that he must in addition have the strategic eye for grasping the important stages in a tedious process of growth, a philosophical insight into cause and effect, be always ready to tear the hidden truth from crucial instances, and, while giving his readers their fill of multiplicity, never lose sight of the central informing unity. The centuries in which the University grew to maturity were centuries in which the human mind was ever grappling with the deepest spiritual and intellectual problems, in which the fabric of institutions was ceaselessly moulded by, and saturated with, the play of mighty mental forces. To this, the most difficult part of his task, Mr. Rashdall brings not only the vivid interest of the constitutional specialist, but, what is far better, the disciplined and critical knowledge of the trained thinker; and in this aspect of the Mediæval University he is perhaps at his best. In a series of luminous prolegomena—for example, on Abelard and the twelfth-century Renaissance, on the history of Aristotelianism, on the position of Bologna, Paris, and Oxford in the world of thought, questions raising the broadest issues of intellectual and social evolution—Mr. Rashdall clothes the bare bones with flesh and blood, and describes the Mediæval University as it really was. We gratefully acknowledge that he has given us a learned study, the execution of which is as workmanlike as are its independence of thought, breadth of conception, and ripeness of judgment.

What, then, was this Mediæval University, and by what mysterious process did it come into being? To answer this we must forget the embarrassing existence in the fifteenth century of some seventy Universities in every country and with apparently every kind of constitution; we must sternly disregard the Universities of to-day. For, as Denifle is never tired of telling us, the plentiful crop of errors that has disfigured so many previous investigations has mainly arisen from repeated attempts 'to write history *a priori*' from uncritical 'confusion of epochs,' and obstinate adherence to the conviction that what an institution came to be that it was from the outset. Nowadays, to be sure, we commonly imagine a University as a vague kind of educational body, with a mysterious machinery of colleges and professors, more or less endowed, supplying 'higher education' to a mass of all sorts and conditions of students, who, on satisfying certain requirements, are finally distinguished with a degree, and so become 'graduates' of the institution. We recklessly apply the term to 'constitutional monstrosities,' such as London; to an aggregate of lecture-rooms, such as existed at Athens, Rhodes, or Byzantium; to a conglomerate

glomerate of ex-Universities, such as the present 'University of France,' as well as to mediæval Oxford or Cambridge.

The original University was very different. It was not a 'University of Faculties,' nor necessarily a centre where every branch of knowledge could be studied and a degree in it granted, for even Bologna had no Theological Faculty until 1360, and Paris ceased to study the Civil Law in 1219. It arose, to put it shortly, from the combination of two distinct conceptions,—the idea of the *universitas* proper, and the idea of a *studium generale*, by no means necessarily connected. *Universitas* technically meant a corporation, the legal *collegium*,—a term applied at first to all kinds of guilds, but which in the thirteenth century was specially used of one particular type, the guilds of teachers or scholars: e.g. *universitas magistrorum*, or *universitas scholarium*, and then simply *universitas* unqualified. It thus signifies an organized scholastic association, without denoting the locality or schools of such a body. This latter idea was expressed by *studium*, *studium generale*, as distinct from *studium particulare*, being a place not where all subjects were studied, but where students from all parts are received. In the early thirteenth century it might have been used apparently of any centre where a number of masters taught, and where there existed one at least of the 'superior Faculties'; but with the rapid growth of three great *studia*—Paris, Bologna, Salerno, whose degrees had gained an 'æccumenical validity'—together with the development of legal theory, it came to be recognised that the characteristic of the *studium generale* was the privilege of conferring on its Masters the *jus ubique docendi*. Where this right had not been acquired by prescription, it could only be conferred by Pope or Emperor,—a distinction which provides a convenient classification of Universities into those which were *studia generalia ex consuetudine* (before circa 1250), and those which were created so by a charter of Foundation. From the fact that at Paris and Bologna a peculiar type of organization had been established, concurrently with the growth of the *studium*, a type which was subsequently reproduced elsewhere, the *universitas* was regarded as the inseparable accompaniment of the *studium generale*, and ultimately became synonymous with it. We may thus broadly define the Mediæval University as the combination of a *studium*, whose degrees conferred the *jus ubique docendi*, with a scholastic organization endowed with more or less uniform privileges.

The recognition of these elemental facts, established by the indefatigable researches of Father Denifle and Mr. Rashdall, destined

destroys of itself the patriotic efforts of writers such as Du Boulay to trace back the origin of the Universities, until it is lost in the dim twilight of a semi-mythical past. The Medieval University is now proved to have been the product of a definitely limited epoch, and the historical problem resolves itself into an explanation of its growth. Furthermore, analysis of the complex material afforded by University constitutions is fortunately simplified by bearing in mind how the conception of *studium generale* was stereotyped by the rise of two archetypal organizations,—Paris, the University of Masters; Bologna, the University of Scholars. Rigorous dissection of University constitutions has proved that every later University was modelled, more or less closely, on one of these two parent types, or some combination of the two, so that in interpreting them we are implicitly explaining a constitutional framework, which, with modifications, formed the basis of every important University.

Salerno alone is an exception to this rule, for Salerno rose to fame in the middle of the eleventh century, before either Paris or Bologna had reached the University stage. Yet of Salerno little can be said, since little is known, and it would ill become others to rush in where Father Denifle and Mr. Rashdall have feared to tread. The origin of the *studium* is veiled, we are consolingly told, in 'impenetrable obscurity'; but it seems clear that it was not an offshoot from the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Casino, nor the product of Arabic hands. More probably it represents the survival of the Græco-Latin School of Medicine galvanised into new life by a scientific revival. In its early time as a medical school, to be seen in the notices of Adelard of Bath and Ordericus Vitalis and the reputation of its physicians, we can trace the faint flushes of the intellectual Renaissance of the twelfth century which heralded the dawn of a new era for Europe. By the twelfth century apparently a *studium generale* had grown up at Salerno, yet its organization remained an isolated growth, neither influencing, nor influenced by, the other academic polities springing up in other parts of Europe. It failed to reproduce itself, the most remarkable characteristic of a great University, and simply lived on, strong in its unique strength as the first of medical schools. With the thirteenth century decay set in, owing partly to the efforts of Frederick II. to establish a rival at Naples; partly, curiously enough, to the rising popularity of Arabic medical science at other educational centres, still more to the increasing importance of the Medical Faculties at Montpellier, Bologna, and Paris. It is a far cry no doubt from the nineteenth century to the old-world methods of twelfth-century Salerno; but there seems good evidence

evidence that, in the days of its fame, among its practitioners were several women.

Leaving Salerno then as an academic *luxus naturæ*, we may return to Bologna and Paris, whose origin, as Mr. Rashdall points out, must be found in the aggregation of scholars and masters at these two places, and in the spontaneous spread of the Guild movement, both of which were the mysterious outcome of the wonderful burst of new intellectual and spiritual life that makes the twelfth century as truly an Age of Renaissance as the sixteenth. The first symptoms of the coming revival have been seen at Salerno, but before long the whole of Western Europe was caught up in the mighty current. South of the Alps, where liberal education and the race of lay-teachers had never been so completely extinguished as in the North, the quickened energies of the twelfth century mind found an outlet in political activity,—the consolidation of great civic corporations, and the terrible duel of conflicting spiritual and political ideals between Papacy and Empire,—but above all in that revived study of the Roman Law which is inseparably bound up with the name of Irnerius. To the labours of Irnerius and his successors, the classic Jurists, must be ascribed the separation of Law from Rhetoric as a subject of education, the systematisation of a legal curriculum, and, what is more important, the influx into Bologna of a large mass of students, for whom the development of municipal life put a premium on legal knowledge. An enormous impetus was further communicated to legal studies by Gratian's compilation of the '*Decretum*' (about 1142 A.D.), since this great text-book virtually created a new subject, the Canon Law, distinct alike from Civil Law and Theology, and a new class of scholars, the Canonists. Bologna was the centre of this dual movement; but in the days of Irnerius and Gratian it was still only a famous school. As yet no University existed; and when one appears, it is a University of students, not of teachers.

To explain this singular fact we must remember that the constitution of autonomous cities permitted no *locus standi* to the non-citizen; hence, given the presence of a large number of foreign students, in reality municipal aliens, and the irresistible influence of the Guild idea then sweeping over Europe, we have the requisite elements to account for the formation of a students' Trades-Union. Accordingly the origin of the University is to be ascribed, as the proofs of Father Denifle and Mr. Rashdall conclusively show, not to a supposed charter of Theodosius II. nor to the Privilege of Frederick I. in 1158, but simply to the establishment towards the end of the twelfth century of a closely-connected number of guilds of foreign students. The subsequent evolution

evolution of these embryonic unions into the highly developed organism of the fourteenth-century University is nothing but the story of a prolonged struggle on the part of the 'Unionists' to secure permanent rights—the perfection of their own autonomy, the definition of their relations to the municipality, the control of the *studium* and the Professoriate, and external recognition from the Papacy. Sufficient details remain to show how by frequent 'suspensions' and 'migrations' to rival municipalities the city was driven into acknowledging the authority of the Rectors, the elected heads of the student organizations, and thereby the legal existence of this scholastic *imperium in imperio*; how by a Plan of Campaign, which included Boycotting and No Fees, the Professors were coerced into a like submission; how by severe experience an internal constitution was evolved which made the Guilds omnipotent over their members; how by dexterous appeals the argis of the Papal Bull was thrown over the new institution, with the result that the University acquired a definite status in the ecclesiastical system.

The Jurist University of Bologna really consisted of two Universities, the Citramontani and the Ultramontani, possessing, however, a common code and congregation: while at the head of each society stood a Rector, with disciplinary powers over the members, and claiming jurisdiction where a scholar was a litigant. His position may be inferred from the expenses which the office entailed, and the precedence that he took over Archbishops (with the exception of the Bishop of Bologna) and even over Cardinals. In his duties the Rector was assisted by *Consiliarii*, who represented the nations on the executive, as well as by such officials as the *Peciarii*, who supervised the booksellers, the *Taxatores* dealing with lodging-houses, and the picturesque *Bedels*. Supreme power was vested in the united Congregation of both Universities, which shows how closely the originally separate organizations were now fused together. In the fifteenth century the amalgamation became so complete that a common Rector was elected, a step which shortly preceded a decline in the Rector's authority. The Professors were hardly better than the intellectual Helots of the students. They had no votes in the Congregation, and were not members of the University: their lectures were minutely regulated, and they were bound by an oath of obedience to acknowledge the Rector's authority. With the growth of salaried chairs the Professoriate was confined to Bolognese citizens; and there gradually was formed a College of Doctors which in the sixteenth century turned the tables on the

the once omnipotent students and confined the administration to a close oligarchy. Bologna also possessed separate Universities of Medicine, Arts, and Theology, analogous to the Jurist Universities, but its chief and early fame came from its pre-eminence as a Law-school. It did not boast of many colleges; the Spanish College (1367), which still exists, was the most important, and in the severity of its discipline and its democratic autonomy we have the true type of the Mediæval College of Southern Europe. Seven years' study in Civil and six in Canon Law, or ten for the two combined, were required for admission to the Doctorate. The examination consisted of two parts,—a private test, which was the real examination, and a public *conventus*, which was simply a ceremonial pageant with a solemn procession, followed by a banquet, fees, and presents, to commemorate the entrance of a new member into the brotherhood of Graduates.

The University of Bologna played no unimportant part in the world of thought and action. At the early stages of its career the great jurists were a considerable political power, and in the classic age of mediæval jurisprudence it is not easy to exaggerate the splendid scientific achievements of its chief Glossators, even though the multiplication of commentaries and an unreasoning reverence for the letter ultimately fossilised the study of Law into a petrified scholasticism. Yet, unquestionably, its chief service lay in the continuous production of trained civilians and canonists whose labours as teachers, ambassadors, and judges spread the influence of the University over Europe, and did so much to build up the solid fabric of society. Nor can its value as an educational centre be minimised; for, as Mr. Rashdall points out, the justification of Ozanam's verdict on the Italian Middle Age, as '*une de ces nuits lumineuses où les dernières clartés du soir se prolongent jusqu'aux premières blancheurs du matin*,' is to be found in the steady preparation afforded by the classical studies of Bologna for sixteenth-century Humanism. Fostered by the study of Roman Law, fertilised in the Italian schools, the traditions of classical antiquity and lay culture, which even Scholasticism failed to destroy, bore their fruit in due season.

North of the Alps the intellectual revival, as in Italy bound up with great names—Anselm, Roscellinus, William of Champeaux, Abelard—had produced equally momentous results. The changes wrought by the movement may be briefly summed up as twofold. In the first place, there supervened a speculative revolution arising from the application of the Dialectic method to Philosophy and Theology, which, with the revived study of
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the 'new' Aristotle, brought about the downfall of purely classical education, and then proceeded to imprison the cycle of mediæval studies in the Procrustean bed of Scholasticism. Secondly, education was transferred from the monastic schools and teachers to the cathedral schools and a secular staff, whose *licentia docendi* was derived from the Bishop's authority. This dual result is crystallized in the unique career and personality of Abelard. In his crowded lectures we see how the Paris schools have obliterated the fame of the classical schools of Tours, Fulda, Chartres, Laon; how Paris, in fact, has become the Mecca of all intellectual pilgrims. In his fierce duels with William of Champeaux and St. Bernard is epitomised the inevitable victory of the new Logic and Theology. Abelard was not the founder of a University; but, like Irnerius, he made the University possible, since the concentration at Paris of hordes of students and the consequent multiplication of teachers were the indispensable preliminary conditions.

The actual origin of the University of Paris bristles with controversy; but with Father Denifle and Mr. Rashdall before us, we may safely trace the nucleus of the University to an outgrowth from the schools of Notre Dame. The developed University was a Corporation of Masters, i.e. of teachers, out of whose guild constitution, with its custom of 'inception,' the subsequent fabric was built. Now, inception implied two things,—the entrance on office of a duly licensed Master, and the reception into the Teachers' Trades-Union of a new member. The technical right to teach was conferred by the Chancellor of the Cathedral schools, who represented the Bishop's authority; the practical enjoyment of that right turned on membership in the Guild. The period between 1150 and 1170 probably saw the birth of the Masters' Union, and at once the struggle for recognised corporate autonomy began. The formula for the early development may be expressed as the effort of the nascent organization to free itself from the Chancellor's control. This led to a bitter struggle: on the one side stood the episcopal official, bent on retaining his existing right to regulate education, by conferring the *licentia docendi*; on the other, the teachers, equally bent on securing independence by shaking off the Chancellor's authority. This struggle sums up the early constitutional history of the University, since each step towards a definite constitution was merely a weapon forged to defeat the Chancellor, whose functions, it must be remembered, lay outside the University proper, and who as Chancellor was not a member of it. It was with this end in view that the Faculty of Artists was organized into Four Nations; that

Proctors

Proctors to act as the representatives of these nations, explicitly recognised by the Papacy in 1231, were elected; that a common seal was at length obtained; that a common code of statutes was drawn up; that the acknowledgment of the authority of the Rector or elected Head of the Artists was wrung from the Popes; that privileges were wheedled out of the French kings:—in a word, that corporate autonomy was slowly pieced together.

By the middle of the thirteenth century the Chancellor had been beaten, and a second stage of development begins—a movement towards unification, consisting in the assertion of the Rector's predominance over the 'superior' Faculties of Canon Law, Theology, and Medicine. Again the Rector emerged victorious. After some stubborn skirmishing the 'superior' Faculties had to content themselves with subordinate organizations—a Dean, seal, and statute—while assenting to the position of the Rector as President of the whole University. The exigencies of unity, the power of the purse possessed by the Artists, the great campaign with the Mendicants which closed all divisions, above all the fact that each member of a 'superior' Faculty had once been an Artist and was bound by an oath of perpetual obedience to the Rector, decided the result. At the end of the thirteenth century, the University had passed triumphantly through this conflict of internal evolution, and stood before the world as a mighty corporation, organized into three 'superior' Faculties, each with its Dean and Congregation, and one 'inferior' Faculty, subdivided into Four Nations, each with its Proctor: while over all, a symbol of its unity, was placed the Rector, at once the Head of the Artists and of the University, the President of the General Congregation, taking precedence of Cardinals, Archbishops, and Peers of France.

✓ But such a bald summary conveys a hopelessly inadequate idea of the glamour that veils this prolonged constitutional struggle. Just as the smiling Paris of to-day suggests to the pleasure-seeking visitor nothing of the grim and bloody drama of the centuries whose *dénouements* lie enshrined in the silently eloquent stones of every Place or Church, so the majestic structure of the University tells little of the pathos, the romance, the sombre humour of heroic lives and vast intellectual upheavals which had so powerfully influenced the work of construction. The age of growth was the age of Philip Augustus, Louis IX., Innocent III., Gregory IX., Boniface VIII., of Abbot Joachim, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, William St. Amour, and Étienne Marcel; and each of these, with many others, played his part: on the one side, the *comédie humaine* of town-and-gown

riots, guerilla street brawls with Friars or between Nation and Nation, boycottings, cessations of lectures, even dispersions of the University, internal squabbles between the Faculties, the whole etched against a background of chronic feud with the Chancellor;—on the other, a tremendous intellectual and constitutional campaign, brought on by the daring effort of the *parvulus* Friar orders to capture the Theological chairs; the beneficence of pious founders in erecting student colleges, such as those of the Sorbonne, Harcourt, or Navarre; appeals and counter-appeals to the spiritual thunders of Rome, or the more temporal battalions of the French Crown—such is the history of the University. Is it not also the history of the French Church, the French Monarchy, the mediæval Papacy, and the severest travail of the mediæval mind through the slough of Almarician heresy, the labyrinthine mazes of Averroistic Pantheism, the intoxicating transcendentalism of Victorian mysticism, from Realism to Nominalism and back again to Realism, until a temporary resting-place was found in the reconciled Philosophy and Theology of the *Summa Theologiæ*?

Can we wonder, then, that to mediæval Christendom the University of Paris appeared as 'the Sinai of the ages,' 'the First School of the Church,' 'the eldest daughter of the French king,' a superhuman product whose Four Nations were likened to the fourfold river of Paradise, and whose existence was to France a sufficient equivalent for the Papacy and the Imperial crown? Throughout the Middle Ages its influence was on a level with its world-wide prestige, the result no doubt of its unique situation in a great capital, its close connexion with a powerful monarchy, quite as much as of its cosmopolitanism, the fame of its schools, and its elaborately organized and privileged autonomy. In the thirteenth century, the most splendid era of its intellectual life, what Paris thought to-day Europe was compelled to think to-morrow. Though in the fourteenth century the philosophical primacy had passed to Oxford, Paris continued to be the faithful champion of the secular clergy against the armed ranks of the Mendicants and the rapacity of the 'Babylonish' Pontificate, and still wielded a doctrinal dictatorship before which even the Papacy had to bow. During the dismal melodrama of the Armagnac epoch it was the organ of national feeling and the stage where the conflict was partly fought out, while in the crisis of the Schism it was at Paris that the cause of Reform had been pioneered by d'Ailly, Clémangis, Courtecuisse, and Gerson, until a constitutional solution, drawn from the University system of nation-voting, was found for the European deadlock. After the Pragmatic Sanction of 1438 the University declined;

declined ; with the rise of Gallicanism it ceased to be international, paralysed by the cold dead hand of the Valois House and beaten by the Parliament in the race for privilege and power, until, in the age of the Reformation, Paris, alone of all the great Universities, remained practically untouched by the fierce tides of thought surging around it.

Into the numerous Universities of the rest of Europe it is impossible to enter at any length. As modified reproductions of the two original types, their history is that of Paris and Bologna, on a smaller and less interesting scale. A glance, however, at different countries will show how deeply the University movement had taken root. In Italy the *studia generalia* were naturally modelled on Bologna, and several—such as Reggio, Vicenza, Padua, Siena—owed their existence to Bolognese migrations aided by municipal enterprise. The civic autonomy of North Italy was a fertile soil for the growth of Universities, and where they are not spontaneous products we generally find the town-schools obtaining the privilege of *studium generale* by Papal Bull. The prominence of legal studies is their chief characteristic, and in this respect Padua and Perugia attained great fame. Padua eventually surpassed Bologna, and in the sixteenth century had a European reputation as a school of Law. One curious feature of the Italian Universities was the *studium curiæ*, the University of the Roman Court, which, like our early Curia Regis, was migratory with the Curia ; unlike most other Italian Universities, it was not a student organization but a *collegium* of Doctors. The abuse, however, of Papal dispensations ruined its efficiency. Among Italian *studia*, that of Naples is unique, as being the first University founded at a definite date and by a definite Rule of Foundation. The charter of Frederick II., *stypor mundi*, creating a University in 1224, in virtue of the plenitude of Imperial power, marks an epoch in the theory of University Law. The attempt was a failure. The downfall of the Hohenstaufen, the patent artificiality of this State-creation, the despotic interference of its Imperial creator, combined to make the University impotent, and it never occupied an important place in mediæval thought.

The Spanish Universities belong likewise to the Bolognese type, considerably modified. Essentially Royal creations, they were also more thoroughly ecclesiastical than the mother exemplar. Salamanca stands out as the most remarkable, perhaps from its connexion with Alfonso the Wise, its second founder, still more as a great school of Civil and Canon Law, which at the Council of Vienne (1311) was recognised as one

of

of the five chief Universities of Europe. It is even more interesting to find in its annals traces of the education of women in Doña Galindo, the teacher of the classics to Isabella of Castile, and to note that the Salamancan Doctors welcomed the designs of Columbus and the Copernican system.

In Germany, which to-day we regard as the home of the University *par excellence*, the movement, strangely enough, was slow to establish itself. The low state of civilization, the lack of political centralization, the disintegration of civic life, together with the fact that the bulk of the German students, touched by the intellectual revival, were drawn off to Paris or Bologna, told severely against the production of great national *studia*. Hence, with the exception of Prague (really Bohemian), and possibly Vienna, the real importance of such German Universities as Heidelberg, Leipsic, and Erfurt, dates from the Reformation, which, as Mr. Rashdall aptly reminds us, was 'born in a University' and only made possible through the Universities. Prague, like Naples, was the result of a definite foundation, owing its existence to a Papal Bull in 1347, followed by a charter of Charles IV., of 'Golden Bull' fame, in 1348. Founded as a deliberate stroke of policy, it was copied in 1365 by the rival Hapsburg creation at Vienna, and in both these acts the influence of Frederick's notable charter of 1224 is distinctly traceable. Striking as is its mixed constitution, the chief interest in Prague will always centre in its tragic history. The University arose in the halcyon age of Bohemia, and awoke to find itself famous. As the most solid expression of the passionate Bohemian nationalism, the theatre of the bloody struggle between Teuton and Czech, which only closed in the expulsion of the Germans; as the arena of a fierce philosophical collision between Teutonic and orthodox Nominalism against Czech and 'heretical' Realism; as the mouthpiece of the religious revival of Milicz, Matthias, Janow; finally, as the *alma mater* of Huss, schoolman, reformer, and martyr, the biracial University of Prague foreshadowed in miniature the era of *Sturm und Drang* which sapped the fabric of mediævalism and ushered in the Reformation.

Constitutionally, the German Universities belong to the Parisian type, and their development marks a stage in University evolution. From the first the Colleges were not mainly homes of students, but also endowed depôts of teachers. The germ of the modern Professoriate, as Mr. Rashdall carefully points out, probably lies in this class of endowed teachers, who, with the fusion of College and University teaching and the gradual reservation of lectures to a picked staff of the Faculties,

slowly

slowly took the form of an oligarchy controlling both education and administration.

In France the other Universities were somewhat overshadowed by the unique position of Paris; yet the pre-eminence of Paris did not prevent the growth of about sixteen provincial *studia*, of which Montpellier, Orléans, Angers, and possibly Toulouse, belong to the first rank. The origin and name of Montpellier date back to the twelfth century, and as a great medical school it was second only to Paris and Salerno. The fully developed *studium* included Faculties of Law, Arts, and Theology; but by the fifteenth century her medical reputation had considerably declined, and was not recovered until the Renaissance stimulated her latent energies into renewed life. Orléans, like Montpellier, was also a *studium generale* 'by usage,' and enjoyed the position of being the greatest Law University in France, though it is remarkable that apparently she did not possess a single endowed College. Angers presents us with an example of a University which, probably under the impulse of a 'migration' from Paris in 1229, won recognition as a *studium generale* without Papal Bull. Aided too by the prohibition of the study of Civil Law at Paris, the Angers school came to be the chief French school of Civil Law, and later still was a centre of the Legal Renaissance of the sixteenth century. The *studium* at Toulouse, on the other hand, was a Papal foundation, the Theological Faculty of which was deliberately intended to leaven the 'heretical' land which had been recently knouted into orthodoxy by 'the assembled chivalry and assembled ruffianism of Europe.' The University fulfilled its ecclesiastical mission, and became subsequently a valuable champion of Papal power, when, stubborn in its Ultramontanism, it refused to bow the knee to the Baal of Gallicanism. Apart, however, from its theological importance, Toulouse also rose to be a Law School of considerable eminence, supplying to the south of France the course of study and the opportunities for a legal education which in the centre and west were so admirably provided by Angers and Orléans.

Broadly speaking, the French Universities represent a fusion of the Paris and Bologna constitutions; but, originating, as for the most part they did, from episcopally governed schools, it is not surprising to find that the Bishop's control was more influential and permanent than was the case at Paris or Bologna. As in the German Universities, the steady concentration of authority in a co-opting College of Doctors acted as the nucleus out of which a Professoriate in the modern sense was formed. From the educational point of view, the prominence

prominence of legal studies, and especially of the Civil Law, is the most remarkable feature in the majority of the provincial *studia*, the important effects of which can be easily traced in the later constitutional and ecclesiastical development of France.

When we turn to the English Universities, we have to admit frankly that, in the mediæval period, one only—the University of Oxford—attained European fame. Mr. Rashdall is therefore more than justified in patriotically devoting the greater portion of the space allotted in his work to the Universities of this country to a detailed discussion of the history of his own *alma mater*. Nor is anyone, we fancy, likely to accuse him of not handling a well-worn theme with originality. But, before plunging into the morasses of controversy which lie in wait for all who dare to tread the debatable ground of Oxford *origines*, we may be pardoned for drawing attention to one serious grievance, severely but properly commented on in Mr. Rashdall's Preface. Surely it is deplorable that Oxford is almost the only important University 'whose earlier history cannot be studied in a tolerably complete series of published documents.' May we not sincerely hope that this state of things will shortly be remedied by the action of the authority which alone can effectually do so—the University itself? For it is round the early history of Oxford, like the body of Patroclus, that the whole struggle so fiercely rages.

It may be said with perfect truth that to investigate the origin of the University is a task that requires as much courage from the historian as the oft-repeated attempt to solve the stock problems of eighteenth-century Irish history. Mr. Rashdall, as his proposed solution shows, is evidently quite conscious of this fact; at the same time he is obviously nothing daunted by the prospect of finding himself engulfed in the whirlpools of academic strife; since almost at the outset he sharply challenges his possible opponents, by summarily dismissing the Alfredian legend as a subject 'for students of comparative Mythology and of the Pathology of the human mind.' On this we are now probably all agreed. In the words of a famous verdict, 'If ever there was a lie in the world, that which we find in that charter (i.e. the alleged Alfredian one) is as great an one as ever the Devil told since he deceived our first parents in Paradise.' But historical 'lies' die hard, and Mr. Rashdall does well to begin 'by making siccar' with the myth that was scotched by Mr. Parker.

Mr. Rashdall's own theory on the origin of the University is splendidly bold and startlingly simple. To put it briefly, he traces

traces the birth of the University to a migration from Paris about 1167, consequent on the withdrawal of all English clerks from the Continent by mandate of Henry II., then engaged in the Becket quarrel. The circumstantial evidence, it must be granted, which is ingeniously marshalled in favour of so daring a hypothesis, is certainly strong. To begin with, the origination in migrations of permanent Universities—Reggio, Vicenza, Vercelli, Padua—not to speak of more dubious cases, proves that such a cause can be a *vera causa*. The peculiar constitutional position of the Chancellor in the developed University of Oxford renders it impossible to make the University (as has generally been thought hitherto) the outgrowth of a church or monastic school. As to a migration, we have the statement of John of Salisbury, that in 1167 France 'expelled her alien scholars,' and this expulsion is chronicled as an event of equal importance with the disastrous retreat of Frederick I. The ordinances of Henry II. must not only have recalled a considerable body of scholars, but also retained in England so small number; and 'if they did not go to Oxford, where did they go to?' Add to this the suddenness with which the University bursts into notice. Previous to 1170 allusions to the presence of scholars are few and far between; while after 1170 Mr. Rashdall cites numerous proofs of the existence of a large number of students from distant regions. What, he asks, could have worked this change if not a 'migration,' bringing with it the rudiments of a University organization? The theory of course does not deny the existence of *schools* previous to 1167, for we possess several references to the teaching at different dates of Theobaldus Stampensis, Robert Pullen, and the famous Vacarius. But isolated teachers do not make a *University*, and Mr. Rashdall urges grave objections against the widely-held supposition that Vacarius taught at Oxford before 1150. On this point it is worth noticing that Professors Maitland and Pollock, in their recent 'History of English Law,' also seem to doubt the Oxford teaching of Vacarius.

Apart, however, from this minute question of fact, there exists a broad issue. Granted that Oxford had schools, can we, with the history of other Universities before us, suppose that 'these schools have gradually, and unaided by any sudden accession from without, grown to the size and importance which they have attained by 1170, without further evidence of their existence than is supplied by the mention of two or three solitary Masters'? Is such spontaneous evolution an adequate explanation? Had the facts to which Mr. Rashdall has so ably drawn attention no influence on the growth of a *studium generale*?

generale? In short, when we group together the peculiar features of the Oxford Chancellorship, the 'migratory' habits of the mediæval student, the proved possibilities of a 'migration,' the absence of evidence as to the existence of a *studium generale* before 1167, the emergence of the University as the most prominent *studium* in England about 1170, and the established interruption of intercourse with Paris, it must be owned that Mr. Rashdall's theory is very tempting. No doubt the weak point lies in the lack of clinching proof that a 'migration' actually took place; but as Mr. Rashdall only claims for his 'hypothesis' provisional acceptance, since it 'alone explains all the facts, and is alone in accordance with all known analogies,' we may at least allow that it will hold the field until a better is forthcoming. At any rate, if the comparative study of Universities is worth anything, the characteristics of the developed Oxford organization—the independence of the Masters and the absence of any direct connexion with any Oxford Church—make it impossible to derive the University from any monastic body of which we have any knowledge. Hence, if we refuse the 'migration theory' as 'not proven,' we must frankly register an 'ignoramus' on its origin altogether, for the embryology of Universities does not admit of miracles.

Whatever its origin, Oxford by the end of the twelfth century had the germs of a University organization. Thanks, however, to Mr. Lyte's excellent history, which has made the public familiar with the chief stages in the constitutional development, the duty of reproducing Mr. Rashdall's corroborative details is no longer necessary. The acquisition of privileges, unique certainly in their extent, was, as elsewhere, the familiar story of a struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. We have the customary series of skirmishes with the claimed supervision of the Bishop, in this case of Lincoln, of brawls with the Jews, of town-and-gown riots culminating in the 'great slaughter' of S. Scholastica's day (1354), of steady aggressions on municipal independence, of 'suspensions' and secessions to Northampton (when 'loyal' Oxford was against the King!) and Stamford, and, as a climax, the unavailing Lollard duel with the Archbishop of Canterbury backed by the Crown. We find, as a matter of course, a sharp contest with the Mendicant orders, anxious to defeat 'the exquisite and secret machinations' of the Faculties, and numerous episodes as stirring as the Greek and Trojan warfare of the Renaissance or the days when Rupert's trumpets sounded to horse in the gardens of New College.

A comparison with Paris brings out the salient features of Oxford autonomy. The University constitution was at once

an 'unconscious reproduction' and 'an arrested development' of that of Paris. But the Oxford Chancellor, unlike the Parisian, was the head of the University, combining the functions of the continental Rector and Chancellor, who, owing to his absorption into the University and a series of generous Royal Charters, acquired a jurisdiction that was ecclesiastical, municipal, and academic. The Proctors, originally no doubt the delegates of the two Nations, North and South, acted as the officials of the whole society, and not merely of the Faculty of Arts as at Paris, being associated with the Chancellor in all his public acts. As at Paris, there may have been four Nations to start with, but they were shortly reduced to two, and even these soon disappeared, for by the fourteenth century the Artists voted as a single body, under the presidency of the senior Proctor. The general predominance of the Artists, in short, forms a striking contrast with the Parisian constitution, since the 'superior' Faculties at Oxford never attained the independent and complete organization won at Paris, and after the struggle with the Mendicants the united Congregation of Regent Masters legislated for all the Faculties. Points of difference might also be found in the conferring of the Bachelor's degree by the Chancellor, the absence of a literary examination for the Mastership, the reservation of 'inception' to the Faculties, and especially in the remarkable inferiority of Paris in privileges and immunities. The developed collegiate system was also somewhat different, though on some future occasion we may have something to say on this development. At Oxford the College was primarily a home for graduates (the admission of a class below the *socii* only developing slowly), forming a really autonomous and democratic society, with an elected head and a common life in which all members shared; whereas at Paris the Colleges continued students' societies whose unity was interfered with by the division between the Faculties, and whose business and patronage were largely controlled by authorities outside the College. The Oxford type was thus more successful in preserving the mediæval ideal of a common life, and ultimately by the severity of its *régime* in influencing beneficially the prevailing laxity of discipline in the University.

As a political influence in Europe, or even in its own country, Oxford never played the part of Paris. The insularity of England, the earlier growth of a strong monarchy, the situation of the University in a provincial town, easily account for this comparative obscurity. But in the world of thought she won deservedly the title of *schola secunda ecclesie*. Mr. Rashdall

rightly contends that thirteenth-century Oxford was something more than 'the pale reflex' of Paris, for it was the age of Grosseteste, Rich, Adam Marsh, Kilwardby, Peckham, and Roger Bacon,—*stupor mundi* if ever man earned the name,—and her work, if speculatively less brilliant, showed greater intellectual freedom. Nor are 'Oxford movements' a monopoly of the nineteenth century, since in the fourteenth, the heyday of her mediæval life, Oxford thought led not only England but the world. Few Universities can boast of so splendid a galaxy of talent as the knot of Schoolmen of whom Bradwardine, Fitz-Ralph, Duns Scotus, 'the subtle Doctor,' the Nominalist Ockham, 'the invincible Doctor' and the 'demagogue of scholasticism,' Wyclif, theologian, politician, and iconoclast, were the chiefs, who made their University the intellectual centre of Europe. From behind the technical jargon of their warring metaphysics there speedily emerged vast ecclesiastical, political, and social issues, which divided the Universities of Europe into hostile camps, and plunged Bohemia into a bloody religious war. Nor was the spectre of 'red ruin and the breaking up of law' altogether laid by the dragonnades of Arundel, the burning of Huss or Sawtre, the exorcisms of the Dominican Inquisition at Paris, the spells of Church Councils, or the extinction of the Czech nationality. At Oxford, even then 'the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties,' 'the orthodox' party conquered, but genuine scholasticism perished in the victory. Yet the victors, after enjoying for a brief period the lethargy of a pedantic routine, were soon to be swept away by the 'New Learning,' rising in revolt against an 'effete traditionalism,' masquerading in the syllogisms of a once vigorous Rationalism.

The sister foundation of Cambridge requires but scanty notice from the University historian, since the University during the mediæval period hardly reached more than second-class rank. Father Denifle even denies it the title of *studium generale* until 1318; but such a verdict we may safely and charitably pronounce to be unnecessarily severe. If it be true that it was not until 1318 that a Papal Bull definitely conferred on the *studium* the character of *studium generale*, it is also true that previous to that date the University possessed the requisite marks of 'generality' from the thirteenth-century point of view—the presence of 'at least one of the higher Faculties,' the right to 'incept,' and the possession of explicit privileges. The Bull, in fact, simply ratified and strengthened what already existed. Cambridge patriotism, however, was not content; in its anxiety to rival the great competitor at Oxford, possibly to forestall future criticism, it boldly ascribed the

origin of the University to the laudable culture of the shadowy Prince Cantaber, the highly reputable King Arthur, and the more matter-of-fact Sigebert of Wessex. The modern investigator, less ambitious and not so fully endowed with the academic imagination, has to be satisfied with a more prosaic cause, viz. a migration from Oxford in 1209, resulting from the remarkable 'dispersion' of that year. The growth of a constitution and the acquisition of privileges, once the start had been made, proceed on lines so similar to the development at Oxford that detailed comment is unnecessary. But we are not surprised to find that the building up of an academic polity was considerably slower, since it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth century, by the famous Barnwell Process of 1432, that Cambridge established her ecclesiastical independence of the control of the episcopal authority. In the main features of its organization the Cambridge constitution is closely modelled on Oxford lines, save that in the 'Magister Glomeriar' it possessed an institution peculiar to itself. The 'Master of Glomery' was the Superintendent of the Grammar Schools appointed by the Archdeacon of Ely, and it was his duty to present for degrees in grammar in the absence of a master of that Faculty.

Medieval Cambridge was no doubt valuable as an educational centre and as a supplement to Oxford, though it is not easy to accept the dubious compliment implied in Dollinger's conclusion, that Englishmen, in restricting themselves to the luxury of only two Universities on which they could lavish all their material and intellectual wealth, gave one more proof of their genius for practicality. But in the world of culture and thought the University occupied no conspicuous place, as is shown by the fact that not even Mr. Rashdall's industry has succeeded in proving that a single great Schoolman taught there. It is strictly historical therefore to date the real importance of the University from the 'New Learning'—the days of Fisher, Erasmus, Latimer, Ascham, and Cheke. Previous to this, however, the increase in royal and ecclesiastical patronage, consequent possibly on the taint of heresy that had fallen on Oxford, points to a growing popularity and efficiency which were soon to make Cambridge a most formidable rival to the older *studium*.

The rapid rise of Colleges also in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries tells the same tale: more especially the foundation of King's College, no unworthy imitation of Wykeham's great establishment at Oxford, 'fitly symbolizes the entrance' of the University on a splendid career. We may well grant that under fairer auspices it would be impossible to start.

The Scotch Universities were even later products. St. Andrews (1411) and Glasgow (1450) alone fall within the mediæval period proper, and it is with the waning decades of mediævalism that their growth is linked; while Aberdeen (1494), strictly speaking, makes its *début* in the Renaissance. Edinburgh, of course, is not a mediæval University at all. It will therefore suffice to note that, as with Germany, the poverty and distressed politics of the country, together with the readiness of the Scot to find learning as well as fighting in other countries, must be regarded as the most likely causes for the slow growth of national *studia*. Moreover the long and intimate connexion with France and Paris made native Universities almost unnecessary. The Scotch Universities are interesting as standing at the parting of the ways. The subsequent fusion of College and University teaching, the concentration of power in the circle of the teaching Regents, introduce us to a new constitutional era; the continuance of the mediæval curriculum,—the *Trivium*, *Quadrivium*, and the Three Philosophies,—long after it had been lost in more ancient foundations, carries us back to an epoch to which the Scotch Universities only just belonged.

No sketch of the Mediæval University, however rapid, can dare to omit touching on the life of the student, but the *embarras de richesse* in material affords more suitable opportunities to the novelist, such as the encyclopedic Hugo, the bustling Dumas, or the grim realist Zola, than to the humbler chronicler of facts and functions. To conceive of Paris or Oxford in the thirteenth century, it is necessary to imagine a mass of some three thousand students, from the benefited ecclesiastic to the schoolboy just entering on his teens, confined within the limits of an ill-drained town, forming a somewhat unsavoury amalgam of the Bohemianism of Murger's Quartier Latin and the licence of a mushroom mining city, uncontrolled by any police, hampered by the unrestrained presence of the social *impedimenta* inevitable in large capitals, and fired by the fever and fret of a newly-awakened intellectual enthusiasm. With the rise of the Colleges no doubt an improvement in discipline rapidly set in, but it was not without justification that the mediæval dialectician discussed the question whether the Archdeacon, plunged into such a maelstrom, could be saved.

Yet it would be a mistake to jump to the conclusion that the life led in such surroundings was invariably that of Hobbes' primitive man,—'nasty, brutish, and short'; that the average student was a cultured tramp, who, undeterred by hardships worthy of Dotheboys Hall, combined the brains of an Abelard with

with the morals of a Villon. As to-day, every class and every type were represented: the cadet of a noble house living in his own hostel, with a numerous *familia*, the happy possessor of a benefice or two; the middle-class 'clerk' of the Chaucerian description, as well as the enthusiastic pauper endowed with a licence to beg, ready to be a servitor, to live on bread and porridge, and share his *cappa* with a chum. Every age has its own conditions of existence, but probably the modern undergraduate would not care to be 'the unattached' student even of a democratic hostel; or, if the member of a college, to be spiced upon by a *lupus* for not speaking Latin, to be forbidden all 'indecent, dishonest, or dissolute apparel,' to attend lectures (sometimes lasting three hours!) at 6 A.M. and to sit at them 'as quiet as girls,' to have no proper breakfast, to dine at 10 and sup at 5 o'clock, to be without a private fire in his room, and to sleep, if necessary, two in a bed. He would resent the interference of Proctors who could 'thrust at him' with a pole-axe, being told that 'bat and ball' was an 'insolent' pursuit, being warned against 'all profane games, immodest runnings, and horrid shoutings,' or being expected to spend his evenings reading 'poems and the wonders of the world' round the hall-fire, or, still worse, listening to 'the honest jokes' of his tutor. At the same time he would assuredly not require to be interdicted from dancing in his college chapel, or from playing dice on the altars of the cathedral church. True, he could give free vent to his spirits by bawling catches in dirty streets, or soaking and gambling in taverns; he might haunt the rendezvous of vagrant jesters and mountebanks, or bait 'brjauni' (the mediæval Verdant Greens) at a public 'deposition.' If this did not satisfy the exuberance of his spirits, he could boycott an unpopular Master, stir up a brawl with the townsmen, or a rival 'nation,' or take to poaching deer; he could even turn highwayman. At no time would it be difficult to find plenty of low society, and that without much interference on the part of the authorities. Above all, the mediæval student lived in an atmosphere of riot,—riots with monks, with townsmen, with the representatives of 'law and order.' Every one was ready to join in the fray when the bell tolled from Carfax or St. Mary's:—grave and reverend Doctors; perhaps a vicar of St. Giles's, who, presumably having had his fling, would presently deposit his cloth and pay a fine; or may be an ex-Mayor, who had wished to fight the Chancellor, and with these more distinguished persons the most awashbuckling of undergraduates.

Sweeping generalizations are unfortunately neither accurate nor useful, yet it must be admitted that it is the contradictions

to be read in the 'human document' which make the Middle Ages both so repulsive and so fragrant with a mysterious charm. It is easy, no doubt, to paint a picture of licence, brutality, recklessness of human life, an appalling looseness of morals and a bibulosity that would astonish a hardened German student; even of religious charlatanism, crude superstition, and coarse irreverence,—all unhappily fostered by the 'benefit of clerkship,' which was a curse to both clergy and laity. On the other hand, it would be equally easy to dilate on the ample evidence of self-denial, love of learning, and a capacity for heroic toil which, in spite of obstacles that would send the modern Fellow to Bedlam or the workhouse, produced the astonishing achievements of Abelard, Aquinas, Roger Bacon, or Orkham. 'Death or a system of philosophy' might almost be taken as the motto of the *esprits exquis* of the Middle Ages, whose unquenchable lust for truth has never been surpassed. Nor must we forget the unselfishness, the saintly piety, the childlike faith, and that yearning of the spirit after the things of the Spirit which still casts a halo round the lives of St. Francis or Hugh of Lincoln, and which found immortal expression in the cathedrals of Amiens or Salisbury, the art of Fra Angelico, and the verse of Dante.

It only remains to register a few general impressions on the University movement as a whole. We have seen how in a period of intellectual fermentation a scholastic organization, which was the spontaneous outcome of universal needs, was grafted on to the existing educational system, and thereby completely transformed it; how with the solidification of two parent types reproduction and modification by descent became possible; how under the pressure of supply and demand expanding theory, aided by expanding practice, perfected the idea of a *studium generale*. The great Universities did not leap forth fully armed with the conception of a *jus ubique docendi*, and the autonomous omnipotence of a democratic polity. Hence there can be no better object lesson in the biology of institutions than the growth of the mediæval *studium*; no more telling illustration of the truth that institutions cannot be explained by a single formula; no more wholesome corrective of one-eyed advocates of *laissez-faire*, municipal socialism, paternal despotism, who are anxious to compel the oracles of history to speak intelligibly. As with every organic product that takes ages to make and ages to understand, the incarnation of a mass of ever-varying ideals can only be explained in terms of those ideals; it cannot be tortured into supplying an irrelevant and futile moral. Analogies alone seem helpful. In the fact that
practice

practice preceded theory, the Mediæval University resembles the slow development of our Peerage or Cabinet; as showing how an idea can eat out for itself—*non vi sed sæpe eulendo*—a permanent niche in the social fabric, it repeats the history of the Merchant Guild, or the modern Trades-Union, while a biological metaphor drawn from the law of 'protective mimicry' alone suffices to explain satisfactorily how Paris and Bologna came to be repeated, with changes suitable to the varying environments, in half-a-dozen widely differing kingdoms. 'The great man theory' is, we are told, 'played out,' but in the history of Universities it would be idle to ignore the signal services of Founders and Benefactors, whether a continuous institution such as Papacy or Empire, or the efforts of single individuals such as Charles IV. and Alphonso the Wise, or the splendid line of cultured philanthropists to whom Oxford and Cambridge almost owe their existence. From another point of view University history provides a beautiful example of the working of what Maine felicitously called 'localisation.' The absence of corporate buildings in the early stages of University development is certainly startling. Paris, Bologna, and Oxford were great educational centres, the mothers of mighty thinkers, long before they owned those picturesque structures which we regard as the outward and visible sign of learning. The University, in short, starts as an unendowed personal organization, capable of migration at a moment's notice; and indeed it is difficult to see how Paris or Bologna could have fought their way to privileged status without this weapon to menace the trade interest of a municipality or the political ambition of a Sovereign. But, as the sequel shows, the acquisition of University buildings was as significant a revolution in University history as the transmutation of the blood-tie into the land-tie is in the case of a tribe.

It is no contradiction of these conclusions to maintain that some Universities—Paris, Bologna, Oxford—were born great, the hour and the man combining; that some—Cambridge, Montpellier, Angers, Leipsic—achieved greatness; and that some—Prague, Salamanca, Vienna—had greatness thrust upon them, a few, like Naples, proving unequal to the burden. Even after so many centuries, we cannot determine the causes of success or failure with absolute precision; and the mediæval mind which saw a miraculous element in the complex organization of the European Universities was only expressing in its own language what we are compelled to admit to-day, that in the march of thought and its influence on action there are elements which defy analysis.

As to the educational value of the Medieval University—the aspect which probably interests most the so-called ‘practical’ man—it is virtually impossible to arrive at a definite decision. For, in estimating the value of an educational system, we are confronted by the same difficulty that the historical economist has to face when he attempts to appreciate the worth of an economic fabric which has long since disappeared. Everything depends on the test which is applied. Is the criterion to be historical or absolute? Is the standard of value to be simply that of the age itself, varying with the fluctuating forces of supply and demand, of needs and the necessity of satisfying them; or is it to be a standard corrected and modified by several centuries of development? Happily Mr. Rashdall partly solves the problem, and some of his concluding remarks are so appropriate from both these points of view that we cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting them.

‘In view of current misconceptions,’ he writes, ‘as to the “religious” character of the medieval Universities, it may not be amiss to point out how little “religious education” the medieval University supplied for the future Priest. Except in so far as it taught him to construe his Breviary and qualified him to read a provincial constitution or an episcopal mandate in Latin, there was no relation between the studies of the Artist and the work of the ecclesiastical order . . . The poorer students must have usually left the University with a degree in Arts or no degree at all, and consequently without even the rudiments of a theological education . . . The “religious education” of a “bygone Oxford,” in so far as it ever had any existence, was an inheritance not from the Middle Ages but from the Reformation . . . It may be doubted whether it could be shown that anyone in medieval times was ever refused ordination, much less degraded when already ordained, for any degree of religious or theological ignorance which was not incompatible with ability to say Mass. . . . To the modern student, the defects of a medieval education lie upon the surface. . . . In the older University system of northern Europe there is the want of selection and consequent incompetency of the teachers, and the excessive youth of the students in Arts. In the higher Faculties too we have encountered the constant effort on the part of the Doctors to evade the obligation of teaching without surrendering its emoluments, while the real teaching devolved upon half-trained Bachelors . . . There is considerable reason to believe that in the Middle Ages a larger proportion than at the present day of the nominal students derived exceedingly little benefit from their University education. . . . For the fairly competent student the main defects may be summed up by saying that it was at once too dogmatic and too disputatious . . . The readiness with which the student was encouraged to dispute the thesis of a prescribed opponent, and the readiness with which he would swear

swear to teach only the system of a prescribed authority, were but opposite sides of the same fundamental defect—the same fatal indifference to facts, the facts of external nature, the facts of history, and the facts of life. Books were put in the place of things. This is a defect which was certainly not removed by the mere substitution of Classics for Philosophy. If in medieval times words were after allowed to usurp the places of things, they were not allowed to usurp the place of thought. . . . If in the Scholastic age the human mind did not advance, even Macaulay admits that it did at least mark time . . . As a practical training in readiness and facility of expression, the habit of disputation may have been quite as valuable an exercise as the practice of constraining and composition, though the dialect acquired was different enough . . . The intelligent modern artisan educated at a Board-school or the half-educated man of the world possesses at the present day a great deal more true and useful knowledge than a medieval Doctor of Divinity. But it can on no account be admitted that this puts the uneducated man of modern times on a level with the educated man of the Middle Ages. And the educated man—the man who has spent many of his maturer years in subtle and laborious intellectual work—will generally show his superiority to the uneducated man even in the most severely practical affairs of life. . . . The rapid multiplication of Universities during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was largely due to a direct demand for highly educated lawyers and administrators. In a sense the academic discipline of the Middle Ages was too practical. It trained pure intellect, encouraged habits of laborious subtlety, heroic industry, and intense application, while it left uncultivated the imagination, the taste, the sense of beauty—in a word, all the amenities and refinements of the civilized intellect. It taught men to think and to work rather than to enjoy . . . On the speculative side the Universities taught men . . . to find a pleasure in the things of the intellect, not for their own sake and for the sake of their applications to life . . . Their greatest service to mankind was simply this, that they placed the administration of human affairs—in short, the government of the world—in the hands of educated men. The actual rulers . . . had to rule through the instrumentality of a highly educated class.

These are thoughtful and wise conclusions, and they are probably as much as can be asserted with any certainty. To pursue the subject further, interesting as such a discussion would be, would inevitably lead into topics highly controversial in themselves and not really relevant to a historical sketch. And, after all, the final justification for the study of the Medieval University must be found in the aid that it supplies to the inquirer towards understanding and appreciating aright the historical phenomena and institutions of the Middle Ages. It is no exaggeration to say that it is only by sympathetically investigating the functions and theory of the Universities that

any true insight into the position of the other great elements in the fabric of mediæval society can be successfully obtained.

Take, for example, the Papacy. What a flood of light is thrown on its policy and character by its connexion with the University movement! When we see it at the outset smiling on the educational revolutionaries and dandling their organization into vigorous life by generous grants of privileges, not without considerable benefit at the same time to the 'sacred cause' of clerical immunity, posing as the patron of their learning, carefully nursing at first the important Theological Faculty as a monopoly for two or three pet daughters of the Church, gently insisting on becoming the depositary for all academic Rolls, so that appointments may be equitably 'provided,' now turning the Canonists to account and now the Mendicant orders, bestowing charters or threatening excommunications—no question, in short, being too big or too small for its august notice—then we can appreciate how for mediæval Christendom it was the Tribunal of International Law, the Final Court of Appeal, over all causes, ecclesiastical as civil, supreme. We can understand how, in its unerring sagacity for the doctrines with the greatest future, its authoritative opportunism, its hereditary capacity to lead the big battalions of thought, always old and always new, it is the *Zeitgeist* in a tiara'd cowl. So, too, if we would perceive how the bishop's crozier could lie in the wallet of a humble 'clerk,' we must turn to the University history of the Regulars and measure the significance of the Friars' orders; we must put the growth of Faculties and Colleges under the microscope.

If it is our object to trace the moulding of the Catholic faith from Anselm to Aquinas, or piece together an educational curriculum, or, may be, illustrate from the careers of Abelard, Averroism, Scotism, Huss, and Wyclif, what fierce forces of 'higher criticism' and intellectual revolt seethed continually beneath the apparently unruffled surface of mediæval orthodoxy, it is to the annals of Paris, Oxford, and Prague that we must look. The thirteenth-century University was a cosmopolitan institution. The common use of Latin, the flitting of students from one centre to another, the habit of famous teachers to give their services to more than one University, po: Paris, Oxford, Bologna, Prague, into even closer mental relationship than in these days of penny newspapers and telephones. *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve* had been the motto of a John of Salisbury, and in the thirteenth century there were many such student free lances roaming from *studium* to *studium*, seeking what they might devour. The secret of
University

University extension was certainly not unknown, but it was the extension of University to University. Presently, however, as the epochs succeed one another, we detect the steady crystallization of that set of ideas which we sum up as Nationalism. At Paris, Oxford, Prague, Salamanca, the force of the conception marches step by step with the evolution of vertebrate, centralized, self-conscious kingdoms; the political investigator can trace its development in brawls between North and South, Teuton and Czech, the hostility of a Theological Faculty to a puppet Pope,—in the rise of *vulgarisantes* trying to talk their national tongue, quite as much as in Acts of Præmunire, Concordats, or Wars of a Hundred Years.

Here we must end. It is useless to hope that Mr. Rashdall will continue his task, and give us on the same scale a history of Universities down to our own day, for such a work is beyond the power of any one man, as history is written to-day. But may we not look for a historian who, now that the story of the Oxford of the Heroic age has been chronicled, will be stimulated to describe in like fashion the Oxford of the 'New Learning,' of Laud and the Commonwealth, of Wood and Hearne, of Johnson, Gibbon, and Shelley, perhaps even the Oxford of Newman and Pusey, Pattison and Conington, Stanley and Jowett? Assuredly such a historian's task has not been made an easy one; for he will be expected to show the insight into institutional evolution and the high ideal of unflinching industry and breadth of view that are so conspicuous in Mr. Rashdall's volumes.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Vetus Testamentum Græcum cum variis lectionibus.* Edidit R. Holmes; continuavit J. Parsons. Oxford, 1798-1827.
2. *Origenis Hexaplorum quæ supersunt . . . concinnavit, emendavit, et multis partibus auxit* Fridericus Field. Oxford, 1875.
3. *Librorum Veteris Testamenti . . . pars prior.* Ed. P. A. de Lagarde. Göttingen, 1883. And many other works by the same author.
4. *De Codice Marchaliano seu Vaticano Græco 2125 Prophetarum Commentatio* Antonii Ceriani. Rome, 1890.
5. *The Old Testament in Greek, according to the Septuagint.* By H. B. Swete, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity. Cambridge, 1887-1894.

ELEVEN years ago the Revised Version of the Old Testament issued from the press, giving to the world at large the collective opinion of the best scholarship in England and America on the text and translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. These eleven years have seen a new departure in the textual criticism of the Bible. The change is one in method, not in ultimate aim. The aim of textual criticism must always be the same—the recovery, namely, of the original words of the work to which it is applied; but whereas, until recently, scholars concerned themselves mainly with the languages in which the books of the Bible were originally written, within these last days the centre of immediate interest has shifted to the versions of them in other languages. This is true alike of both Testaments. The best work that is now being done is not directed so much to the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament, or the Greek manuscripts of the New, as to the ancient translations of these into Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Armenian, or Latin. With this phenomenon may be directly connected the appearance of the Revised Version of the English Bible. The Revisers had before them the results of exhaustive studies on the manuscript evidence for both Testaments in their original languages; and the controversy that raged around the Revisers' decisions—of which the 'Quarterly Review' *pars magna* furnished proof—showed that these results were by no means conclusive nor universally accepted. It was evident that along these lines finality was not to be reached. If the best authorities could not agree as to the weight to be attached to the principal manuscripts of the Greek New Testament, or as to the trustworthiness of the Hebrew text contained in all extant Hebrew manuscripts, it was impossible to hope that unanimity would be attained by renewed examination of the already well-explored ground.

ground. Direct evidence having thus failed to convince, it was natural to fall back upon that which was indirect. Till then the Versions of both Old and New Testaments had been but incompletely studied; and it was possible that their testimony, if carefully and exhaustively examined, might be decisive with regard to the great issues that still were open.

Certain it is, in any case, that within the last ten or fifteen years there has been a remarkable outburst of activity, especially in England, in respect of the versions of both Testaments. The University Press at Oxford has in hand, at the present time, new editions of the Vulgate, the Bohairic (or Memphitic), and the Peshitto versions of the New Testament; the sister University of Cambridge is similarly occupied with the Septuagint and the Curetonian Syriac. Private scholars have been doing good work on the Armenian and Old Latin Bibles. A complete edition of the Old Latin has likewise been undertaken by a foreign Academy; and foreign scholars, as well as English, are working actively at the Sahidic version. Everywhere the versions are being made the subject of exhaustive study to an extent hitherto unknown.

It is with one of the results of this labour that we now propose to deal. In 1883 a syndicate of Cambridge scholars, acting on the suggestion of the late Dr. Scrivener, to whom the textual criticism of the Bible owes so much, put their hands to the task of setting in order the chaos which surrounded and still surrounds the text of the most important and unique of all the versions, the Greek translation of the Old Testament known as the Septuagint. Their scheme embraced the production of two editions of the Septuagint, with a common text. The text in both was to be that of the best manuscript available in each book; but whereas the *apparatus criticus* of the one was to be confined to the various readings of three or four of the oldest manuscripts, that of the other was to be on a much larger scale, and to include all the uncial manuscripts, the most important versions and patristic quotations, and, if not all the 'minuscule' evidence, at least an ample representation of it in all its classes and branches. The smaller edition was naturally the first to be taken in hand. It could be done in less time, and would serve the purposes of most scholars while the larger was being prepared; and all work done for it would be equally available for its successor. The editorship of this smaller edition was placed in the very competent hands of Dr. Swete; and the appearance of successive volumes in 1887, 1891, and 1894, with a revised edition of the first volume in 1895, enables us now to congratulate him and his assistants on the admirable

manner in which they have discharged their toilsome undertaking.

The value and the limitations of the three handy volumes thus put forth by the Cambridge Press are equally evident. It is a great thing to have the evidence of the leading manuscripts recorded with an accuracy far in advance of any previous edition of the Septuagint. The *Codex Vaticanus* is taken as the basis of the edition, its text being printed in full wherever it is preserved. Where it fails, the manuscript which, in the opinion of the editor, stands next in importance takes its place: in Genesis and the books of the Maccabees the *Codex Alexandrinus* has been employed; in the missing portion of the Psalms, the *Codex Sinaiticus*. The *apparatus criticus* contains the readings of from two to four MSS. on every passage; but since the majority of Septuagint MSS. only contain a portion of the whole, the authorities referred to differ in the several books, the total number of manuscripts employed being eighteen. The merits of this system are obvious, and the student can with perfect confidence refer to this edition for the readings of the principal MSS. of every book. It is as well, however, clearly to understand its limitations. In the first place, the selection of one MS. to furnish the text throughout involves a certain begging of the question which still has to be solved, the question as to which is the truest form of the Septuagint. The choice practically lay between the *Vaticanus* and *Alexandrinus*, since no other early MS. is even approximately complete; and although the *Vaticanus* has the advantage in age, the difference between them is so small as to furnish no real presumption in favour of its greater purity. It is probable that its text is actually the purest; but it must be remembered that the two MSS. do in fact represent different families, and that the comparative merit of the two is not yet finally determined. Secondly, it should be noticed that, with the exception of the unique MS. containing the original Septuagint version of Daniel, no cursive manuscripts are used. In the case of the New Testament this would practically be no drawback, owing to the great number and importance of the uncial MSS.; but uncial MSS. of the Septuagint are by no means so numerous, and the relative value of the cursives is much greater. In fact, it is principally from cursive copies that the well-marked families of the Septuagint text, which will be described below, are known, and without their aid little progress could be expected. Finally, no mention is made of versions in other languages (except the Syriac translation of Daniel), although some of these are of great value in recovering the original form of the text.

In pointing out these deficiencies, we have no thought of making them a ground of reproach against the editor and his advisers. They are simply the limitations inherent in the plan of the work, and will disappear when the larger Cambridge edition has reached completion. Meanwhile, our portion of the loaf is very distinctly better than no bread; and the arrangement, the short descriptions of the authorities, and the accuracy of the execution leave nothing to be desired.

The satisfaction natural at the sight of a good piece of work well done must not, however, blind us to the fact that this is only a beginning. It is now close on a hundred years since the foundations of Septuagint criticism were laid broad and deep by the great work of Bishop R. Holmes and his follower, J. Parsons, in which the evidence of no less than three hundred and twenty-five Greek manuscripts, to say nothing of versions in other languages, was marshalled and set out in the pages of five noble folio volumes. It is with some shame that we compare these great beginnings with the results of to-day. The end of the eighteenth century found the Oxford editors displaying the evidence of three hundred and twenty-five manuscripts; the end of the nineteenth finds the sister University continuing its efforts to about eighteen, while no advance has been made beyond the stage of the simple presentation of evidence. The time for estimating the value of that evidence has not yet come.

The reason for this apparent tardiness was, in part, the superior claims of the New Testament. The discovery of new manuscripts, such as the *Codex Bezae Cantabrigiae*, and the changes even in our old ones, such as the *Codex Vaticanus*, the *Codex Bezae Cantabrigiae*, and the *Codex Bezae Cantabrigiae*, have been so numerous and so important, that the attention of the scholars of the day has been almost entirely absorbed by the study of the New Testament. The result has been that the Septuagint has been almost entirely neglected. The only work of importance in the field of Septuagint studies during the greater part of the present century was the *Septuaginta* of J. J. Griesbach, which was a mere reprint of the work of Holmes and Parsons. The only work of importance in the field of Septuagint studies during the greater part of the present century was the *Septuaginta* of J. J. Griesbach, which was a mere reprint of the work of Holmes and Parsons. The only work of importance in the field of Septuagint studies during the greater part of the present century was the *Septuaginta* of J. J. Griesbach, which was a mere reprint of the work of Holmes and Parsons.

has hitherto in part delayed the progress of criticism. But a final, and perhaps the chief, reason is the great complexity of the problems relating to the Septuagint. These lie in the history and fundamental characteristics of that version, and are well known to Biblical scholars; but it is probable that the general public knows them but imperfectly, and fails to appreciate their bearing on the text of the Old Testament.

The Septuagint, indeed, holds a quite unique place among the versions of Holy Scripture. Of no other version, except the Samaritan (and that relates only to the Pentateuch), can it be said that its evidence goes back to a period many centuries earlier than that which can be reached by the help of manuscripts in the original languages. It is well known that all the extant Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament represent a single edition of the text, known as the Massoretic edition, which was redacted about the seventh century of our era. It is true that this edition was only the final fixing of a traditional text which can be traced without substantial change to the beginning of the second century; but further than that point it is impossible to go. We have no evidence to show that the Hebrew text before A.D. 100 was identical with that which our much later Hebrew manuscripts have preserved; we have some evidence that it was not so. In any case, there is a gap of many centuries between the date at which the Hebrew Scriptures were composed, and the earliest point to which we can trace back the history of the extant text. It is here that the Septuagint comes to our aid. Not only is it extant in much earlier copies—the oldest manuscripts of it were written in the fourth century, whereas the oldest Hebrew manuscript is assigned to the ninth—but its evidence, so far as we can be sure that we have it correctly, tells us what was the condition of the Hebrew text at the date at which the translation was originally made, in the third and second centuries before Christ. It will be evident, then, that the problem which the Old Testament student has to solve is twofold. First, what was the original text of the Septuagint, and, by implication, what was the Hebrew text from which it was translated? Secondly, what relation does that text bear to the Hebrew text as we have it in the current Massoretic edition? In other words, what is the *history* of the Septuagint, and what are its *characteristics*?

The history of the Septuagint is curious and remarkable. Its origin goes back into the region of fable. The famous 'Letter of Aristeas' tells how Ptolemy Philadelphus was urged by his chief librarian to secure a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures for the great Library at Alexandria; how an embassy, of which Aristeas himself

himself was one, was sent to Jerusalem to beg the high priest to send a copy of the Law, with competent scholars to translate it into Greek; how seventy-two Jewish scholars were selected in answer to this request, and bore the precious manuscript to Alexandria; how they were honourably entertained by King Ptolemy, and displayed their wisdom before him; and how they then betook themselves to their work, and produced the translation of the Law which we find in the version thereafter known as the Septuagint, or the Version of the Seventy. Subsequent ages added touches of miracle to the story, extending it to all the books of the Septuagint (some of which were not yet written at the time), saying that the seventy-two translators, working without collaboration in seventy-two separate cells, completed their work in seventy-two days; and that when their versions were compared, they were found to agree with one another in every particular. Stripping off these later additions, and discounting much of what the original writer tells us as to the honours bestowed by the king on the Jewish scholars, the broad facts of the story remain probably true. There is no reason to doubt that the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek began in the first half of the third century before Christ; that it was made in Alexandria, the chief town in Egypt alike for Greeks and for Jews; and that the Law was the first part to be translated. The other books were translated by different hands and at different times during that century and the next; and the Canon of the Septuagint was completed by the inclusion in it of the books which now form our Apocrypha, some of which were probably written in Alexandria itself, and never existed in any other language than Greek, while the rest, though originally written in Hebrew, failed finally to secure a place in the Canon of Scripture accepted by the Jews of Palestine.

Whatever the exact process may have been, in the century before Christ the Greek Old Testament was completed, and became the accepted Bible of all Greek-speaking Jews. Even in Palestine itself, the Hebrew in which the sacred books were written had become a learned language, not the common dialect of every-day life. Greek was the general language of literature in the East, as Latin subsequently became in the West. If proof were needed of this, it might be found in the fact that all the books of the New Testament (unless we adopt the tradition that the Gospel of St. Matthew was originally composed in Aramaic) were written in Greek. The Septuagint was in fact the Bible of the earliest Christians, and most of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New are taken from the Septuagint, not from the Hebrew. In their controversies with their Jewish
adversaries,

adversaries, the Christian missionaries and apologists appealed boldly to the fulfilment of prophecy; and the form in which they quoted the prophets of the Old Testament was that in which they appeared in the Greek version.

It was this fact which led to a crisis in the history of the Greek Bible. At the end of the first century of our era, the line of demarcation between Jew and Christian was complete, and the Jew would not willingly use the same form of Scripture as the Christian. It was at this time that the type of Hebrew text, which subsequently became crystallised in the Massoretic revision, first came into being. How far it differed from other forms of the Hebrew text, current then or shortly before, we cannot tell; but it is certain that it differed greatly from the current text of the Septuagint. The Jewish controversialists declared that the Christians had perverted the Septuagint; Christian writers retorted that the Jews had mangled the Hebrew. The result was that they drew apart; the Christians adhered to the Septuagint, the Jews to the Hebrew.

So far no particular harm had been done; and if we possessed the Septuagint now in the form in which it was current, say about A.D. 150, modern critical methods would probably be equal to the task of determining how far it represented a purer or a more debased form of the original Hebrew than that preserved in the Massoretic revision. But in the latter part of the second century began a period of confusion from the effects of which the Septuagint text has not yet recovered. First the Jews found that a Greek version of the Scriptures was necessary for practical purposes; and, as they distrusted the Septuagint, they had recourse to a new translation, made by one Aquila with extreme verbal fidelity from the received Hebrew text. Next, the Christians themselves became dissatisfied with the Septuagint. As their differences with the Jews became less acute, the divergencies between the Hebrew and Greek Bibles began to trouble them more; and towards the end of the second century a new translation was made by Theodotion, which, while avoiding the slavish exactness of Aquila, yet represented the Hebrew text of the second century after Christ, instead of that of the third century before Christ. Finally, an independent version was made about the same date by Symmachus, which aimed at better literary style and more idiomatic diction than any of the existing translations.

Such was the state of affairs when Origen, the greatest Bibli-scholar of the ancient Church, turned his attention to the current Greek Bible. The old antagonism between the Jewish Church and the Hebrew Bible had died away,

and it seemed natural to look for the true form of the Hebrew Scriptures in Hebrew manuscripts rather than in translations. Hence Origen, like Jerome after him, regarded the Hebrew text as the ultimate standard of accuracy. Accordingly he set himself to bring the Septuagint text into conformity with the Hebrew; and it was with this object that he undertook the colossal work known as the Hexapla. Here, ranged side by side in parallel columns, stood six, and sometimes nine, different versions of the sacred text. In the first column was the Hebrew text in Hebrew characters, a language learned by Origen late in life; in the second, the Hebrew text transliterated into Greek characters,—a somewhat superfluous labour, one would think, but no doubt intended to show the correct pronunciation of the Hebrew, at a time when vowel-points were not indicated in the Hebrew writing. The third, fourth, and sixth columns held respectively the versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, to which were added, in such passages as they were extant, the fragments of three other Greek translations discovered by Origen, whose authors were and still are unknown. But the column of most importance in subsequent history was the fifth, which contained the Septuagint text, as revised by Origen in conformity with the Hebrew standard. Passages found in the Septuagint but not in the Hebrew were not, indeed, expunged, but were indicated by an *obelus* or horizontal line; and where the Septuagint was deficient, the missing passage was supplied from one of the other versions (generally that of Theodotion), and the words so added were distinguished by an *asterisk*; a *metabelus* (a mark resembling an anchor) indicating in each case the end of the passage to which the obelus or asterisk applied.

Origen's labours left an indelible mark on the history of the Septuagint. They seemed to supply a real want: they gave the Church back its old Greek Bible, but brought into accordance with the Hebrew text which was the ultimate standard of authority. Accordingly the fourth century saw the rise of three editions of the Septuagint for general use in different parts of the Greek-speaking Church, all based more or less on the Hexapla. Eusebius and Pamphilus simply transcribed, and re-issued as an independent work, Origen's fifth column; and this edition circulated mainly in Palestine. Lucian of Antioch issued a different edition, largely influenced by Origen, but with the characteristic Antiochian tendency to reconcile variant readings by accepting both, side by side; and this became the current Bible of Antioch and Constantinople. Finally Hesychius of Alexandria did a similar work for the Church in

Egypt.

Egypt; and although the influence of Origen appears here also, yet one would expect to find in Alexandria a higher standard of textual purity than elsewhere.

Here our historical knowledge of the Septuagint ends, and at the same point we enter the region of textual testimony: for in the fourth century the evidence of actually extant manuscripts begins to be available. The manuscripts reveal, as might be expected after this history, very considerable discrepancies of text; and it will now be evident wherein the first portion, above alluded to, of the Septuagint problem consists. It is to retrace, so far as may be, the stages of development which have just been described; to recover the separate editions of Hesychius, Lucian, and Eusebius; to reconstitute the fifth column of the Hexapla, with all its asterisks and obeli; and thereby to determine what the text of the Septuagint was, before the well-meant but (for us) unlucky labours of Origen confused the record.

This is the first stage in the criticism of the Septuagint; and some progress has been made in it during the past century. Field, Lagarde, Cornill, and Ceriani have, in particular, made important contributions towards the solution of the various problems above indicated. Dr. Field, of Trinity College, Cambridge, published in 1875 his splendid collection of all extant fragments of the Hexapla, gathering evidence from all quarters with admirable zeal and learning. Lagarde, a German scholar, was enabled by English pecuniary assistance to examine a considerable number of manuscripts, and to publish half of the Septuagint according to the edition of Lucian; death unfortunately intervening to prevent the completion of his task. Cornill has contributed an able summary of the whole question, with especial reference to the text of Ezekiel. Ceriani, besides being the first to indicate the manuscripts in which the edition of Lucian might be found (a discovery also made independently by Field), has published a most important MS. of the Prophets, the Codex Marchalianus, which he believes to contain the edition of Hesychius, but with copious marginal annotations from a Hexaplar copy. In order that the work thus admirably begun may be carried forward on a sound basis, what is now required is the publication, in a trustworthy form, of additional evidence. It is here that the value of the Cambridge editions becomes evident. The larger edition, in particular, when it is completed, will give us precise and accurate collations of all the more important manuscripts, both uncial and minuscule, including some (such as the Codex Bezae Cantabrigiae) which were not known to Holmes and Parsons, and

and others which are only imperfectly represented in their edition.

When the evidence is fairly collected in a trustworthy form, there is every reason to look with confidence for further progress along these lines. The manuscripts of the Septuagint present a difficult, but probably not an insoluble, problem to the student. The first requirement is to distinguish with fuller certainty the editions of Eusebius, Lucian, and Hesychius. For the former, there is a group of manuscripts furnished with the critical signs of Origen, the obelus and asterisk; foremost among which is the venerable Codex Sarravianus of the Orateuch, whose austere severe and unadorned writing shows it to be about coeval with the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus of the fourth century. There is also an ancient copy of part of a Syriac translation, made in 617 by Bishop Paulus of Tella from the original manuscript of Origen's Hexapla, which was long preserved at Caesarea, and furnished with the asterisks and obeli. Now it is clear that if we possessed even one MS. in which Origen's critical signs were accurately indicated, we could at once recover the pre-Hexaplar text by the simple process of putting the pen through all the passages marked with an asterisk. Unfortunately symbols such as these are just the things which the scribes of manuscripts easily omit, and still more easily misplace. It is certain that no Hexaplar MS. now extant is fully and accurately provided with this critical apparatus. The Syriac version is the most trustworthy authority, but even that is imperfect; and it remains for scholars to reconstitute the pre-Hexaplar text by a careful comparison of all the available evidence.

With regard to the other editions, that of Lucian can be certainly recognised by the help of some precise quotations in the Fathers; and the identification has already been accomplished by Ceriani and Field. The group of authorities containing it includes one uncial MS. of the ninth century, with a small number of minuscules and the fragments of the Gothic version; it is from some of these that Lagarde has printed the Lucianic text for the first half of the Old Testament. The edition of Hesychius is less easy to identify, and some of the best authorities, such as Cornill and Ceriani, differ. It must, however, especially be looked for among the manuscripts which can be shown to have been written in Egypt, and the Egyptian versions should be of considerable value in the search. The Sahidic version, indeed, which was current in Upper Egypt, seems likely to prove very important for the history of the Septuagint, since there is good reason to suppose that it was originally made before the time of Origen's

Origen's labours; and although many copies of it contain a text which has evidently been revised subsequently from Hexaplar MSS., others appear to have escaped substantial corruption, and these serve as valuable evidence for the original text of the Septuagint. In one way or another it seems probable that, when the extant evidence is made available in a complete and trustworthy form, scholars will succeed in making a fairly satisfactory and convincing reconstruction of the Septuagint as it stood towards the end of the second century of our era.

That will be a great and valuable work; but it will only serve as the foundation for an inquiry of much greater difficulty and importance. The question then arises, How are the great and obvious discrepancies between this Septuagint text and the Massoretic Hebrew text to be explained, and which of the two is nearest to the *original* Hebrew text of the sacred books? The decisive answer to this question cannot be looked for until the preliminary studies of the Septuagint, which have just been described in outline, have been completed; but a provisional examination of it is already possible. If there is any one manuscript which, by itself, approximates to the pre-Origenian text of the Septuagint, it is probably the Codex Vaticanus, which is commonly indicated by the letter B. Now it so happens that the Roman edition of 1587, which is the text printed in the ordinary editions of the Septuagint, was mainly based on the Codex Vaticanus; and therefore it is possible to use this universally accessible text as a fairly satisfactory basis of comparison between the Septuagint and the Hebrew. Still more is this possible by the use of the smaller Cambridge edition, which Dr. Swete has just presented to the world; for here the text of B (wherever it is available) is reproduced far more accurately than in the Roman edition, while the readings of its principal rival, the Codex Alexandrinus, are also recorded in detail. It is, therefore, already possible for scholars to face the problem which makes the Septuagint version of such interest to Bible students, the problem of its relation to the current Hebrew text, which we have received from the Massoretes.

The question has, indeed, been recently brought into special prominence by the answer which has been given to it by a distinguished man of letters and of science. In some letters contributed at intervals to a literary periodical, Sir Henry Howarth has laid down, with characteristic positiveness and energy, the somewhat startling propositions that the current Hebrew text of the Old Testament was extensively and deliberately falsified by Jewish scholars about the end of the first century, and that the Septuagint, which was the Bible of the
early

early Christians, should be taken as the basis of the English Old Testament to-day. It is notorious that this is not, and hitherto never has been, for seventeen centuries, the accepted view of the Christian Church. From the days of Origen and Jerome to those of King James's translators, the '*Hebræica veritas*' has been the universal standard of appeal; and the Revisers of our own generation deliberately decided that it was 'most prudent to adopt the Massoretic text as the basis of their work, and to depart from it, as the Authorised Translators had done, only in exceptional cases.' It may seem a hard saying, and certainly is a startling one, that this hitherto accepted standard must be given up, and the Septuagint text, with all its variations, must be adopted in its stead.

It is useless to deny that the discrepancies between the Septuagint and the Hebrew are, on the surface, very considerable, and that many of them go much deeper than the surface. A few instances will suffice to establish this point. In the Pentateuch, which was no doubt the most venerated and most carefully preserved portion of the Old Testament, the divergence is not very great, and does not extend beyond details, in some of which the Septuagint has the support, which can hardly be otherwise than quite independent, of the Samaritan version. In the historical books, however, a much greater amount of variation is seen. For instance, compare the two versions of the death of Ishbosheth (2 Sam. iv. 5-7).

HEBREW TEXT.

'And the sons of Rimmon the Beerothite, Rechab and Baanah, went, and came about the heat of the day to the house of Ishbosheth, as he took his rest at noon. And they came thither into the midst of the house, as though they would have fetched wheat; and they smote him in the belly; and Rechab and Baanah his brother escaped. Now when they came into the house, as he lay on his bed in his bedchamber, they smote him, and slew him, and beheaded him, and took his head, and went by the way of the Arabah all night.'

SEPTUAGINT.

'And the sons of Remmon the Beerothite, Rechab and Baanah, went, and came in the heat of the day into the house of Ishbosheth; and he was taking his rest at noon. And, behold, the woman that kept the door of the house was winnowing wheat, and she slumbered and slept; and the brethren, Rechab and Baanah, went privily into the house. And Ishbosheth was sleeping upon his bed in his bedchamber; and they smite him and slay him, and behead him; and they took his head and went by the way towards the west all night.'

The divergence is remarkable, and it must be admitted that the Septuagint gives the more coherent and straightforward

story. The same may be seen on a larger scale in the narrative of David and Goliath, in 1 Sam. xvii. The difficulty attaching to the story as it stands in the Hebrew and in our English Bible is well known. In the preceding chapter an account has been given of the engagement of David as Saul's armour-bearer; but here we find a totally different account of David's coming to the army, and after he has slain the Philistine Saul inquires who he is (vv. 55-58), and he is then for the first time enrolled in the court of Saul (xviii. 1-3). It is evident that two different versions of David's acquaintance with Saul have been amalgamated; and this view is confirmed by the Septuagint. Let the reader take his Bible, and strike out verses 12-31, 41, 50, 55-58 of ch. xvii., and verses 1-3 of ch. xviii., and he will then have the narrative as it stands in the Septuagint, a narrative which is at least simple and coherent. The whole story of David's marriage to Merab is also absent from the Septuagint (xviii. 17-19, parts of 21, 26, 29, and 30). Again, the received text of 1 Kings vi., vii. (the building of the Temple), is in extreme disorder; and here the other versions sometimes confirm the Septuagint in its more consistent and intelligible narrative.

Pass from the historical to the poetical books, and the divergencies are even more noticeable. The extract from the Book of Job (ch. xxiv.) given on the next page is only a fair example of the variations from the Hebrew which occur throughout the Septuagint version of this book.

It is not too much to say that, if the Book of Job were translated directly from the Septuagint, the greater part of it would be unrecognisable by the reader who knew it in either our Authorised or our Revised Version. Moreover, in the case of this book, there is reason to believe that the texts to be found in our manuscripts of the Septuagint do not represent the whole of its original divergence from the Hebrew; for in the Sahidic, or Upper Egyptian, version, which was unquestionably translated from the Greek (not later than the third century), large passages, amounting in all to about a sixth of the book, are wanting, and these in many cases are passages which the Hexaplar MSS. show to be added by Origen.

One more example may be given; this time from the Prophets. The Septuagint version of the Book of Jeremiah is remarkable for a large dislocation in the order of the prophecies. The prophecies on foreign nations (chapters xvi.-li. in our numeration) are inserted after ch. xxv. 13 (xxv. 14 being omitted altogether), and the order of these prophecies themselves is totally different. Many verses in other parts of the book are omitted altogether, such as the greater part of xxvii. 19-22,

Illnesses (in R. V.).

Why, are times not laid up by the Almighty?
 And why do not they which know him see his days?
 There are that remove the landmarks,
 They violently take away flocks and feed them
 They drive away the ass of the fatherless,
 They take the widow's ox for a pledge,
 They turn the needy out of the way:
 'Tis poor of the earth hide themselves together.
 Behold, as wild asses in the desert
 They go forth to their work, seeking diligently for meat:
 The wilderness yieldeth them food for their children,
 They eat of their provender in the field.
 And they glean the vintage of the wicked.

They lie all night naked without clothing,
And have no covering in the cold.
They are wet with the showers of the mountain,
And embrace the rock for want of a shelter.
Where can they pluck the fawn from the breast,
And take a pledge of the poor
So that they go about naked without clothing,
And being un-buried they carry the plague;
They make od within the walls of these men,
They tread their vineyards, and suffer thirst,
From out of the populous city men go out,
And the seal of the wounded earth cut.

(ver. 18) —
 Their position is curious in the earth;
 The turn of the way of the vineyards
 Brought them here, but enshrouding the snow waters,
 They seek. What then, what have opened
 The womb shall forget him; the womb of all free
 The child he no more remembered.

SECRET (Cod. Int.)

Why do I *run* to escape the Lord,
And the wicked overleap the landmark,
Violently taking away the flock with the shepherd ?
They drive away the *ass* of the fatherless,
They take the widow's *ox* for a pledge,
They turn the helpless out of the right way ;
The poor of the earth hide themselves together,
They go forth as *ass*s in the field
For my sake they *go* out their own way ;
Bread is made sweet to him for his children
They reap a field which is not theirs before the season,
The helpless labour in the vineyards of the wicked without hire
and without food.

They came many to lie naked without clothing,
And the y take away the covering of their life
They are woe with the doors of the mountains,
They submerge the rock for want of a shelter.
They pluck the fatherless from the breast,
They humble him that is fallen
They come, then unrighteously to lie naked,
And take away the bread of the hungry.
They lie in wait unrighteously in narrow places,
And the way of the just they know not
They are cast out of the city and their private houses,
And the soul of the righteous crieth out.

He is swift upon the face of the waters ;
Let their portion be cursed in the earth.
Let their fruits appear upon the earth withered.
Let thy go to the chest of the fatherless.
Thee a lawless to murder's bed
As a man of the world's shame and
A man of the world's shame and

xxix. 16-20, xxxiii. 14-26, xxxix. 4-13, with many shorter passages in other places. The book, in short, assumes, in the hands of the Greek translator, a very different form from that to which we are accustomed.

Now in the examples given above we have purposely emphasised the divergencies between the Greek and Hebrew texts, without stopping to consider whether they can be explained or minimised in any way. What we are concerned at present to show is the striking superficial differences between the two versions; and to the examples that have been given, many more might be added, did space permit. The dissimilarity is further intensified when we take into consideration the difference between the contents of the Greek and Hebrew Bibles. The Septuagint includes, on the same basis as the accepted books, and intermingled with them, all the books which are relegated to our Apocrypha. The Book of Jeremiah is immediately followed by Baruch; the Additions to Daniel and Esther are incorporated in those books; the first Book of Esdras precedes our Ezra and Nehemiah; the Wisdoms of Solomon and of Sirach stand with the other 'Sapiential' books; Judith and Tobit are ranged side by side with Esther. There is nothing to distinguish the 'apocryphal' from the 'canonical' books. All are regarded as canonical alike. May it not well be said that the Septuagint is a very different Bible from the Hebrew text, and that it is important to us to know which of the two represents most faithfully the text of the several books as they were originally written, and the contents of the Old Testament known to our Lord in the days of His life upon earth?

Now in favour of the Septuagint it may be urged that we possess it in manuscripts of a much greater age than any extant copy of the Hebrew. Three manuscripts of the former—the Vaticanus, the Sinaiticus, the Sarravianus—are assigned to the fourth century of our era; the most complete of all, the Alexandrinus, is not later than the fifth. On the other hand, the earliest Hebrew MS. to which a trustworthy date is affixed is the St. Petersburg copy of the Prophets, written A.D. 916; while one other volume, a MS. of the Pentateuch in the British Museum, is assigned, more or less doubtfully, to the preceding century. The Septuagint is consequently preserved to us in copies at least five hundred years earlier than the oldest manuscripts of the Hebrew; and in five hundred years much corruption may creep in. Here, then, is a presumption in favour of the superiority of the Greek Old Testament.

Against this argument, however, may be set one based upon
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the different degrees of accuracy with which the two texts have respectively been preserved. The Hebrew MSS. may not be earlier than the ninth or tenth century, but the copious quotations from the Old Testament in the Talmud, the evidence of the Vulgate (translated from the Hebrew about A.D. 400), and the Greek versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion (so far as they are known to us), testify to the text having come down without substantial corruption from a much earlier period. The Targums, or paraphrases of the old Hebrew into the Aramaic dialect of every-day life, show a text, dating from about the beginning of the Christian era, which differs but slightly from the Massoretic. In later times we know that scrupulous care was taken to ensure the minutest accuracy in the transcription of the sacred books; and this evidence tends to show that the same care was exercised at least from about the period of the fall of Jerusalem, and possibly much earlier. On the other hand, the MSS. of the Septuagint exhibit differences among themselves of the most marked kind. The Codex Vaticanus evidently represents a distinct type of text from the Alexandrinus; the Codex Sarravianus, which is a Hexaplar MS., differs from both. Some copies belong to definitely-marked editions of the Septuagint, as described above; others, and the greater number, cannot be classified on any such principle, but exhibit every degree of individual variation. It would appear as if the Greek-speaking Jews had been less careful to maintain an unvarying standard of accuracy in their transcriptions of the Scriptures, and that consequently the presumption, in any case of divergence, is in favour of the Hebrew.

This consideration is strengthened by an examination of the Canon of the Septuagint and the style of the translations of the several books. Sir H. Howorth would have us believe that the Canon of the Septuagint is that which really represents the accepted Hebrew Bible before the fall of Jerusalem; but his assertion has yet to be made good. Neither in the New Testament nor in Josephus do we find the apocryphal books cited on the same footing as the canonical. It is, no doubt, difficult to draw the line between Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs on the one hand, and Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom on the other; but these are the points of nearest contact between the two groups of books, and few will deny that the standard of the canonical books—and therewith the significance of the doctrine of Inspiration—would be lowered by the inclusion of Tobit and Judith, or the incorporation with Daniel of the stories of Susanna and Bel and the Dragon. Sir H. Howorth prefers the narrative of *1 Esdras* to that of the Hebrew *Ezra*; but it is a bold thing to

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affirm that the episode of the three youths who contended before Darius for the palm of wisdom (1 Esdr. iii. iv.) is a part of the book as originally written. In short, most of the contents of the Apocrypha have the appearance of being late compilations, in which historical truth was subordinated to ethical and literary considerations, and fall far short of the standard which we find in the books universally accepted.

Now if the Alexandrian Jews, among whom the Septuagint originated, were indifferent as to the Canon of their Bible, and readily accepted additional books and interpolated passages, it will not be altogether surprising if they were also lax in the matter of the text. An examination of it in detail goes far to show that this was actually the case. The Pentateuch is, no doubt, fairly well and accurately translated, but many of the later books are full of errors, proceeding sometimes from actual mistranslation, and sometimes from a tendency to paraphrase. The Book of Isaiah, in particular, is so ignorantly translated as to be almost unintelligible; and a large part of the variations in Job, of which a specimen has been given above, must be set down to the translator, and not to differences in the text. The version of Daniel was found so unsatisfactory, even in earlier times, that it was superseded by that of Theodotion, and has only survived in a single Greek manuscript and the Hexaplar Syriac translation. Hence, in comparing the Septuagint with the Hebrew, it is very necessary to consider whether any given variation in the former may not be either a mistranslation or a loose paraphrase of the received Hebrew text, instead of indicating a different original.

There are, therefore, several weighty considerations which tell in favour of the Hebrew text as against the Greek, and which should, at least, prevent a hasty decision to the advantage of the latter. They are not, however, to be taken as decisive of the whole matter. There are other arguments which tend to show that, in some passages at least, the Septuagint has preserved a truer text than the Hebrew. In the first place, there is the *a priori* probability that the Hebrew text should have suffered some corruption in the long interval between the original composition of the several books and the earliest date at which we have evidence of the existence of our present text, especially when it is considered that, during that interval, the character of Hebrew writing had completely changed; and it is extremely improbable that the Septuagint, which branches off at a point in the middle of this interval, should never have preserved the right reading where the Hebrew has lost it. It is also certain that the Targums, the earliest parts of which date back to the beginning

beginning of the Christian era, testify to a text which, though resembling the Massoretic, is not identical with it. Further, there are several passages in which the Hebrew text simply makes no sense, and where, if the versions did not help us, it would be necessary to resort to conjecture. Additional evidence to the same effect is furnished by the Samaritan Pentateuch. The Samaritan community, having finally broken with the Jews of Jerusalem, and having set up a worship of their own on Mount Gerizim, in the days of Nehemiah, carried with them the Pentateuch; and it is practically certain that no alteration subsequently introduced into the Hebrew text would consciously be adopted by their rivals. Here, therefore, is a perfectly independent witness of very early date; and as there is no authority for supposing any connexion or reciprocal influence between it and the Septuagint, any reading in which these two agree, as against the Hebrew, has a strong claim to be considered original. Unfortunately the Samaritan Bible consisted of the Pentateuch alone, and in these books the variation between the Hebrew and the Septuagint is at its least. Most of the divergencies between the Hebrew and the Samaritan, too, are of slight consequence, often implying no real difference of text; so that the number of test passages is very small. There are, however, several of these in which the Septuagint and Samaritan combine against the Hebrew; and in such passages it is difficult not to believe that they are right.

There is, therefore, both *a priori* probability and actual evidence that in some passages where the Massoretic text is wrong, the Septuagint text is right. In the large majority of instances, however, direct evidence of this kind cannot be adduced. What is to be done in these cases? Can either text be said to have so far made good its superiority over the other, as to be implicitly obeyed in all doubtful passages? The older scholars and translators, from Jerome downwards, for the most part said, 'Yes. The Septuagint is full of inaccuracies, and is, moreover, only a translation. The Hebrew is the original language, and has been scrupulously preserved. The Hebrew text is the one standard to be adopted throughout, except in cases of the most obvious necessity.' Sir H. Howorth, and those who think with him, would likewise answer, 'Yes,' but in an opposite sense. They say, 'Yes. The Hebrew text is the production of a group of Jewish scholars, fired with intense animosity against Christianity, and willing to pervert their Scriptures rather than admit that the form in which the Christians quoted them was the true one. The Septuagint, on the other hand, comes down from a much earlier date, and has
preserved

preserved a purer tradition of the text. When, therefore, the Greek plainly indicates a reading different from that of the Hebrew, it is the Greek that, as a rule, is to be accepted as genuine.'

It would, no doubt, lead to a more sensational conclusion if we were to adopt the latter view, and to declare that the Old Testament used by the Christian Church for the last sixteen hundred years has been an Old Testament garbled and corrupted by the enemies of Christianity. Such a conclusion cannot, however, be adopted without very much stronger cause than has yet been shown for it. The charge of deliberate falsification, in particular, breaks down completely; or, to speak more precisely, it has never fairly stood up. If the Jewish synod at Jamnia (to which Sir H. Howorth attributes this work of fraud) aimed at cutting the ground from under the feet of the Christians by removing the Old Testament testimony to Christ, they did their work with singular inefficiency. According to him, they omitted a verse in Joshua (after ch. xv. 59), because it contained a mention of 'Ephratalah, which is Bethlehem'; but they left untouched the prophecy of Emmanuel, and the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and Micah's prophecy concerning Bethlehem, and Zechariah's concerning the coming of the King, and all the other passages on which the Christians relied to show that in Jesus were fulfilled the prophecies of the Messiah. The more important variations between the Septuagint and the Hebrew touch upon no point of controversy. It would not help the Jewish doctors in their arguments to omit the inconsistent parts of the narrative of David and Goliath, or to invert the order of the prophecies of Jeremiah; and there is nothing that would tell against the Christians in the additional passages which are found in Job. Nor does this theory explain the narrower limits of the Hebrew canon. It is true that part of Wisdom might be interpreted as Messianic; but the Christian Church gave a like interpretation of the Song of Solomon, the inclusion of which in the Canon is put forth as the great achievement of the synod of Jamnia. Ecclesiasticus and Tobit were of no controversial importance; and the Jews, rather than the Christians, might be expected to magnify the claims of Judith and the history of the Maccabees. In short, the charge of fraud against the compilers of the Hebrew text and canon rests upon the flimsiest foundations, and only weakens a position which, by itself, is far more tenable.

For if the question of fraud be set aside, and the matter discussed in a temperate spirit and with the proper provisos, there is, in fact, a good case to be made out for giving greater weight

weight to the readings of the Septuagint than has hitherto been admitted. Deducting the many cases in which the variation between the Greek and the Hebrew is apparent and not real, there remains a considerable residuum in which the Septuagint is plainly based upon a text different from that which is preserved in the Massoretic revision; and in many of these passages the Septuagint reading is *prima facie* preferable. Most modern scholars, though by no means all, regard the Septuagint version of Jeremiah as superior to the Hebrew, and this is perhaps the most prominent example; but it is rather in respect of single verses or passages through the whole Testament that the value of the Greek tradition is best seen. For these it is necessary to look in the commentaries on the several books, such as Professor Driver's work on Samuel, or Prof. Cornill's on Ezekiel, or in the more popular editions which summarise the conclusions of the leading scholars. It is a question, in each case, of detail, and can be settled by no sweeping measures or wide assumption of the universal superiority of one or the other text. Many possibilities must be taken into consideration. The Greek translator may be loosely paraphrasing the existing Hebrew text; or he may have supplied a different set of vowel-points to the consonants, which were, of course, alone transcribed in the MSS. of his day; or he may be removing a difficulty in the Hebrew by the use of conjecture; or he may really have had a different text before him. Each of these possibilities has to be taken into account; and this must be the work of trained scholars. The work is now going forward, and many scholars in many lands are engaged in promoting it in the only way in which it can at present be promoted, by minute study of the individual books. For the results, whatever may be our private expectations, we must possess our souls in patience. When many of the preliminary studies have been completed, and when the textual evidence has been ascertained and marshalled in a satisfactory form, then it will be time for the appearance of the great synthetic scholar, who will summarise the results, and formularise them into accepted principles. But for such conclusions the time is not yet.

One conclusion, however, and that of a reassuring nature, may be indicated in advance. Whatever may be ascertained as to the comparative originality of the Canon and text of the Septuagint and the Massoretic Hebrew respectively, there can be no ground for demanding extensive changes in the accepted Old Testament. Let it be supposed, for instance, that scholars agree that the shortened version of Job is the original one, and that the Septuagint is right in omitting several large sections

in the books of Kings and Jeremiah. It will still remain true that it was the books in their fuller form that were accepted by the early Fathers and Councils of the Church, and that, if any weight is to be attached to the doctrine of Inspiration, it is the form in which these books have always been known to us that is sanctioned by that doctrine. The Church is no more committed to the opinion that the Book of Job was all written at one time, and precisely in the form in which we now have it, than it is to the belief that the Book of Genesis is a single uncompounded narrative. It is not deeply concerned to inquire by what processes either the one or the other book attained its present shape. It is enough for it to know that, under the providence of God, these books were written, whether by one writer or by more, in the form in which we know them, and that the Church was inspired to accept these books in that form, and to reject certain other books. It will not be called on now to portion out the Pentateuch among the Jahvist and the Elohist and the author of the Priestly Code, nor to reject certain passages of Job and Jeremiah if it should appear that they were added to these books subsequently to the third century before Christ. Whatever their origins and history, they are now integral wholes, part of the literature of Christianity, and guaranteed by the seal of the Church.

This doctrine, be it observed, in no way fetters the freedom of critical inquiry, or precludes Churchmen from accepting its results. Though the Bible, as we have it, is a whole which cannot be taken away, it is a matter of considerable interest to know its history and the method of its formation. The composition of the Pentateuch, the divided authorship of the prophecies of Isaiah, the dates of the Psalms, the original form of the Book of Job, are matters that fall legitimately within the sphere of criticism. We may agree or disagree with the conclusions now put forward by the adherents of the most advanced school, we may resent the dogmatism of the critics as much as they resent the dogmatism of the orthodox, but we have no right to withdraw the subject from their consideration, nor need it be supposed that the truth of religion will be imperilled by the victory of either party. From the merely literary point of view a parallel may be found in the controversy which rages round the Homeric poems. For a century scholars have sliced and carved at the *Iliad*; they have parcelled it out into lays, with a singular want of unanimity as to the precise places where these lays begin and end; they have hunted out inconsistencies, they have discovered countless interpolations, they

have reduced to a minimum the 'original' form of the poem; they have assigned to it dates that range over several centuries of time; and meanwhile every one—scholar and literary student and general reader alike—has continued to read the old undivided Iliad, and to revel in its magnificence, undisturbed by the discoveries of critics or the accounts which they give of its composition. With all its defects, it is the Iliad that appeals to them, not the 'Wrath,' nor the 'Achilleid,' nor the assortment of separate lays; and it is the Iliad as a whole which was the Bible of the Greek race, and has taken its place at the head of the literature of the world. So it is with Bible criticism. Whatever discoveries have been made, or may in the future be made, with regard to its literary history or to the dates at which the several books were composed, they can never disturb the fact that this is the Bible which has been delivered to the Christian Church, and on which the Christian Church has been nourished throughout its history.

It is therefore with a perfect confidence as to the ultimate effect of critical investigation that we welcome all studies which tend to make more perfect and more certain the ancient history of the Bible. But while we hold that the results of these investigations can never seriously affect the general content and arrangement of our Bible, it is quite otherwise with the minor questions of text and interpretation. No one, save a believer in the verbal inspiration of the *Textus Receptus*, will maintain that the extant text of either Testament is perfect, and neither the undivided Church nor the Church of England has ever placed any restriction on the zeal of scholars for their improvement. In this direction, in spite of the labours of the Revisers, there is still much to be done, especially in respect of the Old Testament. The textual criticism of the New Testament, it would almost seem, has reached an *impasse*, from which nothing can rescue it except the discovery of additional evidence. But Old Testament criticism is not so far advanced, and many problems, which ought ultimately to admit of solution to the satisfaction of all, stand over for further examination. To most of these problems, as we have tried to indicate, the Septuagint holds the key. Hence it is with the utmost satisfaction that we observe each step that is made along this road; and if the advance be slow, we may now, at any rate, hope that it is sure.

A less creditable, but certainly a natural, satisfaction may also be felt at the share taken in this work by English scholars. In the higher criticism German scholars, by reason of their greater independence and initiative (sometimes degenerating into ex-

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travagance), have generally led the way, and it has been the function of English critics to test, to moderate, or to strengthen theories which they did not originate; but in textual criticism our countrymen have more than held their own since the earliest beginnings of the science. Walton, Ussher, Kennicott, Mill, Bentley, Walker, Holmes and Parsons, Cureton, and Tregelles are worthy ancestors of Westcott and Hort, Field, Scrivener, Burgon, Wordsworth and White, Swete, and the multitude of younger scholars whose work is as yet unpublished, or known only in fragments. In no field of knowledge do our scholars hold their own so decisively as in that of Biblical criticism, where willingness to work and enthusiasm for progress have been happily united to sobriety of judgment. In no field is better work of the same kind being done to-day by the generation which has yet to make its mark. The special home of these studies is, rightly enough, the two ancient Universities, and neither has any cause to boast itself over the other in respect of its achievements. It will be a noble monument to the schools of Theology in either University, when, in addition to other important work in Coptic, Syriac, Latin, and Armenian, the early years of the twentieth century are marked by the completion of the two great critical editions, now in progress, of the two great Bibles of the East and of the West, the Cambridge Septuagint and the Oxford Vulgate.

- ART. IX.—1. *On a new Kind of Rays.* By Dr. W. C. Röntgen.
Translated by Arthur Stanton. ('Nature,' Jan. 23, 1896.)
2. *Röntgen's Photography of the Invisible.* By A. A. Campbell Swinton. (A Paper read before the Society of Arts, March 4, 1896.)
3. *On the Discharge of Electricity produced by the Röntgen Rays.* By Professor J. J. Thomson, F.R.S. (A Paper read before the Royal Society, Feb. 13, 1896.)
4. *On the Generation of Longitudinal Waves in Ether.* By Lord Kelvin, F.R.S. (A Paper presented to the Royal Society, Feb. 10, 1896.)

EARLY in the present year, paragraphs began to appear in the daily papers descriptive of an extraordinary invention, by which the skeletons of living animals could be photographed through the surrounding tissues. But the thing seemed absurd on the face of it; the 'common sense of most refused to be hoodwinked by sensation-mongering journalists, and for a few days the public mind remained tranquil on the subject. For a few days only. The preliminary intimations were quickly followed up by confirmatory and authoritative statements; actual 'shadowgrams,' realizing all that had been reported of them, passed into circulation; and civilized man found himself the astonished owner of a new and mysterious power.

Never has a scientific discovery so completely and irresistibly taken the world by storm. Its results were of a kind sure to acquire prompt notoriety. The performances of 'Röntgen rays' are obvious to the 'man in the street'; they are repeated in every lecture-room; they are caricatured in comic prints, hits are manufactured out of them at the theatres; nay, they are personally interesting to every one afflicted with a gouty finger or a misshapen joint, and were turned to account, at the last Nottingham Assizes, to secure damages for an injury to a lady's ankle.

Who could have anticipated such developments from the beautiful experiments upon the passage of electricity through rarefied gases first shown by Faraday in 1838? Their high speculative interest caused them to be repeated with endless variations and some striking results; and Lord Kelvin's Anniversary Address to the Royal Society in 1893 contained the following emphatic sentence: 'If a first step is to be made towards understanding the relations between ether and ponderable matter, it seems to me that the most hopeful foundation for it is knowledge derived from experiment on electricity in high vacuum.' But the material welfare of mankind seemed so

more concerned with such investigations than with controversies about the nebular spectrum. To all reasonable appearance they belonged exclusively to the order of thought; no 'works,' such as Bacon, in lofty phrase, invoked to be the 'sponsors and sureties of philosophic truth,' were brought forward to go bail for any theory connected with them. *Althora peto* is, however, no barren maxim; and here, as often elsewhere, practical purposes were unexpectedly subserved by abstract enquiry.

What may be termed the modern epoch in this branch opened with Mr. Crookes's Bakerian Lecture before the Royal Society in 1878. It is true that on many points he had been anticipated by Hittorf, Plücker, Varley, and others; but he added largely to the store of known facts, and, by his brilliant interpretations of them, 'vitalised' the whole subject.* The condition precedent to this result was, however, his success in producing high vacua.

Let us explain. Air at ordinary pressure is a non-conductor of electricity. It can be traversed only 'disruptively.' The current leaps an air-gap by a sort of spasmodic effort, with evolution of light and heat. In other words, a spark, or miniature flash of lightning, passes, and equilibrium is momentarily restored. The greater the tension of the electricity, the wider the gap that it is capable of crossing; still, even with the most powerful appliances, a sparking-distance of twelve inches can scarcely be exceeded. Attenuated gases, on the other hand, are good conductors; and they improve as the pump continues to work. Yet only up to a certain point. An electrical discharge cannot traverse closed vessels apart from the aid of some appreciable material remnant.

This material remnant has been fined off by Mr. Crookes to an amazing thinness. He has attained the unprecedented exhaustion of one-twenty-millionth, signifying that the air within his tubes possesses no more than one-twenty-millionth of its exterior density. He was thus enabled to study electrical luminescence more thoroughly than any of his predecessors. The necessary apparatus is quite simple. A pair of metallic terminals are sealed into a partially exhausted glass tube, and are then connected with an induction-coil giving a current of high-tension electricity. Instantly, on the completion of the circuit, a bluish glow is perceived to surround the negative pole, or 'cathode,' while a column of rosy light, often exquisitely striated, proceeding from the positive pole (the 'anode'),

* Cf. Dr. O. Lodge, 'Electrician,' Jan. 31, 1896.

fills most of the tube. A dark intervening space, however, always remains. As rarefaction proceeds, the column shrinks, and the glow spreads; until, at last, both become nearly extinct. The electrical circulation does not therefore cease; but a wonderful change occurs in the manner of its maintenance. Instead of being conducted, the discharge seems to be actually carried by streams of what Mr. Crookes termed 'radiant matter.' These invisible emissions are highly susceptible to magnetic influence; they can be intercepted by metallic or other screens, and they are capable—according to some authorities—of doing real mechanical work by turning the vanes of the radiometer, a sort of tiny windmill sometimes inserted into the exhausted tube. Repelled from the negative pole at an estimated average velocity of a couple of kilometres per second, these negatively electrified molecular torrents form the well-known 'cathode-rays,' not the least remarkable property of which is their power of exciting fluorescence* in the substances struck by them. Under their 'bombardment' the walls of their glass-prison become resplendent with greenish light; a tube placed in their path blazes up in crimson radiance; sulphide of calcium glows violet blue; and other bodies become vividly and variously luminous.

We have called the vacuum-tube their 'prison'; but their incarceration is no longer so strict as it used to be. The late Heinrich Hertz of Bonn—immortalised by his discovery of electric waves—ascertained the permeability by them of thin metallic films;† and his pupil, Dr. Philipp Lenard, procured their escape through an aluminium window for the purpose of testing their qualities in the open.‡ These proved to be somewhat surprising. Gases of whatever description acted upon them as turbid media, stopping them by vague diffusion, as milky water stops light. Under magnetic influence, they formed, as it were, a spectrum, in consequence of the unequal deflection of individual rays. Cathodic beams are then of heterogeneous composition, like pencils of white light. Slight photographic effects were derived from them; they were found to possess the faculties of dispersing negative electric charges, and of penetrating, to some slight extent, opaque solids. The questions, however, raised by these experiments were of too abstruse a nature for easy popular apprehension. There was nothing to show in connexion with them, and very much to

* Fluorescence is an evanescent kind of phosphorescence. It vanishes with the removal of the exciting cause, while phosphorescence is more or less lasting.

† Wiedemann's *Annalen der Physik*, Bd. xlv. p. 28, 1892.

‡ *Ibid*, Bd. li. p. 225; *Ibid*, li. p. 23, 1894.

learn; so that discussions regarding them were limited to experts. But public indifference was changed into a flare of excitement by the news of some extraordinary observations made at a Bavarian University.

Wilhelm Conrad Röntgen is by origin Dutch, by education Swiss, by long residence German. He has had a strictly professorial career. The vicissitudes of his life have consisted in the frequent exchange of one lectureship for another. From the University of Zürich he followed Kundt, whose favourite student he was, to the University of Strassburg; thence he removed to Würtemberg, returned in 1876 to Strassburg, proceeded later to Giessen, and accepted in 1888 the Chair of Physics, which he now occupies, at Würzburg. Still in the prime of life (he was born in 1845), he has enjoyed, for a quarter of a century, a high scientific reputation, although of the purely technical kind that seemed little likely to bloom out into world-wide fame. His mind had, however, been trained by intent study of the recondite forces of nature to neglect no hint as to their workings; and he was accordingly prepared to grasp the unlooked-for opportunity which came in his way last autumn.

He was experimenting with a Crookes's tube made luminous by electricity, but closely enveloped in black paper. The room too was darkened, and absolutely nothing could be seen, until a sheet of paper coated with platino-cyanide of barium—a highly fluorescent substance—was brought near the tube. A curious effect then became apparent. Instantaneously, as if smitten with a ray of bright sunshine, the paper lit up; and its adventitious lustre persisted at a distance of two metres from the shielded source of energy. This was the first manifestation of the 'X-rays,' as their discoverer not unfitly designated them. They form indeed one of the unknown quantities in a particularly complex set of equations.

The Professor eagerly responded to the stimulus thus given to his activities; and every trial of the agency placed, as it were, gratuitously at his disposal, led to a fresh surprise. The new rays proved to be of extraordinarily penetrative quality. With varying degrees of facility, they traversed matter of all kinds and in every state. Wooden planks offered no obstacle to their passage; glass impeded, yet did not stop them; while such heavy metals as platinum, mercury, and lead were transparent only when reduced to the thinnest possible films. Opacity seemed to augment, with one marked exception in the case of Iceland spar, in the simple order of density. Strong photographic powers soon disclosed themselves, and their exercise

exercise was attended by most peculiar effects. Keeping his hand for some minutes between the exhausted bulb and a sensitive plate enclosed in a wooden box, and developing as usual, Professor Röntgen was confronted with a perfect representation of four skeleton fingers! The skin, veins, and muscles were so transparent as to have hardly left a trace, while the relatively opaque bones stood out alone, denuded of their customary 'paste and cover.' Hamlet's aspiration was realized. The 'too too solid flesh' had virtually 'resolved itself into a dew' at the magic touch of the Röntgen rays.

For the art thus remarkably initiated, the word 'photography' is plainly a misnomer. Mr. Justice Wills proposes to substitute for it 'scotography'; the term 'radiography' appears to us in many ways preferable; and we trust, at any rate, that the cacophonous 'rontography' will be permitted to die without benefit of clergy. The methods of the old and the new photography are essentially different. In the former, an optical image of some object is thrown, in a dark chamber, upon a prepared plate, and there chemically fixed. In the latter, the object is simply interposed between the fount of influence and the plate, which is carefully protected from daylight by screens of material impervious to it, although penetrable with ease by the invisible agency. The resulting impressions are silhouettes or transparency-pictures; they originate from true shadows of the things portrayed, the structure of which is given in terms of the opacity to the X-rays of their various parts. And this opacity is of so abnormal a kind that the process brings about startling inversions of visibility, the commonly unseen being laid bare, while the encasing substances which alone show to the eye are rendered inconspicuous or evanescent. The familiar *surface*-photography has, in short, obtained as an ally a wonderful art of *organic* portraiture, already promoted and availed of with unexampled zeal, although it would have been pronounced six months ago, alike by the learned and the unlearned, a fantastic impossibility.

Its productions strike us with inexhaustible wonder. We have scarcely yet got inured to the notorious skeleton-hand holding up a signet-ring poised round the vanished bulk of one of its fingers; nor to the oft-displayed coins, scarcely veiled by their leathern receptacle, or to arrays of instruments, imperfectly concealed in wooden cases; still less to the feathered creatures, stripped to the bone, and piteously displaying their

* Suggested by Professor Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania. The objection that 'radiography' is a mongrel of Greek and Latin is perhaps a trifle pedantic.

anatomy without the shelter of a quill. Plumage indeed of every kind is non-resistant to Röntgen's rays; and that the skin of a fish is scarcely less transparent than the element in which it moves, will be seen at a glance by our readers. It was taken by Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton with a 'focus-tube' invented at King's College, by means of which the shadows thrown on the sensitive plates gain greatly in sharpness. The companion-pictures are likewise specimens of his best work; and they have been admirably reproduced by the Swan Electric Engraving Company. The embryonic character of the skeleton of the two days' old puppy-dog will be noticed; also the poor frog's broken leg, the discomfort attendant on which must have considerably detracted from the 'marshy joys' of his life. The spine and ankle are masterpieces; the dissecting faculty of the X-rays could not be more perfectly displayed; and the pair of spectacles, in its shagreen case, illustrates both the extraordinary permeability by them of animal-hides, and the marked difference in opacity between steel and glass. Among other curiosities of portraiture, we hear of pigeons and sparrows, mice and rabbits, anatomised in despite of fur and leathers; and of a crayfish, taken by Mr. W. A. D. Rudge, the shell of which proved to be of about the transparency of aluminium.

The surgical uses of Professor Röntgen's marvellous discovery are innumerable; and fresh instances of its successful application furnish themes for weekly comment in the 'Lancet' and other specialist papers. The veil of flesh may now at will be withdrawn from the bony structure beneath, the diseases and malformations of which can be studied in autographic representations. Calcareous deposits in the various organs of the body, ossifications, intruded foreign substances, stand out in relief, indicating with certainty the seat of disorder, guiding the hand of the operator, and rendering exploratory processes superfluous. Suitable patients are at a premium. A woman who has absorbed a needle, a man harbouring a projectile, is a *persona grata* at every Surgical Institute in the Old and New Worlds. Had Aspromonte been sought in these *tempi leggiadri*, Garibaldi's ankle would have been quit of its bullet in fewer hours than the weeks of its actual lodgment.

The profit derivable to medical diagnosis from the novel method, although less direct and immediate than its surgical utility, is sure before long to accrue. But the delicate modifications of exposure and development, by means of which the internal organs will be brought, it is hoped, within the range of radiographic inspection, must be worked out tentatively, by
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the aid of instruction from daily experience. An important step has, however, already been taken by the substitution, to a certain limited extent, of the human retina for the sensitive plate. Professor Salvioni's 'cryptoscope,' described before the Medico-Chirurgical Academy of Bologna, February 6, 1896, consists of a tube, completely closed at one end by a disc of black cardboard overlaid with fluorescent sulphide of calcium, for which Edison substitutes the tungstate of the same metal. Under the influence of the X-rays, the diaphragm thus prepared becomes brilliantly luminous, and the shadows of interposed objects, more or less dense according to the degree of their transparency, are readily seen by an eye applied to the open end of the observing cylinder. We can, in this way, count at a glance the bones in our own hand, or inspect the contents of our neighbour's pocket. Hence instant discernment of the 'invisible' must henceforth be reckoned among the resources of civilization. So handy an instrument for examining the interior of the body must, before long, find its way into the hands of every physician. Nor is it impossible that, by its employment, much information may be gathered regarding the nature of vital processes. The circulation of the blood may be watched, the throbbings of the heart, the progress of digestion, the elaboration of secretions. Even a bony rampart will not perhaps avail to protect from scrutiny the organs behind it. For M. Charles Henry* has discovered that a coating of sulphide of zinc diminishes or abolishes opacity to Röntgen's rays; and he hazards the forecast that, by painting the breast-bone with this fluorescent salt, a view *right through it* of the heart and lungs may be afforded. Nor do we dare to pronounce him over-sanguine. The practical performances of radiography warrant high hopes for its future. M. Brouardel of Paris has induced it to display the contents of infernal machines; volumes innocent of aspect have in the same way been shown by MM. Girard and Bordas to be crammed with explosives and projectiles; and thus, the peril of forcing open suspicious parcels can be evaded by merely exposing them to emissions from a vacuum-bulb. The similar detection of flaws in pieces of metal promises to afford a safeguard against accidents to machinery, or with ordnance; † a great advance in dentistry, through the same agency, is announced as imminent; and it supplies an easy and unfailing test for the genuineness of diamonds. But the versatility of its powers can hardly yet be appreciated.

* 'Comptes Rendus,' Feb. 10, 1896.

† 'Nature,' Feb. 21, 1896.
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The easy passage of the new rays through carbon and its compounds with oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, is the particular faculty by which they have gained their sudden fame; since it is that to which is due the astonishing transparency to them of all bodies of organic origin. They traverse pine-boards hardly enfeebled; almost disregard ebonite, vulcanite, gelatine, leather, jet; and run through printed matter with a facility unknown to the most indolent reviewer, producing their characteristic effects, fluorescent and photographic, after a journey through a book of a thousand pages. Hence a sixpence placed in the midst of a bulky tome becomes fully apparent as an obstacle to their transit. And the heavier the metal, the more conspicuous its interposition. Professor Dewar has in fact ascertained that these gradations of transparency are regulated by atomic weights. The complexity of the molecule is of no consequence in this respect; only the mass of the individual atom tells. Electrical or optical properties, colour, crystalline structure, chemical combinations, count for little or nothing; the atomic principle is dominant throughout. Here we have one of many symptoms that the rays concern themselves with matter only in its finest subdivisions, ignoring it as an extended mass. It should be added that they suffer no deflection in a magnetic field.

What then are these singular emanations? Their indifference to the magnet shows decisively that they are *not* streams of electrified particles, like the cathode-rays. They may accordingly be set down with confidence as a mode of ethereal vibration. The question inevitably follows: Should they be regarded as a peculiar kind of 'invisible light'? The title is no longer paradoxical; for the scientific meaning of the word 'light' has of late incalculably widened. Clerk Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light, splendidly verified by Hertz, lends coherence and unity to ideas concerning the energies of the material universe. For we now know that the 'luminiferous ether' is possessed of far more versatile powers than that phrase imports. It transmits electrical oscillations some miles long, ultra-violet wavelets, more than 120,000 of which are crowded into a single inch, together with endless intermediate undulations, a small fraction of which serve us for purposes of vision. Yet all belong to the same grand series. They travel with an identical speed of 186,000 miles a second; they obey the same laws of reflection, refraction, and polarisation; all can be extinguished by interference; and all are therefore to be regarded as disturbances of one medium differing only in scale and period. Like the waves of the sea, these various oscillations

tions are of a transversal character; they are such as could be executed in an incompressible, highly elastic medium.

But the code of laws they obey is entirely disregarded by the X-rays. These, so far as authentic experiments have yet shown, can neither be refracted nor regularly reflected. They are accordingly incapable of being concentrated by mirrors or lenses; and this incapacity embarrasses their thorough investigation. Hence, it is hardly to be wondered at that efforts to polarise them, or produce interference-effects, have proved futile. None the less, they have many qualities in common with ultra-violet light. They decompose salts of silver; they excite, in the substances it similarly affects, fluorescence and phosphorescence. An experiment described by Professor Dewar before the Royal Society on February 13, is decisive on this last point. He had previously found that platino-cyanide of ammonium, immersed in liquid air, during a brief exposure to light from the upper part of the spectrum, phosphoresced brilliantly when the frigid fluid was poured off. It now appeared that precisely the same result ensued upon stimulation, under similar conditions, with the X-rays. Their electrical properties have been examined, among others, by Professor J. J. Thomson of Cambridge, and his conclusions are embodied in a Paper named at the head of this article. They are of the utmost theoretical importance. For not only does an electrified body rapidly lose its charge, whether positive or negative, when made the target of a Rontgen-beam, but the effect cannot be prevented by any amount of close-packing with insulating material. Thus, all substances become electrical conductors while transmitting the enigmatical rays—a circumstance implying the production of molecular changes too subtle to be otherwise perceptible. This faculty of causing electrical leakage is so strong that a zinc-plate a quarter of an inch thick is an insufficient screen against its exercise; and it is shared, as regards negative charges, with Lenard's cathode-rays and ultra-violet light. They do not, however, leave the bodies upon which they are thrown in a neutral electric condition. Some, such as gold, copper, and iron, acquire through their influence a positive charge; others, sodium, lead, and zinc, for example, a negative one. This unexplained diversity has been quite lately discovered by Professor G. M. Minchin.*

The hypothesis has accordingly been advocated that the X-rays are 'ultra-ultra-violet' light—that they consist in excessively minute and excessively rapid transverse vibrations

* 'The Electrician,' March 27, 1896.

of the universal ether. It is not absolutely negatived, as Dr. Schuster has pointed out,* by their anomalous behaviour. If their wave-lengths are measurable on the molecular scale, they might easily escape refraction, and undergo reflection only of the observed vague and elusive kind. It is suspected, moreover, that they are too little homogeneous for mutual destruction by interference; for they certainly to some extent differ among themselves. Yet their assimilation to ordinary light appears to raise more difficulties than it removes; and the process of explaining these away inspires distrust.

We turn then hopefully to the alternative *rationale* of the X-rays cautiously advanced by Professor Röntgen himself. Abandoning, in view of their unusual properties, the attempt to force them into the groove of luminous theory, he tried a larger framework for his facts.

'A kind of relationship,' he writes, 'between the new rays and light-rays appears to exist; at least the formation of shadows, fluorescence, and the production of chemical action point in this direction. Now it has been known for a long time that, besides the transverse vibrations which account for the phenomena of light, it is possible that longitudinal vibrations should exist in the ether, and, according to the view of some physicists, they must exist. It is granted that their existence has not yet been made clear, and their properties are not experimentally demonstrated. Should not the new rays be ascribed to longitudinal waves in the ether?'

The suggestion is of great speculative interest. In the textbook theory of light, the qualities attributed to the ether, or transmitting medium, are those of an elastic solid—capable of being strained or distorted, though not of being compressed. But the assumption of incompressibility is only made in the absence of better knowledge; it is by no means essential to the validity of the theory. And, unless that assumption be absolutely true, there must arise, besides the transversal disturbance called light, the laws of which have been wrought into a monument to human genius *aere perennius*, a longitudinal or condensational disturbance which might be designated ethereal sound.† Lord Kelvin, in his 'Baltimore Lectures' of 1884, spoke confidently of its presence; and he laid before the Royal Society, on Feb. 13 last, the plan of a simple arrangement for producing electrical oscillations of the longitudinal or sonorous type, which should, on Röntgen's hypothesis,

* 'Nature,' Jan 23, 1896.

† See an important essay on 'Longitudinal Light,' by G. Jaumann, in 'Annalen der Physik,' Bd. lvi p. 147, Jan. 1896 translated in the 'Electrician' for March 13 and 20, 1896.

belong to the class of his X-rays. No experimental results of the kind are, however, at present forthcoming.

If the new photographic agency may be fitly characterised as 'ultra-violet sound' (a term of Professor S. P. Thompson's coinage), the scope of the Würzburg discovery widens indefinitely. In that (unluckily doubtful) case, it affords a clue to the genuine nature of the ethereal basis of the material universe. It gives a holding-ground to thought on the subject which has hitherto been wanting; since the qualities demanded for the transmission of light, although they must in some way correspond to those belonging to the medium filling space, are of a kind entirely transcending experience, while a substance capable of propagating waves of condensation and rarefaction should bear an intelligible resemblance to ordinary matter. Some such definite piece of information has long been vainly sought for as a lever by which to raise knowledge towards the higher plane within view for a score of years. Lord Kelvin anticipates unhesitatingly the establishment of 'a general theory which shall include light (old and new), old and new knowledge of electricity, and the whole of electro-magnetism'; and the approaching disclosure can be foretold of a more profound correlation of the physical forces than can at present be distinctly apprehended. Towards the attainment of this end, researches concerning the Röntgen rays can scarcely fail to contribute.

A remarkable attribute of the longitudinal waves with which they have been conjecturally associated, is their all but instantaneous transmission. The theoretical velocity of such oscillations exceeds that of light as much as the measured velocity of light exceeds that of sound. A hint seems thus obscurely thrown out of a possible connexion between them and the inscrutable power of gravity. No sensible time-allowance can be made for the action of the central force in the planetary system; otherwise symptoms of instability which have never been observed should be tolerably obvious. Thus a difficulty would be removed by the supposition that the gravitational push or pull was exerted through the intervention of waves of ethereal pressure. But this topic is at present very far from being ripe for discussion.

Amidst the confused accounts of experiments with the X-rays which have thickened the air during the last three months, assertions of their presence in ordinary light could not but attract special notice. Vacuum-tubes, found indispensable by most, were discarded as superfluous by a few operators. Thus, Lord Blythswood obtained unmistakable radiographic effects



SECTATE IN STRAIGHTEN LAMP
Machine Photograph by A. & C. Newton



PLATE
Machine Photograph by A. & C. Newton





MR. W. H. ATTACHE AT A RECEPTION
Shanghai Photographed by A. C. SUTTON.



PERKINS & DOWNING
Architects and Engineers
1000 Broadway, New York 10003



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effects directly from a Wimshurst electrical machine, M. Le Bon from a petroleum lamp, Dr. A. Mau of Brooklyn from the sun. Their results, however, received no satisfactory confirmation. Dr. and Mrs. Huggins, on February 22, exposed a rapid plate, screened with a thin sheet of aluminium, to bright sunshine during an hour and a quarter without getting a trace of chemical action; and Professor Hale and M. Henri Becquerel have since fortified the conclusion that X-rays of solar origin are non-existent.

The truth seems to be that they make part of the phenomenon of fluorescence, and that certain kinds of glass, accordingly, lend themselves to their production. Hence arose a web of experimental contradictions, at first sight hopeless of disentanglement, the presence or absence of the glass in question unsuspectingly determining the results obtained. M. Charles Henry's discovery of the reinforcement supplied by sulphide of zinc to the novel agency furnished, nevertheless, a clue which has been successfully followed up. He found it to be an originating source of X-rays; M. Poincaré suggested that the same property might belong to all fluorescent substances; and his hint was promptly verified by M. A. d'Arsonval,* M. Becquerel,† and (perhaps we may add) by Mr. Lascelles Scott.‡ Not every quality of fluorescence, however, is thus effective; it must be of the green-yellow kind shown by German glass. Of this material Crookes's tubes are made; and hence, we are led to believe, comes their efficacy in the production, under the bombardment of molecular torrents, of the enigmatical rays. We await with the deepest interest the further developments of their investigation.

* *Comptes Rendus*, March 2, 1896.

‡ See a letter in the *'Times'* of March 10.

† *Ibid.*

ART. X.—*The Queen's Prime Ministers.* Nine Vols. London, 1890-95.

IT is a trite remark that there is no portion of history so imperfectly known by any generation of men as that which immediately precedes their own participation in public affairs. The truth of this saying is vividly impressed by a perusal of the series of '*The Queen's Prime Ministers*,' which has recently been published under the editorship of Mr. Stuart J. Reid. The authors of these nine biographies are all men who have taken part more or less directly in public life, and who are personally familiar with the leading events and characters of their own day. But it is impossible for anyone who is at all acquainted with the craft of book-making, to avoid the conclusion, that they have had one and all, in schoolboy phrase, to 'get up' the period on which they have undertaken to write. If so, they are not more ignorant than the average of their contemporaries. We are convinced that the majority of educated Englishmen would be less likely to make a mistake in reciting the roll of the Kings of England than they would be in repeating in their correct sequence the names of the statesmen who have held the office of Premier during Her Majesty's reign. We feel confident that if adult men of letters had to undergo historical examinations, they would run a smaller risk of being plucked if they were set to explain the causes of the 'Thirty Years' War, than if they were called upon to state the circumstances which led to the resignation of Earl Grey and the accession of Lord Melbourne in 1834. The cause of this ignorance is not any lack of interest in the period under consideration, but the absence of any comprehensive record of the century now drawing to its close. Various attempts have been made to write contemporary narratives of the England of to-day. Of these attempts Miss Martineau's '*Forty Years of Peace*,' and Mr. Justin McCarthy's '*History of Our Times*,' are, we think, the most successful; yet not one of them can lay any claim to be considered a standard authority. The plain truth is that all history to be of permanent value must be written at a considerable interval after the events narrated have occurred, and after both actors and spectators in the drama have passed away. A certain distance is required to judge of the perspective of political as well as of natural objects. Writers who, like Greville, have left behind them their recollections, impressions, and appreciations of the public men of their day, have provided invaluable information for the historian

historian of the future; but their writings are *Mémoires pour servir*, not histories in any true sense of the word.

This void in our annals will not be filled by 'The Queen's Prime Ministers.' Indeed, the conditions under which the series has been compiled precluded the possibility of their furnishing anything like a consistent and consecutive narrative. Nine writers of more or less individual distinction have been commissioned to write the lives of nine statesmen, whose careers have overlapped each other, and whose relations in respect of political events were of the most intimate and complicated character. Every one of the writers is naturally prone to over-estimate the relative importance of the part played in politics by the subject of his memoir. Moreover, in most instances the judgment of the biographer is biased by his personal views of the politics of the present day. For instance, Mr. Justin McCarthy's Memoir of Sir Robert Peel is, if you read between the lines, a very ingenious plea for the supposition that if Peel had lived he would have espoused the cause of Home Rule, just as he accepted Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, after having been, even up to the hour of his conversion, the staunch opponent of the measures in question. In like fashion Mr. Saintsbury's contribution to the series is far more concerned with expounding the writer's views on the evils of household suffrage, than with the story of Lord Derby's life. Still, notwithstanding certain incidental defects inseparable in all probability from the nature of the task imposed upon the contributors to the series, 'The Queen's Prime Ministers' will serve the purpose of narrating in a readable form the careers of the English statesmen who have held the foremost positions in the political life of the present reign. From the point of view of the historical student the series would have perhaps been more valuable if it had been written by one and the same person, who might have been able to form something approaching to a consecutive narrative, and to present some kind of consistent view. But from the point of view of the general reader, the series gains in interest by the individuality of the various contributors, and by the diversity of their political standpoints. The artists may be unequal in pictorial skill, their work may at times be defective, their drawing may be out of proportion; but the portrait gallery of English statesmen contained in this notable work, is one of which Englishmen, irrespective of their party politics, may be justly proud.

It would be, we think, difficult to find nine personalities more marked and more distinct from each other than those of

the nine statesmen who from 1837 up to 1892 served their country as Prime Ministers of the Queen. Lord Melbourne, the first of the batch, represents a type of politician which is becoming rarer and rarer, as our institutions become more and more democratic. He entered public life not because he had special interest in politics, any great personal ambition, or any pronounced political views, but because for a man of his birth, position, and connexions, it was the natural thing to do. Lord Melbourne's grandfather was a solicitor who had amassed a large fortune in his profession, had bought large estates, and had been rewarded for his support of the Ministry of the day in Parliament by the gift of a baronetcy. His father had been created a Peer of Ireland under the title of Lord Melbourne, and had married a daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke: so the young William Lamb was identified with the great landed interest, was connected with the middle class in the person of his parents, and was associated with the aristocracy by his father's rank as an Irish peer. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, the younger son of a family supposed to be possessed of immense wealth and great landed interest, he was a member, by right of birth, of the then ruling caste. A savour of romance attached to his birth. The marriage of his parents had turned out unhappily; and for some reason which has not been clearly ascertained, his father reserved his parental affection for the eldest of his sons, while a sort of vague scandal connected his mother's name with the Royal Dukes and with the Earl of Egremont.

'In the *salon* (at Brompton) there hung a portrait of the Earl of Egremont, "so wonderfully like Lord Melbourne," says Mr. Hayward, "that it is impossible to help being struck by it." Late in life he was taking Sir Edwin Landseer and another visitor round the Grand Saloon, when Landseer, coming opposite the portrait, gave a start, and involuntarily turned round to look at him. "Ay," said Lord Melbourne, "you have heard that story, have you? But it's all a lie for all that."

Be that as it may, it is certain the future Premier was brought up in a *milieu*, which, to say the least, was not conducive to high principles or a very strict morality. The Prince of Wales, Charles James Fox, and the Prince's associates were the intimates of the Melbourne household, and at an early period the boy imbibed the kind of *dilettante* Liberalism which was in those days the fashion amidst the Carlton House set. In deference probably to this fashion, William Lamb was sent to Glasgow to complete his studies under Professor Millar. A curious light upon his tone of mind at his entry into life is contained

contained in the fact that, while at Glasgow, he wrote to his mother the following criticism on a treatise of the celebrated Robert Hall on 'Modern Infidelity':—

'I do not like the Dissenters, and this Hall is one. They are more zealous, and consequently more intolerant, than the Established Church. Their only object is power. If we are to have a prevailing religion, let us have one that is cool and indifferent, and such an one as we have got.'

In this case the child was father to the Minister, who in his last days appointed Canon Thirlwall Bishop of St. David's, and at an interview greeted the Bishop-designate with the following words:—

'Very glad to see you. Sit down—sit down. Hope you are come to say you accept. I only wish you to understand that I don't intend, if I know it, to make a heterodox bishop. I don't like heterodox bishops. As men they may be very good anywhere else, but I think they have no business on the Bench. . . . The Primato does not concur in all your opinions, but tells me there is nothing heterodox in your book.'

At the age of twenty-six William Lamb entered Parliament as Member for the pocket borough of Leominster. In the interval between his college days and his becoming a Member of the House of Commons, he had been called to the Bar, had made a short-lived attempt to take up the legal profession seriously, but had finally abandoned all idea of the woollen gown on the death of his elder brother, by which he became heir to the title. Soon after he had gone into Parliament, the 'Ministry of all the talents' came into office; and as far as can be judged, he attached himself to the Whig wing of the Coalition led by Fox. After Fox's death he seems to have shown a good deal of independence of character in not following the subserviency shown by the Whig leaders in the hope of conciliating the favour of the Prince Regent, but he failed to take a strong enough line to satisfy either the Prince or his assailants; and as his parliamentary career had not satisfied his patron at Leominster, he lost his seat at the election which followed Perceval's death.

Probably domestic considerations had a good deal to do with Lamb's temporary retirement from public life. His own marriage had resembled that of his father's in proving unsatisfactory, to say the least. Whatever were the exact relations between Lady Caroline Lamb, Lord Byron, and her other admirers, it would be idle now to enquire. About the period

that the disputes between husband and wife assumed an acute form, Lamb wrote in his journal:—

'The general reason against marriage is this: that two minds, however congenial they may be, or however submissive the one may be to the other, can never act like one. It is in the nature of human things that no man can be free and independent. . . . By marriage you place yourself upon the defensive instead of the offensive in society, which latter is admitted to be in all contentions the most advantageous mode of proceeding. . . . Before marriage the shape of the figure, the complexion, carry all before them; after marriage the mind and character unexpectedly claim their share, and that the largest, of importance.'

The sentiments thus expressed are creditable to their author's good sense and philosophical calmness of mind, but they are not the sentiments calculated to recover the waning affections of a passionate wife, fond of admiration, fonder still of excitement, and placed in a position where she had every opportunity for gratifying her desires. Anyhow the upshot of the whole affair was that, while still a man in the very prime of life, Lamb was separated from his wife and left with only one child, a boy who from the date of his birth was practically an idiot. In addition to this calamity he was, owing mainly to the extravagances of his parents, placed in pecuniary difficulties by the enormous charges on his estates. There is a curious entry on this subject in his diary:—

'If your expenditure either amounts to or somewhat exceeds your income, it appears to me to be a great convenience not to purchase the whole of any one material article at one shop. It will be found more convenient to have 25*l.* each to pay to four tradesmen than 100*l.* to one. A creditor is less anxious over a smaller debt. . . . In short, a man to whom you owe a great deal, which it is inconvenient to you to pay, is your master, and of a man to whom you owe a few pounds, which you can throw upon his counter at any time, you are the master, and this latter appears to me much the most natural order of things.'

Lamb returned to Parliament in 1816, and became the follower of Canning, under whom, when he became Prime Minister, Lamb took office for the first time as Chief Secretary for Ireland. On Lord Grey being called to form a Government, Lord Melbourne, as one of the most Liberal of the Canningites, was offered the Home Office, and accepted it without hesitation. In fact, throughout his career Lord Melbourne may not unfairly be described as a statesman of Whig proclivities in theory, with very scant enthusiasm for Whig measures in practice. Thus by instinct he was in sympathy with the Liberals; by character he was in sympathy with the Conservatives, and

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was therefore equally at home in a Liberal or Conservative administration. When Canning died, Lamb retained office under the Duke of Wellington, and retired on the Canningite secession. His father died shortly afterwards, and as Lord Melbourne he took his seat in the House of Lords,—an assembly more congenial to his personal temperament than the House of Commons. Under Earl Grey he became Home Secretary in the Reform Ministry; and when Earl Grey retired in consequence of his disagreement with Lord Althorp, Lord Melbourne was selected by the King to succeed him as Premier. Neither his first nor his second Premiership was distinguished by any great legislative or administrative success; and the chief distinction of his political career was due to the accident that the death of William IV. imposed upon him the duty of being the adviser, friend, and one might almost say the guardian, of the girl Queen during the first years of her reign. His unfortunate son had died shortly before Her Majesty's accession, and the Premier, left almost alone in the world, seems to have found a solace for his loneliness in watching over his youthful Sovereign with a sort of paternal affection. His position at Court is well defined by Mr. Dunkley:—

'He thus slid by degrees into an office without a name, which combined in itself the duties of private secretary and tutor. They were distinct from those which belonged to him as head of the Government, and he knew how to keep them well apart. The disinterestedness, the self-negation, the absolute loyalty with which he acquitted himself in this delicate position, were admitted by those of his eminent contemporaries who were best qualified to form an opinion.'

Striking, too, is the following extract from Greville's diary:—

'Month after month he (Lord Melbourne) remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine. Of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anyone's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language, interlarded with "damns," is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety; and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the royal.'

And characteristic also of the kindly yet cynical man of the world, was his parting speech to the Queen on leaving office:—

'You will find a great support in the Prince, he is so able. You said, when you were going to be married, that he was perfection: that

that I thought a little exaggerated then, but really I think now that it is in some degree realized.'

No greater contrast could well be imagined than that between the first and second Premier of the Queen's reign. Both Peel and Melbourne were descended from men who had recently made fortunes in business, had both been brought up in the schools and colleges frequented by the aristocracy, and both belonged to that phase of social development which in our country ends in enrolling the leading representatives of professional or mercantile success in the ranks of the aristocracy. But otherwise they had little in common. Melbourne was above all things a man of the world; Peel was in his character of statesman above all things a man of business. Melbourne was cast by nature for the part of the idle apprentice; Peel for that of the industrious. Melbourne was open to a fault; Peel was reserved to a defect. Melbourne, a Whig by temperament, was an aristocrat in sentiment; Peel, a Tory by creed, was a democrat in character. In consequence the dramatic element is more conspicuous in Melbourne's career than in that of the far abler statesman by whom he was succeeded. It is probably due to this fact that Mr. Justin McCarthy has failed to make his sketch of Peel as vivid or as telling as that of Melbourne by Mr. Dunkley. Almost the only anecdote in this memoir of Peel's youthful days is contained in a statement quoted from the letters of Lord Byron, who was a schoolfellow of Peel at Harrow:—

'Peel, the orator and statesman—that was, or is, or is to be—was my form fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel among us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he noted, and in school he always knew his lessons, and I rarely; but when I knew it well, I knew it nearly as well; and in general information, history, &c., I think I was his superior.'

After taking a degree at Oxford without any special academic distinction, he entered Parliament as Member for Castle Rising just after he had come of age; a year later he was selected to read the second Address; and in the second year of his parliamentary career he was appointed, in Mr. Perceval's Ministry, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and shortly afterwards Chief-Secretary for Ireland in Lord Liverpool's Administration. If Mr. McCarthy is correct, Peel at this time had become doubtful

as to the policy of opposing Catholic Emancipation. It may have been so, but it is certain that 'Orange Peel,' as O'Connell's partisans dubbed the new Secretary, continued to dissemble his doubts marvellously well both from his supporters and his opponents. Unlike his erratic son, Peel found full scope in the duties of his office for the exercise of his energies. We are told that

his colleagues and subordinates in Dublin Castle were amazed, amused; some even were not a little scandalized, at the manner in which the new Secretary toiled away through hours and hours. It was not in keeping with the traditions of the office, some men thought, to give up all that time to dull dry duty . . . Peel was setting a bad example, Dublin Castle thought.

His tenure of the White Lodge lasted for six years. During his temporary release from official duties he took an active part in Parliament in advocating the resumption of cash payments, and came forward as the national champion of monometallism. He described himself as the advocate of 'the old, the vulgar doctrine, as some people have called it, that the true standard of value consisted in a definite quality of gold bullion,' and his opinion in favour of a gold standard is about the only one of his opinions that he never saw cause to change at a later date. Under Lord Liverpool, Peel held the Home Office from 1822 to 1827; but when Canning succeeded to the Premiership, and made it a condition of accepting office that Catholic Emancipation should be regarded as an open question, Peel resigned office in company with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon, sooner than remain the colleague of a statesman who admitted that the removal of Catholic disabilities came within the domain of practical politics. According to Mr. McCarthy, O'Connell's election for Clare convinced Peel of the necessity of emancipating the Catholics just as the Clerkenwell explosion convinced Mr. Gladstone of the necessity of disestablishing the Anglican State Church in Ireland. In 1828 Peel wrote to the Duke of Wellington, in whose Ministry he had returned to the Home Office, to the effect that

he had made up his mind that there must be a settlement of the Catholic question, and that the settlement should be, if possible, a complete one . . . that he had not changed his views as to the danger of Catholic Emancipation, that he still disliked and dreaded . . . that the time had come when a choice had to be made one danger and another, and that the danger of resisting Emancipation seemed to him now far greater than the 'conceding it.'

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In 1829 Peel drew up a memorandum to be submitted to the King recommending Emancipation. In the following month the King's Speech instructed the Parliament 'to review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects.' The announcement was received with extreme indignation, not so much at the actual proposal as at the Minister by whom it was proposed. Only a short time before Peel had been elected Member for the University of Oxford, as the chief champion of the Church in the House of Commons; and now unrestricted and complete emancipation was brought forward as the policy of a Conservative Ministry of which Peel was notoriously the guiding spirit. His voluntary resignation of his seat for the University did not remove the impression that Peel had played his party false in respect of Catholic Emancipation. Even the bitterest opponents of the measure had more or less realized before this date that Emancipation had got to come, but even its staunchest advocates had never dreamed it would come through the agency of Peel. The mistake, as we deem it, was not that Catholic disabilities were removed, but that they were removed by the statesman who had obtained his ascendancy over his party by protesting against their possible removal being considered an open question. It would have been better, not only in the interest of Peel's own reputation, but in that of political morality, if, on changing his mind, he had retired from office and left the credit of passing Catholic Emancipation to those who throughout their political career had been its partisans, not its antagonists. Peel, however, remained in office, though he exchanged his seat for the University of Oxford for that of Westbury. To a considerable extent he regained the confidence of his party by the vigour with which he opposed the Reform Bill in 1832. On the eve of the dissolution in 1832 Peel made a furious attack on the principle of Reform.

'If,' he declared, 'the Bill should ever pass, we shall have a Parliament of mob demagogues, not a Parliament of wise and prudent men. Such a Parliament and the spirit of journalism, to use a foreign phrase, has brought many happy countries to the brink of destruction.'

The General Election resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Reform party; but still Peel, as leader of the Opposition, fought a lost battle with unflinching courage. In the course of a fortnight he made forty-eight speeches in Parliament against the Bill. But when the King at the last moment refused his consent to the creation of new Peers in order to coerce the House

House of Lords into passing the Bill and requested Peel to form a Ministry, he declined the offer. If Mr. McCarthy is right in his assumption that Peel declined because he was not opposed to Reform in principle, but only to the particular measure by which Earl Grey and his colleagues proposed to alter our system of representation, it is hard to avoid the conviction that either his denunciation of the measure was insincere, or that, if it was sincere, he had not the courage of his opinions when the time came for action.

It is one of our national characteristics that any great outburst of popular sentiment is succeeded, as soon as it has obtained its object, by a period of lassitude and reaction. Peel, who understood the middle class of England—the class upon whom the Reform Bill of 1832 had conferred political supremacy—as one to the manner born, anticipated far more correctly than most of his fellow-statesmen the coming swing of the pendulum, which led to the collapse of the Whigs after Reform had been carried: and in 1834 Peel was called back in hot haste from Italy, where he had gone for a holiday, to form a Ministry. The Ministry was short-lived; the elections gave the Liberals a decided though a reduced majority; and Peel was turned out in his first session. He was recalled to power in 1841 soon after the elections had given the Conservatives a strong and staunch majority. The Anti-Corn Law agitation had by this time become formidable; and Peel's accession to office was hailed by the landed interest, which in those days formed the backbone of the Tory party, as proof that the cause of Protection was for the time being secure against attack. The calculation proved fallacious.

'The story of Sir Robert Peel's Administration in its dealing with the Corn Laws is a story of bitter and passionate controversy. Peel's enemies tell it in the shortest way. Peel, they say, came into power pledged to retain the Corn Laws, and in 1846 he repealed them.'

So writes Mr. McCarthy. We fail to see how his friends could tell the story in any materially different fashion. It is true that Peel, influenced by the Irish famine, began to entertain doubts about the possibility of retaining Protection, and even expressed these doubts to his colleagues. But, in the eyes of his party, he remained, till the latter part of 1845, the open champion of Protection. In November of that year, Lord John Russell wrote the celebrated Edinburgh letter announcing his conversion and that of his followers to the cause of Free Trade. Thereupon Sir Robert declared that he too was in favour of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and resigned his office. But upon
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the almost inevitable failure of Lord John to form a Ministry, Peel consented to resume the Premiership upon a Free Trade platform. In January 1846 Parliament met, and Peel proposed the virtual repeal of the Corn Laws. After a prolonged discussion, the Bill, by which this proposal was carried into effect, passed the third reading in the Lords on June 25. On the same day Peel's Ministry was defeated in the House of Commons on the introduction of an Irish Coercion Bill, through a temporary coalition between the Liberals and the Protectionist malcontents led by Lord George Bentinck. The Nemesis was not undeserved. Whatever now may be thought of Peel's policy, the sentiment of most of his contemporaries at the time was well expressed by Lord Melbourne, who, speaking of the proposed measure to the Queen, said, 'Ma'am, it is a d—— dishonest act'; and, correcting himself for his breach of etiquette, added, 'I say again, it is a very dishonest act.'

Yet, strange to say, this act was the main cause of the posthumous fame enjoyed by the Minister, who, during his life, had never excited any great amount of popular enthusiasm. The extraordinary prosperity which for many years followed the substitution of Free Trade for Protection conferred upon Sir Robert the reputation of exceptional prescience, and, what was more important, the reputation of having sacrificed his party, his position, and his power, to promote the welfare of the masses. For a quarter of a century after his death Free Trade was believed by the vast majority of Englishmen to be the greatest boon ever conferred upon the country; and to Peel, even more than to Bright or Cobden, the introduction of Free Trade was attributed, and we think justly attributed, by popular instinct. Many years afterwards, his son, the third Sir Robert, was contesting Brighton. At a public meeting in his favour some criticism was made upon the genuineness of his devotion to the public interests. His only reply was to say, 'My name is Robert Peel,' and the electric burst of cheering which the reply elicited was proof to those who heard it, it proof were wanted, of the hold that the great Sir Robert had acquired over his fellow-countrymen. We doubt whether, if his life had been spared, he could have lived up to the height of the reputation he had won by the desertion of his party in the interest of the popular cause. But it may truly be said, that he was *felix opportunitate mortis*.

Mr. Stuart Reid's Memoir of Earl Russell, better known to the world as Lord John Russell, seems to us to approximate more closely to the ideal of an historical handbook than any other of the series. It forms a clear and consecutive narrative,

It gives dates and events in an orderly sequence, and it is not confused and complicated by extraneous disquisitions as to the writer's own views of political ethics. If in some respects it is less interesting than its fellows, this is mainly, we think, because the statesman whose life it narrates was wanting, both for good and evil, in the characteristics which are required to constitute a sympathetic individuality. By birth, by education, and by hereditary temperament, he was a Whig of the Whigs: and, unlike all the other Premiers recorded in this series, he never deflected materially either to the right or to the left from the political groove in which his life started at the outset. The lad who early in his teens entered in his journal the following comment on Lord Melville's acquittal by the House of Peers, 'What a pity that he who steals a penny loaf should be hung, while he who steals thousands of the public money should be acquitted!' is the father of the statesman whose whole political career was the apotheosis of commonplace. At Edinburgh, where he completed his studies under Professor Playfair, he was a distinguished ornament of the Speculative Society, and attended the classes of Dugald Stewart, whose merits he recited in a poetical effusion concluding with the statement, that

'Twas he gave laws to fancy, grace to thought;
Taught virtue's laws, and practised what he taught.'

While still in *statu pupillari* he composed and forwarded to his father an essay on Reform. The bias of his mind, as well as the accident of his birth, marked out the youthful essayist and debater for a political career; and in 1813, though he had only just attained manhood, he was returned to Parliament for Tavistock as the nominee of his father the Duke. During his early parliamentary career he succeeded in identifying his name with the cause of Reform, and seems to have attracted that favourable attention which is always accorded in this country to a young politician of aristocratic connexions who takes the popular side, in what at the time is regarded as an academic discussion not involving any immediate practical action. At the General Election of 1826 Lord John lost his seat, but was shortly afterwards returned for Brandon in Ireland, on the strength of the Cavendish influence. His first political achievement was the repeal in 1828 of the Test and Corporation Acts; and upon Lord Grey's becoming Premier in 1830, he was appointed Paymaster-General. The kindly nature of the future Premier was illustrated by the fact that he took advantage of his position to provide garden plots for the old soldiers at Chelsea Hospital.

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The curiously commonplace character of Lord John's intellect comes out in his speech on the introduction of the first Reform Bill, with which he was entrusted by the Ministry.

'Would not, he argued, a foreigner be much astonished if he were taken to a green mound and informed that it sent two members to the British Parliament; if he were shown a stone wall, and told that it also sent two members to the British Parliament; or if he walked into a park without the vestige of a dwelling, and was told that it sent two members to the British Parliament? But if he were surprised at this, how much more would he be astonished if he were carried into the North of England, where he would see large flourishing towns full of trade, activity, and intelligence, vast magazines of wealth and manufactures, and were told that these places sent no representatives to Parliament? But his wonder would not end here. He would be astonished if he were carried to such a place as Liverpool, and were there told that he might see a specimen of popular election: what would be the result? He would see bribery employed in the most unblushing manner, he would see every voter receiving a number of guineas in a box as the price of his corruption; and after such a spectacle would he not be indeed surprised that representatives so chosen could possibly perform the functions of legislators or enjoy respect in any degree?'

All this, in common with the whole speech on the occasion, is a statement of plain facts which are not open to dispute. But the curious feature of Lord John's utterances is his apparent inability to realize that issues were involved in the whole question of Parliamentary Reform which were absolutely and entirely independent of the anomalies and defects of our then electoral system. No one could see more clearly to the end of his nose; no one was less capable of seeing what lay beyond it.

In 1834 Lord John, whom King William IV. at that period described as 'a young gentleman whom he did not understand,' became leader of the House of Commons under Lord Melbourne's first administration. It was only in 1846, thirty-three years after his first entry into Parliament, that Lord John, notwithstanding his great parliamentary ability, his indomitable activity, and his influential political connexions, became Prime Minister. The comparative slowness of his advancement and the instability of his successive administrations were no doubt mainly due to a cause which is far more patent to those behind the scenes of politics than it is to the outside public,—we refer to the general lack of confidence in his loyalty as a colleague. We fully agree with Mr. Reid in thinking this distrust was unfounded, but its existence was not altogether unreasonable. To repeat the then Lord Derby's well-known saying, there was always an idea abroad that, when his colleagues

leagues least expected it, 'Johnny would upset the coach.' In intention Lord John was honourable, high-minded, and loyal. But he was always playing off his own bat; always thinking of his own personal policy; always forgetful of the point of view in which his action was likely to be regarded by his fellow-Ministers. He had not the breadth of mind which enables a man to see more than one aspect of a question, and the only aspect he was capable of seeing was that with which his own individuality was associated. For the Durham letter, and for the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill to which it gave rise, Mr. Stuart Reid can find no conceivable justification. The dislike of clerical domination, which was one of the tenets of the Whig aristocracy, may to a certain extent explain Lord John's attitude. But it is difficult, also, to avoid the conclusion that the Premier fancied, by heading the cry of the hour, that he would supersede in popularity his rival Lord Palmerston, who, owing to his recent dismissal by the action of the Court, had secured the sympathy of the British public. If so, the mistake was so egregious as to cast grave doubts of Lord John's political capacity as well as on his theological sincerity. Disraeli's comment on the letter shows a true insight into the position.

'I think,' he writes to his sister, 'John Russell is in a scrape. I understand that his party are furious with him. The Irish are frantic. If he goes on with the Protestant movement, he will be thrown over by the Papists. If he struggles with the Protestants, their blood is too high to be silent now, and they will come to us. I think Johnny is checkmated.'

The opinion proved correct. The ignominious collapse of Lord John's Anti-Popery escapade discredited his administration as well as himself, and Lord Palmerston seized the opportunity in his own characteristic language of 'giving tit for tat' to the Premier who had turned him out of the Foreign Office the year before, by carrying an amendment to Lord John's Militia Bill.

The antagonism between Lord John and Lord Palmerston precluded the possibility of the former being recalled to the Premiership on the downfall of Lord Derby's short administration at the close of 1852. Lord Aberdeen formed a Coalition Government, in which Lord John held the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. This post, however, he only retained for a few months, and resumed his old position as leader of the House of Commons.

The most noteworthy feature of Lord John's connexion with
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the Crimean War is to be found in the fact that, on the very eve of the outburst of hostilities, he was 'busy with a scheme of Parliamentary Reform.' At the same time he identified himself strongly with the popular demand for war. When the Czar had just recalled his ambassador from the Court of St. James's Lord John made a speech of which the peroration was:

'For my part, if most unexpectedly the Emperor of Russia should recede from his former demands, we shall all rejoice to be spared the pain, the efforts, and the burdens of war. But if peace is no longer consistent with our duty to England, with our duty to Europe, with our duty to the world, we can only endeavour to enter this contest with a stout heart. May God defend the right, and I for my part shall be willing to bear my share of the burden and the responsibility.'

After this outburst Lord John acted in harmony with Lord Palmerston, and together they represented the war party in the Aberdeen Ministry. The leader in the House of Commons lost no opportunity of pressing upon the Premier the expediency of making Lord Palmerston Minister of War, in place of the Duke of Newcastle, and we have no doubt in so doing he was mainly actuated by a desire to promote the interests of England. Still, his action in this matter is open to the criticism that it was strongly his interest to come to a reconciliation with Palmerston, and that he must have been aware his demand was certain not to be granted by Lord Aberdeen and his Peelist colleagues. When the general indignation created by the mismanagement of the war had begun to assume formidable proportions, Lord John announced publicly his intention of retiring from the Ministry at an early date. He wrote a memorandum at the time to Lord Lansdowne, who acted as the go-between of Lord John and Lord Aberdeen, complaining: 'that though he was responsible in the Commons, Lord Aberdeen did not treat him with the confidence which alone could enable a leader of the House to carry on the business of the Government with satisfaction. He declared that Lord Grey treated Lord Althorp in a different fashion, and that Lord Melbourne, to bring the matter nearer home, had shown greater consideration towards himself. He added that he felt absolved from the duty of defending acts and appointments upon which he had not been consulted.'

The feud was healed for the time, and Lord John continued as leader of the House of Commons. But when Roebuck gave notice of a motion condemning the conduct of the Ministry in providing, or rather in failing to provide, for the wants of the army in the Crimea, Lord John suddenly seat in his resignation and left his colleagues in the lurch. Once more 'it was Johnny that upset the coach.'

The result of his retirement was that Roebuck's motion of censure was supported by over threescore Whig malcontents and by the whole strength of the regular Opposition, and was carried in a House of 453 Members by a majority of 157. The Ministry resigned. Lord Palmerston was called to replace Lord Aberdeen; and Lord John, after a decent show of hesitation, took office as Secretary of State for the Colonies. As the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna Lord John accepted a compromise suggested by Count Buol, which was subsequently repudiated as inadequate by the British Government. The outcry raised against the compromise was, Mr. Reid argues—and we think justly—unreasonable and unfair; still the instinct of the public that Lord John was not a fitting representative of England in foreign affairs, was, we opine, sound in itself. By education, if not by mental acquirements, he was an abler man perhaps than Lord Palmerston, but he had not the intense appreciation of, and sympathy with, British national sentiment which is the one essential qualification for a great English Foreign Minister. Thus it came to pass that after the Buol affair Lord John had to retire from office, more or less discredited, while Palmerston continued to be the most popular of the British statesmen of his day. When Lord Palmerston was reinstated in office in 1859, Lord John returned to the Foreign Office. He introduced as usual a Reform Bill, which as usual fell to the ground; he showed good sense and sound judgment in his dealings with the American Civil War and with the Italian question, and was raised to the peerage in 1861, in recognition of his valuable public services. In 1865 Earl Russell, on the death of Lord Palmerston, received the Queen's commands to form a Ministry. The offer was conveyed to him in the following singularly graceful and touching letter from the Queen:—

• The melancholy news of Lord Palmerston's death reached the Queen last night. This is another link with the past that is broken, and the Queen feels deeply, in her desolate and isolated condition, how one by one tried servants and advisers are taken from her. The Queen can turn to no other than Lord Russell, an old and tried friend of hers, to undertake the arduous duties of Prime Minister and to carry on the Government.'

At the time of his accepting office the Premier was seventy-three; he had retired to the dignified quiet of the House of Lords. He had little or nothing of the extraordinary vitality which kept Lord Palmerston and which keeps Mr. Gladstone to the fore, till a period long beyond that attained by Earl Russell. His second Ministry was brief, and calls for little
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comment. As a matter of course he introduced a Reform Bill, the Bill equally as a matter of course did not satisfy the Radicals on the one hand and alarmed the Palmerstonian Liberals on the other. The Cave of Adullam was formed, and some fifty odd Whigs joined the Opposition in supporting Lord Dunkellin's amendment by which the Bill was defeated, and Earl Russell had to resign after having been only a few months in office.

From the date of his retiring from office Earl Russell practically quitted public life. Advancing age, failing health, and domestic sorrows would well account for his withdrawal, and we fancy there was also something of a conviction in his mind that he had lost touch with his time. In acknowledging a letter congratulating him on his birthday, in the last years of his life, he wrote to his correspondent :—

'Thanks for your good wishes. Happy returns I always find them, as my children are so affectionate and loving. Many returns I cannot expect, but I have played my part.'

The most severe of his critics cannot deny the truth of this last statement. He had played a part and a distinguished part in the history of England, and to have done so might well be a matter of honest pride even to statesmen of a far higher order than the 'Lord John' whom his fellow-countrymen in his own day alternately admired, blamed, praised and censured, and whom, both in praise and blame, they liked and respected.

Lord Derby, the fourth of the Queen's Premiers, was only fifty-three when he first attained the highest post open to the ambition of British statesmanship. But his parliamentary career had then already been of some thirty odd years' duration. In so far as one can judge, future generations of Englishmen will not possess the advantages enjoyed by their forefathers during the century now drawing to its close, of having for Prime Ministers men who have sat in Parliament almost from the day they left College. Mr. Saintsbury is so occupied with proving, or trying to prove, that Lord Derby was not morally justified in reducing the franchise, that he tells us much less of the personal incidents of Lord Derby's career than most of his fellow-essayists do with regard to the statesmen whose lives they narrate. Personally, we care less about Mr. Saintsbury's political opinions than we do about the causes and circumstances under whose influence the Whig champion of the Reform Bill developed into the Protagonist of the Conservative party.

All Mr. Saintsbury tells us as to Lord Derby's early life

life is, that he was educated at Eton and Christchurch, that he took the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse at Oxford, that he was elected Member for Stockbridge in 1820 as the nominee of a Whig peer, and that he was regarded as a promising recruit of the Whig party. The influence of Canning seems to have caused him to stray for a short time from orthodox Liberalism, but after Canning's death he reverted to the Whig camp, and became Chief Secretary for Ireland under Earl Grey, 1831, and took a prominent part in defending the Reform Bill of 1832. He aided in advocating the Abolition of Slavery in our Colonial possessions. He had early established a reputation, not only as a cultured speaker, but as an excellent administrator, and was regarded as likely in the due course of time to become the leader of the Liberal party. It is not very easy to understand why the then Lord Stanley should have been so staunch throughout in his loyalty to the Church of England, and Mr. Saintsbury affords us no assistance whatever towards solving the contrast between his extreme Liberalism in secular affairs and his extreme Conservatism in clerical matters. But about the fact of his political attachment to the Established Church, there can be no possibility of doubt, whatever may be the explanation of its causes. In 1834, as soon as the Whigs displayed an intention of regarding the maintenance of the Irish Church Establishment as an open question, Lord Stanley parted company with his colleagues, and resigned his office of Secretary for the Colonies. But for some years after his split with the Whigs, he remained nominally a Liberal, and it was only on the formation of the first Melbourne Ministry that he consented to take his seat on the benches of the Opposition. In 1841 he returned to his old office in Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, and in the same year he was called, at his own wish, to the House of Lords, during his father's lifetime. Mr. Saintsbury attributes his retirement from the House of Commons, an arena where there was a greater opportunity for distinction, to his personal dislike to being brought into close intimacy with his chief.

There was friction between Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel, which was at least likely to be relieved by lessened personal contact. As has been remarked more than once, it was impossible that they should get on together. Peel's awkward and ungracious manners, his secretiveness, his elaborate conscientiousness, which, as it so often does, took the appearance of want of straightforwardness, were certain to rub Stanley the wrong way. Besides, there is very little doubt that Peel, who was very much given to magnify his office, and

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unnecessarily conscious of being a *parvenu*, was chafed at the social superiority of his official inferior, and at the careless easy ways which Lord Derby never discarded with equal or unequal.'

We feel convinced that this theory would have been indignantly repudiated by Lord Derby himself, but it contains this amount of truth that two men could not easily have been more uncongenial to each other than the reserved, self-contained, undemonstrative middle-class statesman, commonplace in everything except his power of mind, and the high-bred, high-spirited nobleman, half a sportsman and half a politician, with a savour of the turf about his politics. The exigencies of parliamentary life necessarily make strange bedfellows, and assuredly there have not been two stranger occupants of one ministerial couch than the owner of Drayton Manor and the heir of Knowsley. It may be urged that the dissimilitude between Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli was much more marked, but then the two latter had this strong tie in common, that the 'Reper of debate' had a touch of genius, and that the author of 'Coningsby' had the living genius which obliterates all social distinctions. Even his bitterest critics could never have accused Lord Derby with any show of reason of being greedy of office. Opposition was more in his line than office; and on the three occasions when he became Premier, he was forced into it by consideration for his party, rather than by personal ambition. Shortly before taking office in 1857, he wrote to this effect to Lord Malmesbury:—

'That a Conservative party should have held together at all under such circumstances is rather to be wondered at, than that there should be apathy and indifference, when there is nothing to be fought for by the bulk of the party. As to Disraeli's unpopularity, I see it and regret it; and especially regret that he does not see more of the party in private; but they could not do without him, even if there were anyone ready and able to take his place. For myself, I never was ambitious of office, and am not likely to become more so as I grow older; but I am now, as I have been, ready to accept the responsibility of it, if I see a chance, not only of taking it, but of keeping it.'

In his first two administrations Lord Derby was distinctly a Premier upon sufferance, a passing stopgap between two Liberal Governments. He seems to have made up his mind after his second *fiat* that he would never return to office unless he had power as well as responsibility. His instinct as a sportsman was irritated at continually running for prizes which he failed to win, and we think this irritation had a good deal to do with his acceptance of Mr. Disraeli's suggestion to settle
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Reform question by giving Household Suffrage. The temptation to 'dish the Whigs' was undoubtedly attractive to a man of his character, but we question if he would have consented to a measure which he probably viewed with extreme reluctance. Mr. Disraeli had not succeeded in persuading him that Household Suffrage would bring about a great and, still more, a permanent accession of strength to the Conservative Party. In questions as to policy, the proof of the pudding, to our mind, is in the eating; and we cannot but think that if Mr. Saintsbury had written his Essay at the present day, instead of, as we hear, at the period of the Conservative defeat in 1892, he would have put a good deal of water into his wine, and would have argued so confidently that the course of events had demonstrated the folly of Lord Derby's policy in introducing Household Suffrage in 1866.

It is obvious that the Conservative Party, as at present constituted, could never have come into existence without Household Suffrage. When Lord Sherbrooke, better known as Robert Peel, ridiculed in the House of Commons the theory that somewhere behind the north wind a place could be found where cold blasts ceased to blow, he failed to realize that his rhetorical metaphor was of the nature of a prophecy. It was the insight of genius that enabled the future Lord Beaconsfield to appreciate the latent Conservatism of the lower middle classes of England. But it was Lord Derby's support which enabled Disraeli to carry out his theory into practice; and it seems as unjust and unfair that the credit of the discovery should be shared by the statesman who was the founder, though the originator, of the Conservatism of to-day.

To grudge Lord Derby this recognition seems all the harder on the fact that the substitution of Household Suffrage for the ten-pound franchise is the only measure of constructive statesmanship with which his name is identified. He was associated with many other political movements, but in none of them did he play the leading part; indeed, it is noteworthy that a politician of such marked personality should have left behind him so slight an impression on the public mind. In the days when the elder brother of the present Lord Derby was still an undergraduate at Cambridge, he is reported by his contemporaries to have said that his father would have been a very good statesman if he had not been so utterly ignorant. The boyish criticism had in it an element of truth. The Lord Derby who was three times Premier of England, was an amateur not a professional politician, much as he was an amateur in literature and on the turf. A gifted

The epithet 'irregularly' seems to us to suit his character. Great he was beyond question at times; greatness was irregular, intermittent, fugitive. With all his talents, all his courage, all his energy, he was lacking in that steady persistency which in politics, as in craft or art, is essential to permanent success.

A similar criticism could hardly be made with justification 'of the Queen's servants and advisers,' though Aberdeen. Whatever else his failings might be, studious application or of conscientious discharge of duty he undertook is to be counted amongst the number. Perusing the singularly candid and fair-minded memoir of him in the Premier series by his son Arthur, recently been created Lord Stanmore, we are somewhat reminded of the old story of the schoolboy who made up his mind to be good because he could not be clever. Nobody can doubt the Premier who held the seals of office during the War was a man of high culture and of more than ordinary mental ability; nobody can doubt the genuineness of his honest desire to do his duty. But we can fail to recognise that, though he may have been an excellent official, he was wanting in the higher gifts of leadership. It is possible to be a distinguished artist without the power of laborious painstaking essential to the development of genius; but no amount of painstaking can make up for the lack of genius. As it is with artists, so is it with statesmen. Aberdeen had been possessed of the sacred fire which makes its owner to be a ruler of men, he would have had the opportunities for its development. From the time

'With her the sunshine went out of his life for ever. From the day of her funeral to that of his own death, nearly fifty years later, he constantly wore mourning for her. For more than a year he kept a record in Latin of her almost daily appearance to him in vision. *Fidi, vidi, sed obacuriorem, verissimam, dulcissimam imago. Tota nocte vidi ut in vita. Verissima, tristissima imago* are entries which continually recur.'

Three years later he married Lady Hamilton, the widow of his first wife's brother.

In the brief interval between his two marriages Lord Aberdeen made his first entry into public life as Ambassador to Austria, charged with a special mission to secure the co-operation of the Imperial Government in the coalition against Napoleon. Up to the entry of the allied forces into Paris, his Lordship was nominally, though perhaps not practically, the leading representative of England in the allied camp, and seems to have upheld the interests of his country with success and credit. Still the perusal of his correspondence during this momentous period suggests the doubt whether he was sufficiently a man of the world to have ever been a great diplomatist, and whether he was not prone to attach exaggerated importance to his own personal relations with the distinguished personages with whom he was brought into contact. If this is the case, the fact would seem to explain much of his conduct during the Crimean War.

In 1828 Lord Aberdeen occupied the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under the Duke of Wellington. The questions of the Greek throne, of the Portuguese succession, and of the Spanish marriages, which were the burning issues of their day, are now too remote and too obscure for any very definite judgment to be formed on the soundness or unsoundness of Lord Aberdeen's policy, or rather of that of the Government of which he was the spokesman in foreign affairs. To a casual observer he seems to show good sense and good judgment in dealing with every particular incident which came under his notice, but to be wanting in any broad view of the conditions of the problem with which he was called upon to deal. In 1830 the Wellington Ministry resigned office, and during the next few years Lord Aberdeen's thoughts seem to have been chiefly concerned with his domestic troubles. In 1829 Lady Alice, the last of his three daughters by his first marriage, died of consumption. 'For some days afterwards he shut himself up at the Foreign Office, absolutely alone.' Four years later his wife died, and in the year following the only daughter of the second marriage died also. Possibly this series

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cruel calamities may account for much of the seclusion and reserve to which his biographer attributes the fact of his having been so greatly misunderstood during the period when Peel's accession to office he was Minister for the Colonies. In 1841 he returned to the Foreign Office. The most noteworthy feature of this period is, in so far as Lord Aberdeen is concerned, his personal friendship for Guizot, then in the height of his influence as the favourite Minister of Louis Philippe. These two men had much in common, they were both of high moral character, both of a professorial turn of mind, both prone to violence, both anxious for the esteem of each other's country, and both alike hostile to Palmerston, not so much personally, as on grounds of principle. Throughout this period Lord Aberdeen appears to have been *en tout honneur* on terms of the closest intimacy with the Princess Lieven, who, if not a agent, was certainly a trusted *confidante* of the Russian Government. And assuredly, there is a strange want of discretion shown, in the fact that a Foreign Minister of England, on the eve of an unexpected war between this country and France on the Tahiti question, writing as follows to a lady in the same de Lieven's position :—

You may imagine how very critical our situation must have been, and I tell you that the speech was read and approved by the Queen's Council at Windsor on Tuesday, and that it did not contain a single word of allusion to France or to any foreign matter whatever. Silence would have been eloquent, and the lamentable consequences awaiting us would have been as clearly announced by it as my words.'

Lord Aberdeen was manifestly right in opposing a senseless war, but he was no less manifestly wrong in making known the divergence of opinion between himself and his colleagues to a correspondent by whom it was well-nigh certain to be made known to the French Government. On the other hand, Lord Aberdeen seems to us to have been as free from personal susceptibilities as is consistent with the imperfection of human nature. Lord Palmerston was, to use an Italian word, *patito* to him in politics, in character, and in person. But as the great champion of British—as opposed to foreign, and especially to French—interests had gone to Paris in order to remove the prejudices existing against him in the mind of the French Government, Lord Aberdeen writes thus to his friend Lord :—

It would have been a poor compliment to me had you sent back Lord Palmerston discontented and affronted, and in truth no one would have regretted it more than I should have done, from the manner

manner in which it might have affected our future relations. I have never desired to injure Lord Palmerston; on the contrary, at the time of our ministerial crisis in December, I endeavoured by every means in my power to smooth his advent to office. Party men or mere politicians will not understand this conduct, and I doubt if Lord Palmerston comprehends it himself; but you will have no such difficulty.'

After the crisis of 1846, Lord Aberdeen retired to his Scottish property in Aberdeenshire, and remained there cultivating and improving his estates for the next six years, except when he came up to London during the Parliamentary Session. In 1852, on the defeat of Mr. Disraeli's budget, Lord Derby resigned, and Lord Aberdeen was requested by the Queen to form a Ministry. It is no disparagement to say that this offer was due, not so much to Lord Aberdeen's personal merits, as to the difficulty of forming a Liberal Cabinet so long as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell would not consent to serve under one another. The Aberdeen Premiership, to paraphrase M. Thiers' saying about the Republic in France, was the arrangement which divided the Liberal Party the least. At the time of his appointment, nobody imagined, or had cause to imagine, that the new Premier would be called upon to direct the fortunes of England during one of the most momentous periods of her history. Very shortly after his acceptance of office, the Crimean War became imminent, and his Premiership was brought to a close by a vote of censure, condemning the manner in which the war had been conducted under his administration.

The controversy as to the efficiency or inefficiency of the Aberdeen Ministry during the Crimean campaign, is far too wide a subject to be discussed within the limits of this article. The chief object, apparently, of Lord Stanmore's memoir is to clear his father's reputation by showing that Lord Aberdeen did his best to bring the war to a successful issue; and we admit most heartily that he makes out a very strong case. Still, we are not inclined to think that further investigation is likely to invalidate the rough but substantial justice of the popular verdict given at the time. It is obvious, by Lord Stanmore's own showing, that Lord Aberdeen disliked the idea of a war with Russia from the outset, that he did everything in his power to delay hostilities, that his one aim after the war had commenced in earnest was to arrange some compromise which might justify the conclusion of peace, and that he had little or no sympathy with the objects of the war. His disapproval of the war may have been perfectly justified. But

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the real gravamen of the charge against him as a statesman is that, having consented to the war, he did not conduct it with the vigour necessary to secure success. Even if, for the sake of argument, it be granted that the responsibility for the Balaclava fiasco may really have rested with the Duke of Newcastle, not with Lord Aberdeen; yet the latter was after all Prime Minister, and it is not unfair that just as to him would have accrued the credit of success, so upon him should fall the responsibility of failure.

Anyhow, it was Lord Aberdeen who bore the brunt of popular dissatisfaction, and his resignation was absolutely compulsory after the carrying of Roebuck's vote of censure in the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. But it is only fair to state that, after his enforced resignation, Lord Aberdeen acted with the utmost loyalty, and did everything in his power to facilitate Lord Palmerston's efforts to form a Government. To our minds the strongest condemnation of Lord Aberdeen's policy as a statesman, and at the same time the strongest vindication of his conduct as a man of honour, is to be found in a letter which he wrote some few years later to an intimate College friend, Mr. Hudson Gurney.

'You are quite right,' he says, 'in supposing that I look back with satisfaction to the efforts made by me to preserve peace. My only cause of regret is that when I found this to be impossible I did not retire at once instead of allowing myself to be dragged into a war which, although strictly justifiable in itself, was most unwise and unnecessary. All this will be acknowledged some day, but the worst of it is that it will require fifty years before men's eyes are opened to the truth.'

His health broke down after his retirement from office, and he died in 1860, leaving behind him a memory deeply cherished and rightly honoured by his relatives and friends, but hardly recognised at its full value by his fellow-countrymen.

It is a curious instance of the vicissitudes of fortune that the collapse of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry should have furnished the occasion for Lord Palmerston's elevation to the Premiership after close upon half a century of active service in Parliament. The memoir of the sixth in succession of the Queen's Premiers, contributed to this series by the Marquis of Lorne, possesses the signal advantage of not being written with the view of enforcing any particular view of politics or of defending any special line of policy. The main if not the sole object of the writer has been to give a clear story of the life he has undertaken to narrate, and in this object he has completely succeeded. Henry Temple was born in 1784, in the same year as Lord Aberdeen.

Aberdeen. He was educated at Harrow, and we are told acquired there 'the reputation of being the best tempered and most plucky boy in the school.' The schoolboy's letters to his mother are those of a bright, healthy, cheery English lad.

'The boy,' he writes home, 'whom we tossed in a blanket for stealing four shillings, has made ample amends for it, having not only paid the boy from whom he stole it, but given him a hare and a pheasant he had sent him. Lord Althorp is come back with a very bad cold and headache that he caught going down to Hove with His Majesty. . . . We are both very well, tho' not in beauty, Willy's [his brother's] lip being rather swelled by a lick with a ball, and my two blue eyes being exchanged for two black ones in consequence of a battle.'

From Harrow he went to Edinburgh, where he studied under Dougald Stewart, and thence to Cambridge, where he was an undergraduate at St. John's at the same time as Lord Aberdeen. Before this time he had become Lord Palmerston by the death of his father, and was therefore not able to take any academic honours, even if he had had any inclination to do so. But his mind was turned towards public life far more than towards books. In a letter to his sister while at college, he says:—

'I began this letter last night, but was too sleepy to finish it, and indeed I make it a rule always to be in bed by one o'clock, as I am regularly up at seven. . . . A friend of mine was in company with one of Fox's intimates the other day, who maintained that Pitt and Fox had always thought alike, and that, however they might have differed on particular subjects, they always agreed upon the main principles of government. When his friends hold such language, I think it is pretty evident what Fox's plans are.'

In 1807 he was appointed Junior Lord of the Admiralty by the friendship of the then Premier, the Duke of Portland.

In the course of the same year, after an unsuccessful attempt to get elected for the borough of Cambridge, he was returned for Newtown in the Isle of Wight, as the nominee of its owner, Sir Leonard Holmes, who made it a condition that he would never even for an election set foot in the place, so jealous was the patron lest any attempt should be made to create a new interest in the borough. In the House he gave no great promise of any oratorical ability, but he displayed very remarkable aptitude for official duties; and in 1809, under Perceval's administration, he was appointed Secretary of War, a post which he held for nine years. In 1827 he was raised to the Cabinet by Canning, but again occupied his old position. He continued to hold office under the Duke of Wellington in 1828, but resigned after
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a four months' tenure with the other Canningites. To quote his words: 'We joined the new Government in January; we left it in May. We joined as a party; as a party we retired.' Up to this time Palmerston had taken no very definite attitude as a politician, though he probably would be equally well described as a Conservative with Liberal proclivities, or as a Liberal with Conservative sympathies. Indeed, then as throughout his career his interest seems to have centred on foreign politics. In those days there was no clear line of demarcation between Whigs and Tories as to the foreign policy of England; and to a Minister who concerned himself very little with questions of reform or legislation, and whose one aim in public life was to uphold the honour and interests of England abroad, it was matter of no great importance which party might be in power. In the years that elapsed between the Peace of Amiens and the Battle of Waterloo the public mind of England and the thoughts of her statesmen were almost exclusively occupied by the vicissitudes of the war. As Secretary of War Palmerston was therefore in his element, no matter who might be the head of administration.

In 1830, on the accession of Earl Grey to the Premiership, Palmerston became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This office he held with only a brief break till 1841. The Belgian Revolution, the Greek Constitution, the Portuguese succession difficulty, and the Syrian question were the most prominent of the matters with which during these years the Foreign Office had to deal. In writing of the latter question, Lord Palmerston says:—

'In regard to the Turks themselves, may I venture to observe that the genius of their manners and conversation is that of yielding everything at first? They begin by saying, "Good, yes!" But when you come to the matter in question and to its details you will find all those fine expressions mean nothing. Like all people in a weak position, they respect you according to their opinion of your force. If, however, you wish that force to have a permanent influence and to be unaccompanied by dislike, you must blend its exercise with justice; and if you wish to arrive at a quick result through all that ambuscado of intrigues and doubts and fears and prejudices which will be sure to be secretly formed against it, you must tell the Turk what he is to do, why he is to do it, when he is to do it, and show him that you only ask quietly and reasonably what you have a right to demand. In this way, and this way alone, you will do business with him. If he sees you act thus, he will not only agree with you, but rely upon you.'

It would be better for us if these shrewd counsels had
always

always regulated our foreign policy in regard to the Eastern question.

During the Irish Famine Lord Palmerston, as a Sligo landlord, joined heartily in the attempt to relieve the appalling distress. With reference to a scheme for promoting emigration, he writes to his agent to the effect that, if the terms of the contract with the emigration agents 'were not sufficient to enable them to treat the people well,' he ought to rescind the contract, and to offer better prices so as to enable the tenants to make the journey in comfort.

'Let every man and woman,' he added, 'have a tumbler of the best Jamaica rum punch after dinner on Sundays, or oftener. . . . The clergy write to me that I am doing away the good effected by Father Mathew among the people. You will therefore sell the rum you have taken on board for the punch, on arrival at Quebec, and let every man, woman, and child have a cup of hot coffee with a biscuit every day after dinner.'

Under Lord John Russell Palmerston remained at the Foreign Office from 1846 to 1851. Throughout the memorable period when the Continent of Europe was convulsed by revolution, Lord Palmerston practically dictated the foreign policy of England. That policy may be summed up as that of promoting everywhere the substitution of Constitutional for Autocratic government. We doubt ourselves whether Lord Palmerston had any very profound views as to the abstract merits or demerits of parliamentary institutions. Our belief is that his championship of the cause of Constitutionalism throughout the world was due mainly to a conviction that despotic States were necessarily hostile to England, while constitutional States were, as a rule, friendly to English interests. 'England above all' was the motto of his public life, and the object of his policy was to bring about a state of things under which, to quote the peroration of his speech in the Don Pacifico debate:

'As the Roman in days of old held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.'

The imperturbable good humour which characterised Lord Palmerston was never better displayed than in the mode in which he accepted his dismissal from office at the hands of Lord John Russell, owing to the Premier's disapproval of the manner in which the Minister for Foreign Affairs had recognised the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, without previously

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taking counsel with his colleagues or with the Court. He was succeeded by Lord Granville, and the following account of the interview between the outgoing and the incoming members is thus recorded in Greville's diary:—

‘Yesterday Granville was with Lord Palmerston for three hours. He received him with the greatest cordiality and good humour. “Ah, how are you, Granville? Well, you have got a very interesting office, but you will find it very laborious; seven or eight hours’ work every day will be necessary for the current business, besides the extraordinary and the parliamentary, and with less than that you will fall into arrears.” He then entered into a complete history of our diplomacy, gave him every sort of information and advice, spoke of the Court without bitterness, and, in strong terms of the Queen’s “sagacity,” ended by desiring Granville would apply to him when he pleased for any information or assistance he could give him.’

Yet, notwithstanding all this *bonhomie*, Lord Palmerston, as we have said, seized the first opportunity he could find to give Lord John ‘tit for tat,’ by turning him out on the Militia Bill. In 1852, on the formation of the Aberdeen Government, Lord Palmerston was appointed to the Home Office. During the Crimean War the Home Secretary had little to do with the conduct of the campaign. Possibly on this account, and also on the strength of the popular impression that within the Cabinet he had been the leader of the section which demanded a more vigorous prosecution of the campaign than that which found favour with the Premier and his Peelite colleagues, he was pointed out by public opinion as the right man to succeed Lord Aberdeen, when the Aberdeen Ministry resigned office in 1855. At the age of seventy Lord Palmerston thus became for the first time Prime Minister of England. Defeated on the Alien Expulsion Bill in 1858, he returned to office in 1859, after Lord Derby’s second short-lived administration, and he continued Prime Minister till his death in 1865. These last six years were, we should think, the happiest of the Premier’s public life. There were grave difficulties abroad during his second Premiership. The Franco-Austrian War, the secession of the Confederate States, the foundation of the Italian Kingdom, the annexation of Nice and Savoy, the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, were all questions which excited extreme interest and bitter controversy in this country. Yet throughout all these troublous times no serious attempt was made to dispute Lord Palmerston’s supremacy. By common consent he was the right man in the right place as Premier of England. Everybody with the exception of an insignificant minority, had confidence in his good sense, his courage,

courage, and his patriotism. Probably no English Minister during the present century has enjoyed the same confidence, the same popular esteem and affection, as that possessed by Lord Palmerston during this, the last period of his long career. That Lord Palmerston was a great statesman is more perhaps than we should like to affirm; but he was beyond dispute a great English Minister,—the greatest perhaps since the days of Pitt and Walpole. His kinsman Mr. Evelyn Ashley relates the following anecdote of his last days:—

‘There were some high railings immediately opposite the front door (of Brocket), and Lord Palmerston, coming out of the house without his hat, went straight up to them after casting a look all round to see that nobody was looking. He then climbed deliberately over the top rail down to the ground on the other side, turned round, climbed back again, and then went indoors. It was clear that he had come out to test his strength, and to find out for himself in a practical way how far he was gaining or losing ground. Not that he had any excessive dread of death, for, as he put it one day in homely fashion to his doctor when pressing for a frank opinion as to his state, “When a man’s time is up, there is no use in repining.”’

A bright, cheery, manly soul, English from the soles of his feet to the hair of his head,—that, we think, is the best description that can be given of Lord Palmerston.

No description of this kind would be applicable, except in regard to his energy, to the seventh Premier of the Queen’s reign. The Earl of Beaconsfield, for good or for bad, was emphatically un-English in race, in character, and in temperament. Some twenty years ago Sir William Harcourt was discussing in society the qualities of the leading public men of the day, and expressed the opinion that of all of them the then Mr. Disraeli would live the longest in popular memories, owing to the element of romance in his career, which was lacking in that of all his colleagues and competitors. There has as yet been no history of his life published which can claim to be a fitting record of his strange career, and Mr. Froude’s *Memoirs* in the Premier series most certainly does not supply the want. To say that it is written with a skill and finish and literary excellence far exceeding that of any other of the series, is only to say that it is the work of Mr. Froude. But Mr. Froude had very little sympathy with, or appreciation of, the statesman ‘they call Dizzy,’ and his judgment is unintentionally biased by his intense worship of Carlyle. The ‘Sage of Chelsea,’ amongst many more or less irrational prejudices, disapproved of Disraeli’s character and conduct as a public man, and the fact of his disapproval impairs Mr. Froude’s freedom of judgment

judgment with respect to the subject of his memoir. The memoir opens with the ravings of Carlyle about the Reform Bill of 1867. Of all the lamentations of the modern Jeremiah, 'Shooting Niagara' has always seemed to us the most turbid and illogical; and nowadays it seems like an anachronism to hear Lord Beaconsfield denounced as 'a superlative Hebrew conjurer,' to be told that the only consolation to be found for an act of national suicide is

'a secret satisfaction of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind - (*Schadenfreude*, "mischief joy," the Germans call it, but really it is "justice joy" withal) - that "he they call Dizzy" is to do it; that other jugglers of an unconscious and deeper type, having sold their poor mother's body for a mess of official pottage, this clever, conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends, I will weigh out the corpse of your mother—mother of mine she never was, but only stepmother and milch-cow—and you shan't have the pottage—not yours, you observe, but mine."

We have quoted this passage as illustrating the fundamental difficulty against which Mr. Disraeli was handicapped in his political career. Carlyle, whatever his other deficiencies may have been, was the most original and the most independent thinker and writer of his day, the one least likely to be influenced by the commonplace prejudices of commonplace people. Yet, if we try to discover the true gravamen of his bitter indictment of Disraeli, it comes to this in plain English: he is a Jew, therefore he is of necessity a charlatan and probably a swindler; he is a Jew, and therefore cannot be trusted to uphold the honour of England; he is a Jew, and therefore English noblemen and gentlemen ought to be ashamed of being associated with him in public life, and his political eminence ought to be felt a disgrace by the British people. During the period which has elapsed since 'Shooting Niagara' was written, public sentiment in this country with regard to the Jews has become so modified that the present generation probably find a difficulty in realizing its strength in the days of their fathers. Jewish birth, Jewish blood, and Jewish features constituted then almost insuperable obstacles to success in social or political life. In race, in character, and in look, Mr. Disraeli was a Jew of the Jews; and yet he lived to be the leader of the greatest of English parties, he rose to be Prime Minister of England, and he died honoured, respected, and even loved by the British people.

He had not the advantages of wealth or connexion enjoyed by so many of his race. His father had quarrelled with the faith of Judaism, and, without exactly embracing Christianity,

he was regarded as a renegade by his own people, while he was not considered a convert to the national religion by the people of his adopted country. Young Disraeli, therefore, had not the opportunities enjoyed by so many wealthy Jews nowadays of being brought up at our public schools and universities, and thus acquiring the ideas, associations, and friendships which are of such use in later years to men desirous of political or social distinction. He was educated at second-class private schools. He was entered as a lad in the office of a small Cuv solicitor, whose place of business was in Old Jewry, and was distinguished, as his employer stated, as 'most assiduous in his attention to business, and showing great ability in the transaction of it.' However, the bent of Disraeli's mind was towards literature, as a stepping-stone towards politics. His father, Isaac D'Israeli, as the author of '*The Curiosities of Literature*,' had been welcomed by the Republic of Letters, and his intimates were chiefly to be found amidst the then contributors to the '*Quarterly Review*.' The solicitor's clerk soon made acquaintance with his father's friends; and at the age of twenty, just after he had practically quitted his desk in the Old Jewry for good, he published '*Vivian Grey*,' the successful novel of the season in which it appeared. As a young man he had feeble health, and travelled a good deal abroad; but he seems to have lived chiefly with Englishmen, and neither then nor at any other time in his life did he acquire any proficiency in foreign languages. On his return from abroad he had no difficulty in getting into society; but it was the society chiefly of young men about town, and of ladies of the Blessington—that is, of the semi-literary, semi-fashionable, semi-Bohemian-category. His young friends got him to back their bills—to money considerations he was always sublimely indifferent—or became involved in financial embarrassments; and the credit of being at once extravagant and imperunious combined, with his studied eccentricities of dress, manner, and look, to retard the public recognition of his real talent.

The other Premiers whose lives are recorded in this series entered Parliament, almost without an exception, as soon as they came of age. Mr. Disraeli was thirty-two when, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, he obtained a seat at Maidstone. The story of the failure of his first speech is well known to everybody; but if Mr. Froude is correct, the failure was not due so much to his having failed to catch the tone of the House as to an organized conspiracy on the part of the Radicals to bowl him down on account of his recent quarrel with O'Connell. Two years after he entered Parliament, he married the widow

of his late colleague at Maidstone, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. The future Lady Beaconsfield was considerably older than her second husband, and was not, either by birth or education, the sort of wife one would naturally select for a statesman ambitious of office, or rather of the power conferred by office. The marriage was undoubtedly due to financial considerations, but it turned out singularly happy for both parties to the contract. In the latter years of his life, after his wife's death, Mr. Disraeli, in speaking about some of her tastes to a friend, summed up his comments—we have been told—in these words: 'Hers was indeed a beautiful nature; she knew nothing of the past, she cared nothing about the future, she lived wholly in the present.'

Mr. Disraeli's connexion with the Young England Party, his novels with their strange mixture of originality and flashy cleverness, his attacks on Sir Robert Peel for his desertion of the Protectionist Party, his association with Lord George Bentinck, were all moves in the uphill game he had to play in the hope of fighting his way into political distinction. After the repeal of the Corn Laws the Protectionists were left without a leader, owing to the defection of Peel and all his chief colleagues. On Lord George Bentinck's sudden death, Disraeli, in lack of any other eligible candidate able to hold his own in debate, was selected as leader of the Opposition. In 1852, Lord Derby became Prime Minister; and Mr. Disraeli, at the age of forty-eight, held for the first time office under the Crown as Chancellor of the Exchequer,—an honour which every one of the other Premiers of the reign had attained some score of years earlier in their respective careers. The 'too unequal contest,' to use the words employed by him in the debate which ended in the rejection of his Budget and the defeat of the Ministry, only lasted for some six months. The second Derby Administration, in 1857, was also a Ministry on sufferance; and in 1859 it was brought to a summary close by a vote of want of confidence in respect of its foreign policy. In 1867 there was once again a Conservative Government in office opposed by a weak and divided majority. Mr. Disraeli availed himself of this opportunity to pass the Household Suffrage Bill, of which we have already spoken. In the following year Lord Derby retired, and Mr. Disraeli became Premier in his stead. Mr. Froude's comments on this subject are worth quoting:—

'Lord Derby retired from public life, and the author of "*Vivian Grey*" became Prime Minister. The post which, in the extravagance of youthful ambition, he had told Lord Melbourne could alone satisfy his ambition, was actually his own, and had been won by courage,

skill, and determination, and only these. He, *Libertino patre natus*—a *Libertinus* himself, without wealth, without connexion—for the peers and gentlemen of England resented his supremacy while they employed his services—had made himself the ruler of the British Empire. He had not stooped to common arts of flattery. He had achieved no marked successes in the service of the country. It was supposed, perhaps without ground, that he was not even a *gravis persona* to the highest person in the realm, till Her Majesty was compelled to accept his supremacy. He had won his way by parliamentary ability, and by resolution to succeed.

His first Premiership was brief, and called for little comment, but he succeeded in dispelling by his good sense and tact, as head of the Government, many of the popular prejudices against him, and he succeeded also in acquiring the confidence of the Queen, who, on his leaving office, marked her sense of his merits by acceding to his wish to have a coronet conferred on his wife.

During his retirement from office, Mr Disraeli wrote 'Lothair,' which Mr. Froude considers the best of his works, an opinion we should hesitate to endorse; and in 1874 the constituencies returned a strong Conservative majority, and Mr. Disraeli was again summoned to form a Government. Yet, even at this late period of his life, we have reason to believe that a cabal was formed by a section of the Conservative party to oust Mr. Disraeli from the Premiership. Happily the cabal collapsed; but the mere fact of its formation having been possible at so late a period of Disraeli's career, shows the persistency of the prejudice against which he had had to fight his way. Now at last he had reached his goal. By the death of Lord Derby and the removal of all other possible competitors, Mr. Disraeli had become the acknowledged chief of the Conservative party; and with a strong and united majority in Parliament, he was, in fact as well as in name, the ruler of the British Empire. But, like most of the triumphs achieved by mortal men, it came too late. Disraeli had passed the three-score years and ten when he obtained the object of his life's ambition; and at seventy the love of adventure, the passion for power, have necessarily lost their pristine ardour. Even if he had been disposed to undertake any great work of legislation, the circumstances of the time were adverse to the accomplishment of such a purpose. The public mind during the period in question was occupied by wars and rumours of war; and considerations of foreign policy necessarily monopolised the attention of the Government. Mr. Froude, with his strong pro-Russian proclivities, fails, to our thinking, in passing a

fair judgment upon the attitude assumed by England, under Disraeli's guidance, in opposing Russia's attempt to solve the Eastern question by force of arms. It is too early to decide as yet whether England acted in her own interests and in that of civilization and progress in thwarting the advance of Russia on Constantinople, and in thus prolonging the existence of the Ottoman Empire. That is an issue on which the children, or more probably the grand-children, of the present generation will be better competent to decide. In the days to come the judgment of mankind may possibly decide that the foreign policy of Palmerston and Disraeli was more consistent with the welfare of England than the policy of Aberdeen and Gladstone. It is possible, too, that the acquisition of Cyprus, the establishment of our dominant position in Egypt by the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and the claim of Mr. Disraeli to have brought back peace and honour from Berlin, may be regarded hereafter in a very different light from that in which they are commonly contemplated at the present day. These things are in the hands of the gods. This much is certain, that Disraeli upheld the historic traditions of his adopted country at a time when a foreign critic of our policy uttered the well-known sneer that the only persons left who cared for the honour of England were an old woman and a Jew.

In 1876 Mr. Disraeli was raised by the Queen to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield, and left the House of Commons before the news of his elevation to the House of Lords had been made public. His withdrawal from the stage where he had played so long the leading part, in a manner obviously devised to avoid any sort of ovation, was in accordance with the dignity which characterised the remaining years of his life after the defeat of the Conservatives, when the General Election of 1880, in consequence of the Midlothian campaign, had terminated his public career. No applicant for his opinions on any subject ever received a postcard from Lord Beaconsfield; no speech was ever made by him at railway stations. He died in 1881 as he had lived, alone, a stranger, amidst a strange people. After his death his memory became to English Conservatives an object of almost sentimental affection: to English Radicals it remained an object of never-failing animosity. But to Englishmen of all politics, to Conservatives and Liberals alike, his life continues to be a constant puzzle, an unsolved enigma.

The series of the Queen's Prime Ministers has not as yet been completed by a Memoir of Lord Rosebery. We trust it will not be so completed, owing to the fact that living statesmen

can hardly well be made the subjects of biography. This truth is illustrated by the inferiority of the Memoirs of the two other surviving Premiers of Her Majesty's reign, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, to those of their dead predecessors. The two Memoirs in question are written respectively by Mr. George Russell and Mr. Traill, whose literary faculty is certainly not below the average of the other biographers. But yet the works produced are comparatively of unequal merit. To write a true biography of a living statesman is almost an impossibility. Both Mr. Traill and Mr. George Russell have completed their task as well as could be expected, and have succeeded in compiling narratives which may possibly be of use to the historians of the future. More than this we cannot honestly say.

It has always seemed to us that it is to the living rather than to the dead we ought to apply the rule to say *nil nisi bonum*. On this account we think it better to pass over the Memoirs in question, with no further comment than to remark that whether we agree or disagree with the political views and principles of the statesmen whose lives are narrated, the Memoirs serve to prove, if proof were needed, that both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have been Prime Ministers of whom England may be justly proud. If it were otherwise, the fact would be a national dishonour. It is a comfort to Englishmen to reflect that from the days of Lord Melbourne to those of Lord Salisbury the fortunes of the British Empire have been entrusted to a succession of statesmen who, unlike in every other respect, have been alike in this, that their private reputations were unassailable: that they were men of honour, loyalty, and integrity,—men in all cases of ability, and in some of genius,—true sons of this Empire of ours, whose ends and aims, whether wise or unwise, were high-minded, public-spirited, and patriotic.

- ART. XI—1. *Die Begründung des deutschen Reiches.* Von Dr. H. Sybel. Seven Vols. München and Leipzig, 1895.
 2. *Souvenirs Militaires.* 1866-1870. Par le Général Lebrun. One Vol. Paris, 1895.
 3. *Aus dem Leben König Karl von Rumänien. Aufzeichnungen eines Augenzeugen.* Two Vols. Stuttgart, 1894.
 4. *Essais diplomatiques.* Par le Comte Benedetti. Paris, 1895.
 5. *La Mission de M. de Gontaut-Biron à Berlin.* Par le Duc de Broglie. Paris, 1896.

THE establishment of the new German Empire is the greatest political fact of the nineteenth century. The formation of the kingdom of Italy is sometimes considered as of equal importance. Italian unity, however, mainly affects those whose interests are bound up with the affairs of the Mediterranean and the Levant. On the other hand, the unity of Germany has resulted, not merely in the creation of a Power which must of necessity occupy the first place amongst the nations of Continental Europe, but has also forced German modes of thought and German views of life upon the attention of mankind. One of its first effects was the wide-spread study of German among all the nations of Europe. For one Frenchman, Italian, or Spaniard who knew that language twenty-five years ago, there are at least fifty now. With the spread of the German language the influence of German thought has become wider and more deep. Those who know the subtle power which Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel have exercised over their countrymen can alone form an estimate of the consequences that must follow, particularly in the Latin nations, as the writings of these philosophers are more generally read. The results of German research and criticism in history and theology are modifying venerable opinions in politics and religion in every country; and the works of political economists like Roscher, Schaffle, and Wagner are daily winning adherents to new doctrines as to the social functions of the State. In short, the increasing influence of the German mind is what makes the reconstruction of the German Empire a turning-point in European history.

That Empire consists of twenty-two autonomous States, the three Free Towns of Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg, and the Reichsland Alsace-Lorraine. The supreme direction of its military affairs in time of war is vested in the King of Prussia, who has the title of German Emperor. The second article of the Constitution declares that the Emperor represents the Empire 'internationally.' He may declare war if it be defensive;

sive; if, for instance, the territory were invaded. He can conclude treaties, receive and appoint ambassadors. In order to declare war not purely defensive he must have the consent of the Bundesrath or Federal Council, which, together with the Reichstag or Diet, discharges the legislative functions of the Empire. The Emperor has no veto on any legislation agreed to by these bodies. The Diet consists of 397 members, being one for about 125,000 of the population. It is chosen by universal suffrage for five years. The Federal Council is composed of fifty-eight persons selected by the different Governments. Prussia has seventeen representatives, Bavaria six, Saxony and Württemberg four each, Baden and Hesse three each, Mecklenburg-Schwerin two, and Brunswick two. The remaining fourteen States and the three Free Towns have one representative each.

Dr. Heinrich Sybel undertook to tell how the union of these States came about. No man was more capable of doing so. He was Keeper of the Archives at Berlin, had access to the records of Hanover and other minor States, and was allowed by Prince Bismarck to examine the most confidential documents in the Prussian Foreign Office. He was over seventy years of age when he began this work, and he unfortunately died, on the 1st of August last, before he was able entirely to complete it. The seventh volume ends with the outbreak of the War of 1870. He was working at the concluding volumes when the pen dropped from his hand. Sybel was perhaps the greatest of the disciples of Ranke, who, towards the close of his life, was saluted by Döllinger as *Preceptor Germaniæ*. He was without the statesmanlike instincts of his famous master: he had not the wide learning and genius of Ranke's rival, Droysen, who had learned classical scholarship from Böckh, and philosophy from Hegel. He had not the brilliancy of Treitschke, nor the wide knowledge of the world of Bernhardt. He had acquired, however, from Ranke the art of critical investigation in the School of Mediæval History, and his Essay on the Second Crusade gives in small compass the result of very profound study. He was strongest, however, when dealing with the facts of the modern world, in unravelling the web of an intrigue, in explaining the influence of literature and the development of ideas. He wrote brilliant essays on Prince Eugene of Savoy, Catherine the Second of Russia, and Count Joseph de Maistre. He began his writings on Modern History some five-and-forty years ago with two Essays on Burke, and nothing more worthy of that famous statesman has since been written. His 'History of the French Revolution' was the first work

work of permanent value on that great event. He showed as much insight as Tocqueville into the social and administrative forces which led to the catastrophe. He had more knowledge of French history than Taine, and anticipated Sorel in explaining how the complications which followed the partition of Poland caused the failure of the coalitions against Revolutionary France. No one who desires to make himself acquainted with the politics of Europe at the end of the last century can afford to leave that book unread. A close study of Burke and Savigny gave Sybel the habit of considering political problems from a large and sympathetic point of view, and of searching for the historical basis of international jealousies and domestic party struggles.

The history of the reconstruction of Germany opens with a long and elaborate introduction on the fall of the old Empire. Sybel insists that it was due to the circumstance that the government of the country had fallen into the hands of territorial princes, who lived in persistent opposition to the central authority. The turbulent conduct of these petty magnates enabled foreign Powers to interfere in German affairs, and their small Courts fostered and supported an exaggerated provincialism, which kept Germany divided and weak. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. The cause of most of the misfortunes of Germany was the schism in the national life which resulted from the Reformation. The movement initiated by Luther made at first greater progress in Austria and Bohemia than in any other part of Germany. Orthodox Catholic writers, like Gorres and Möhler, admit that it sprang from the heart of the German race, and from that indestructible love of freedom of mind which is the characteristic of the German. Its propelling forces were a moral disgust at the depravity of the Rome of the Borgias and the Medici, and at the greed and corruption of the clergy, and also hostility to certain scientific representations of dogma to which, from the end of the fourteenth century, many of the most renowned and orthodox Churchmen were opposed. Instead of trying to direct and guide the movement, Charles the Fifth assumed towards it an attitude of deadly hostility; and Ferdinand the Second proceeded to stamp it out with heartless barbarity. The whole nobility of Styria, with the exception of seven families, were driven into exile in the interests of the counter-Reformation. In Bohemia the ancient aristocracy of the country was annihilated at the 'Bloody Diet' of Prague, and its property distributed amongst adventurers from every corner of Europe—Spaniards, Walloons, Italians, Portuguese, and Irish.

While

While the Arch-House of Austria was taking the lead of the Catholic reaction, the eyes of Protestants were turned to the rising State in the North. A dualism in Germany gradually arose. After the attempt to crush Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War, had failed, it became evident that nothing short of the complete destruction of Prussia could restore to the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine undisputed supremacy in Germany. Napoleon appeared. On the 2nd of December, 1805, the Battle of Austerlitz was fought, and a few months later the old German Empire disappeared almost unnoticed from history. After the fall of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna did not restore it. A Confederation of German States took its place, and Austria obtained the right to preside at the Diet. The clumsy contrivances of the Congress of Vienna could not possibly satisfy the wants of the German people. There was a universal desire to remove the causes of international weakness and establish a central Government. But the wish of the great majority of the nation seemed impossible of realization owing to the rivalry between Austria and Prussia. The Catholics wanted the reconstruction of Germany under the leadership of the Emperor of Austria. The Protestants looked with hope to the time when the head of the House of Hohenzollern would wear the Imperial crown. The events of the year 1866 made it clear at last that German unity could only be secured under the hegemony of Prussia.

The first five volumes of Sybel's work explain in great, though by no means wearisome, detail, the struggle between Austria and Prussia for the leadership of Germany from 1818 to 1866. Sainte-Beuve said of the 'History of Louis the Sixteenth' by Droz, that it was 'le manuel des sages.' The praise of that work is not exaggerated. It is equally true to say of these volumes of Sybel, that any statesman or politician who has to measure the forces now at work in the international life of Europe should have them constantly by his side. After the resignation of Prince Bismarck, the permission to examine documents in the Foreign Office was withdrawn. Sybel at first thought of stopping in his work, but he tells us he was persuaded by his publisher to continue it, and he was also encouraged to do so by the consciousness that his position and relations with eminent men gave him exceptional means of information. He also had placed at his disposal the Memoirs of Count Vitzthum, a busy Saxon diplomatist, who had followed Beust into the Austrian service in 1866; and what he does not tell us, but which nevertheless is an undoubted fact, he knew he could depend on getting help from the great ex-Chanc-

Imine

Immediately after Prince Bismarck resigned he sent for Sybel, and described his last official interview with his Sovereign, so that his story should in due course be published. He gave Sybel his version of the origin of the war with France, and he carefully read the proofs of the sixth and seventh volumes of his work, which deal with the events of 1860-70.

When Bismarck became Prime Minister of Prussia, and when it became plain to all the world how he intended to solve the German question, there was no hostility shown by the French Government. All that the Emperor of the French seemed to desire was, that in case of a great change in the international importance of Prussia, France should receive Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine. It was not, however, possible for him to proclaim this view too openly. Everybody knew that King William of Prussia would never agree to cede to France a single German village, except under the pressure of overwhelming necessity. When, however, the relations between Austria and Prussia became strained, the Emperor Napoleon did all he could to prevent any amicable arrangement. In order to encourage Prussia to go to war, he obtained for her the Italian alliance. At the same time, he intrigued with Austria, and secured a promise from that Power to cede Venice to France after the outbreak of war. He calculated that Italy, if he handed Venice over to her, would at once suspend hostilities, and that Prussia, left alone in face of Austria, would turn to him for help. When she did so, he resolved, as a return for assisting her to consolidate her power in North Germany, to demand from her the left bank of the Rhine, and a promise to aid him in annexing Belgium. If this plan had been successful, his government would have been consolidated in France, he would have secured for his country the frontiers which patriotic Frenchmen longed to possess, and he would appear in history as the man who set the gem of the Adriatic on the Italian crown.

In these circumstances, it is very easy to imagine the consternation of Napoleon III. and his ministers when the roar of the cannon of Koniggratz fell upon the ear of an astonished world. It was plain that the dualism which maintained the weakness of Germany had come to an end, and that the hopes of French aggrandisement in Europe were fading. It had been a governing principle of French policy ever since the days of Cardinal Richelieu to keep Germany divided, and German statesmen felt that, before their country could be con- united, an attack from France would have

In the Prussian camp there was a great party, including Moltke, Roon, the Emperor Frederick, who was then Crown Prince, and old King William himself, who were anxious to force on the struggle then and there. Bismarck held a different view, mainly on the ground that, if at that time and before peace with Austria was established Germany became involved in war with France, revolutionary elements would break loose in Hungary and perhaps compass the total destruction of the Austrian Empire. This end was not desired by the great Prussian statesman. His policy as regards Austria was merely to drive her out of the Germanic Confederation, and then to seek as intimate an alliance as possible with the Imperial Government at Vienna. In France also there were men of light and leading as eager for war as the soldiers in the camp of King William. Their leader was Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was anxious that France should interfere at once, and demand the cession of the left bank of the Rhine. The Emperor Napoleon, however, knew the danger of a war with Germany, especially at a time when the military resources of his Empire had been exhausted by the Mexican expedition. He resolved to temporize. But from the day on which he received the news of Königgratz to the moment when war was declared in July 1870, the Emperor Napoleon never omitted to strive, with a pertinacity which was his great characteristic, for the possession of Belgium and of the left bank of the Rhine. Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador in Berlin, was instructed to open negotiations for the annexation of Belgium by France, in spite of any steps which England might take to prevent it. These negotiations fell through, and then the French Government put forth all its ingenuity to try and obtain Luxembourg, not, however, as a complete compensation for the altered balance of power in consequence of Königgratz, but as a good halting-place on the road to Brussels.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg was joined to Holland by a personal union. The King of Holland was also the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, but the Grand Duchy was governed in 1866 by a completely separate administration under Prince Henry, brother of the King, as Governor, and Baron Tornaio as Prime Minister. Luxembourg itself was declared to be a German Federal fortress by a treaty of the 31st of May, 1815. Another treaty of the 8th of November, 1815, provided that Holland was to furnish one-fourth of the garrison, and Prussia the remaining three-fourths and to appoint the Governor and Commandant of the place. This arrangement was confirmed by the Great Powers, and subsequently by the Germanic Confederation

Confederation in 1820. When, in consequence of the Prussian triumph in 1866, the German Bund ceased to exist, the French Government argued that the right of Prussia to maintain troops in the fortress had come also to an end. It was as a member of the Germanic Confederation that Prussia acquired that right, and it consequently terminated with the dissolution of the Bund. The French Government therefore contended that, following the precedents of Mainz and Lindau, the place should be handed over to the Sovereign of the country. The Prussian Government did not deny the force of this argument, but contended that it was for the King-Grand Duke, and not for the Emperor Napoleon, to demand the withdrawal of the Prussian troops.

While these discussions were going on, the French were not idle in endeavouring to win the sympathies of the population. In January 1867, the French Minister, Moustier, sent agents into Luxembourg to prepare an agitation in favour of annexation to France, and in the month of February a French military official also appeared there, and proceeded openly to organize a movement with this object. The Government of the Grand Duchy was extremely perplexed. Baron Tornaco was one of those statesmen whose political science consisted in letting everything alone and endeavouring to get through the world as comfortably and with as little trouble as possible. The Dutch Ministers, on the other hand, would have been glad to be rid of Luxembourg on account of the complication which its connexion with Holland might involve. When, however, Baudin, the French Minister at the Hague, spoke to the Dutch Minister, van Zuylen, and assured him that Prussia would not object to the cession of Luxembourg to France, he was requested to furnish some proof of his assertion. The King of Holland and his brother, Prince Henry, were both opposed to it. What they desired was the complete independence of the Grand Duchy under the House of Orange. The King sent for Baron Tornaco, and told him with the greatest decision, to inform the Dutch Minister in Paris, Baron Lightenfeld, that such was his view, and to make the French Minister acquainted with it. Prince Henry at the same time made known the King's desire throughout the Grand Duchy.

Lightenfeld, in obedience to instructions, went to the French Foreign Office and stated the views of his Sovereign. The French Minister admitted that the people of Luxembourg desired to remain independent; but if they were obliged to select one of the Great Powers, they would prefer to belong to France, and he added that the Emperor Napoleon was most anxious for annexation,

annexation, which, in view of the events of the past year, had become absolutely necessary. Baudin then received instructions to propose to the King of Holland a defensive alliance with France, in exchange for the cession of Luxembourg. He was instructed to say that Prussia would not object to this when it became an accomplished fact; that, from a strategical point of view, the occupation of the fortress of Luxembourg by Prussian troops could not be tolerated; and that, from a political point of view, it was absolutely necessary to satisfy the feelings of the French people, who felt the position of their country in Europe seriously menaced by the growing power of Prussia. Unless something were done at once to allay French irritation, it would be impossible for the Imperial Government to avoid going to war, the burden of which, no matter who was victorious, would fall on the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Throughout these negotiations, Bismarck was in favour of ceding the fortress and of making every possible concession to France. King William, however, was opposed to it.

It has often been said that the opposition of the King was owing to the private influence of the military party in Berlin. Those who held this language knew very little either of the spirit of the Prussian Army or of old King William. The King always acted from a strong sense of duty, and before coming to any decision he invariably heard and carefully considered the opinions of those charged with the particular department, the business of which had to be transacted. During his glorious reign, he never had either a favourite or a confidant who influenced him in public affairs. He never permitted a Minister to speak to him on the business of any department with which that Minister was not connected. It would therefore have been quite inconsistent with his ideas of government and of military discipline, to allow any officer, however highly placed or illustrious, to offer an opinion on a question of foreign policy. It is quite true that, in the crisis of the Luxembourg Question, almost all the generals, Moltke at their head, were anxious for the retention of the fortress and for immediate war. Roon, on the other hand, shared Bismarck's desire for peace, in consideration of the increase in strength which, within three years, the German Army would obtain from the working of the new military organization of the North German Confederation. Moltke and his group were of opinion that, in the actual and unready state of the French Army, the solid Prussian regiments would be more than a match for the French soldiers; and that, after the completion of the Army reforms proposed by Marshal Niel.

Niel, the struggle between France and North Germany would be much more dangerous and doubtful. Not one of these generals, however, not even Moltke, dared to offer such an opinion privately to King William.

After a long and tedious controversy it was settled that the fortress should be dismantled and the Grand Duchy declared neutral under a collective guarantee of the Powers. A Congress was called together in London; and when everything was apparently arranged, the late Lord Derby, who was then Lord Stanley and our Foreign Minister, and who had continually urged the Prussians to yield to French threats, took a course which tended to produce complete confusion. His governing idea was to keep England from any responsibility for upholding the neutrality of the Grand Duchy. In order, as he said, to spare the Congress trouble, he sent a draft Treaty to the Powers, which provided in its first Article for the withdrawal of the Prussians and the dismantling of the fortress; and by its second prohibited the King-Grand Duke from ceding the town to any Power. This document, which was issued on the 3rd of May, 1867, carefully excluded a guarantee for the neutrality of the country. Bismarck replied at once, that the neutrality and the guarantee should be the forefront of the Treaty, otherwise the Prussians would not evacuate the fortress. Russia and Austria concurred. The French Minister, Moustier, was convinced that Prussia was in earnest, because, without that guarantee of neutrality, the French troops might, in the event of war with Germany, march through the country. On the other hand, a guarantee of neutrality would also protect France from invasion through Luxembourg. Lord Stanley was forced to retire from his position, and on the 6th of May laid before the Congress a proposal declaring the perpetual neutrality of the Grand Duchy; but, instead of giving a firm guarantee for it, the draft contained a phrase to the effect that the neutrality of the Grand Duchy should be respected by the Powers. This proposal was of course rejected. On the morning of the 7th of May, the Prussian Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, sent a memorandum to Lord Stanley, in which he stated that the mere promise of the Powers to respect the neutrality of Luxembourg was not sufficient, and he declared that he would take no further part in the Congress until the principle, that the neutrality of Luxembourg should be placed under a European guarantee—which had been accepted by all the other Powers—should also be agreed to by England. Lord Stanley was in a great difficulty. It was a time when the foreign policy of England was exceptionally weak. Indifference

to

to and ignorance of the conditions of international life were never more widely prevalent throughout the country. If he agreed and promised that England would, if necessary, interfere to protect the neutrality of Luxembourg by arms, he would have had to face an opposition in Parliament and in the country. No man who has been responsible for our foreign affairs for the last thirty years was less able to formulate and defend an intelligible and vigorous foreign policy. If, on the other hand, he refused, the consequence might be the outbreak of a great European war, causing immense disturbance to English trade and commerce. In his perplexity he appealed to Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, and a proposal was drawn up which left it doubtful how far the collective guarantee would be binding upon the Powers separately. Bernstorff telegraphed for instructions to Berlin, and Bismarck, who was anxious to close the controversy, informed him that he might act with the Russian Ambassador. Immediately afterwards the Prussian troops withdrew from the fortress of Luxembourg, and the peace of Europe was maintained—not, however, without considerable damage to the reputation of England for perspicacity and courage.

This settlement of the Luxembourg Question was a considerable diplomatic defeat for the French Government, and from that moment the project of an armed attack on Prussia began to assume more and more definite shape in the mind of Napoleon III. In the autumn of 1867 he went to Salzburg to meet the Emperor Francis Joseph, and discussed for hours with Count Beust the plan of an offensive Austrian alliance. In 1868 he tried, by the purchase of the Belgian railways and by a military convention with the Government at Brussels, to reduce Belgium to complete dependence upon France. There was a general feeling of uneasiness which weighed heavily on international life. In Germany and Italy the unfinished work of national unity had to be proceeded with, and in each case it was opposed by the jealousy of the French people. As far as Italy was concerned, the Emperor Napoleon had held himself the strongest views in favour of unity, and in his early youth had fought for the Italian cause. In 1867, however, he was hampered by the Roman Question, by the ardent desire of the Italians to possess Rome, and by the vehement opposition of the French Catholics to the Eternal City being made the capital of Italy. He maintained a French garrison in the Papal State, but for years he had been anxious to withdraw from it; and he said at this time, to a friend of the writer of this article, 'Je crois, et j'ai toujours cru, que l'occupation de Rome

ma la faute de mon règne.' He then, in his anxiety to relieve himself from the embarrassments of that occupation without offending the clerical party in France, thought out a plan which, if it had succeeded, would have produced very grave results.

Towards the end of 1867, Queen Isabella offered her help to the Holy Father, and proposed to send Spanish troops to Rome if the French garrison were withdrawn. The Emperor Napoleon refused to accept her proposal then, but in 1868, thinking more and more of the possibility of a German war, he accepted it. The Queen of Spain was delighted, and agreed to send 40,000 men, with the intention not merely of protecting the Pope, but, when time served, of making war on Italy and overthrowing the kingdom. In September 1868 she went to St. Sebastian, and the Emperor to Biarritz, in order to carry out this arrangement; but the fortunate days of Napoleon were over, and all his combinations seemed destined to fail. While the Queen was at St. Sebastian, a Revolution broke out at Cadiz, and spread rapidly through Andalusia and other provinces. Marshal Serrano and Prim placed themselves at its head. The troops who remained faithful to the Queen were defeated on the 20th of September at Alrolea, and on the last day of the month Queen Isabella crossed the frontier and took refuge in France. Napoleon was unable to extricate himself from his Roman difficulties. The Revolution in Spain was triumphant, and was destined to have deeper and more lasting effects than were dreamt of by any of those who guided or promoted it.

A Provisional Government was formed at Madrid, with Marshal Serrano at its head and Prim as Prime Minister and Minister of War. Both these men were Monarchists, and the great majority of the National Cortes, which met in February 1869, accepted the same political creed. The question arose, who should be elected to fill the vacant throne? Some desired that the son of Queen Isabella should be chosen. This group was numerically weak, but it derived strength from the support of the Emperor of the French. Then there was the old Carlist party, still strong in the Basque provinces; and last, the Duke of Montpensier, the brother-in-law of the Queen and a son of Louis Philippe, had enthusiastic friends.

While this struggle for the crown was going on, a Deputy, Mazar y Mazarredo, published a pamphlet on the subject. He contended that all members of the House of Bourbon should be excluded, and that the difference of religious views made it impossible to select a Prince of the Royal House of England

or from the reigning family in Prussia. He therefore proposed, in the first place, Ferdinand, the titular King of Portugal, who had been the Prince Consort of Queen Maria da Gloria; and failing him, his son-in-law, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The King of Portugal very soon made it known that he would not entertain the proposition, and the candidature of Prince Leopold was seriously discussed. Prince Leopold was closely connected with the French Imperial House. His grandmother was a Murat, and his mother was a daughter of Stéphanie Beauharnais, a cousin but an adopted sister of Queen Hortense. The Emperor Napoleon was personally most friendly to him. It was manifest, however, that he could not consent to the Prince being chosen as King of Spain, for the great body of opinion in France would consider that such a choice would enormously increase the power of Prussia in Europe.

In his account of this Hohenzollern candidature for the crown of Spain, the work of Sybel is misleading. He argues that the Prussian Government had nothing to do with it. The work which has been published with the authority of the present King of Roumania, a younger brother of Prince Leopold, and has been received by the whole official press of Germany in disciplined silence, contains documents proving that it was in reality Prince Bismarck who forced on the candidature. The Prince of Hohenzollern, father of Prince Leopold, wrote, on the 20th of March, 1870, a letter to the King of Roumania, in which he gives a most interesting account of a Council held in Berlin on the 15th of that month, under the presidency of the King of Prussia. The persons present besides the King were, the Emperor Frederick—then Crown Prince,—Bismarck, Roon, Moltke, Schleinitz, Thile, and Delbrück. The unanimous decision of that Council was, that Prince Leopold should accept the Spanish crown. He refused, as he had done when it was first offered to him, but for several days afterwards he was continually urged to reconsider his decision, particularly by Bismarck, who argued that it would be a 'patriotic duty to Prussia' to try his luck in Spain. On the 3rd of April following, Bismarck insisted again that the candidature was a political necessity; and Lothar Bucher, his most trusted counsellor, and Major von Versen, were sent to Spain for the purpose of promoting the candidature, and no doubt to assist Bernhardt, Moltke's confidential friend, who was at that time also in the Peninsula, on what is still an unexplained mission. Some six months before, in the middle of September 1869, Salazar
appeared

appeared quietly at Munich, saw Baron Werthern,* the Prussian Minister at Bavaria, whom he had known formerly in Madrid, and obtained from him a letter of introduction to the Prince of Hohenzollern, who was at that time at his Castle of Weinburg in Switzerland. His avowed object was to persuade the Prince to induce his son to accept the Spanish crown. Salazar went to the neighbouring village, where he stayed till nightfall, and then had a secret interview with the Prince at the Castle. Nobody who knew Baron Werthern could for a moment believe, that he of all men in the world would have gone out of his way to assist Salazar unless he was perfectly certain of the approval of his Government.

Sybel contends that the part taken by the King of Prussia in this matter was simply in his capacity as Head of his House. But the connexion of the reigning family of Prussia with the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen is very distant, and is derived from the circumstance that both families are descended from a common ancestor who lived some 600 years ago in the days of the Hohenstaufen Emperors. But it is quite useless to contend any longer that the Prussian Government were not responsible for the Hohenzollern candidature, or to try and explain away the solemn Council which the King held on the 15th of March, at which not only Bismarck but other distinguished Ministers were present. Prussian writers who admit the responsibility of Bismarck for the candidature, argue that it was not his object to force on war with France. They say that, if such had been his intention, it would have been more prudent to have provoked it on some question of more immediate interest to Germany, than on a dispute for the Spanish throne about which the great body of the nation cared nothing. They suggest that he might easily have precipitated hostilities with France and received enthusiastic support in Germany if he had proposed the immediate incorporation of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden in the North German Confederation. We venture, with all respect, to differ entirely from this opinion. Any premature attempt to include Bavaria and Wurtemberg in the North German Confederation would have been stoutly resisted in South Germany. When the war became imminent in 1870, Bavaria hesitated for a moment, and when she did

* There were two diplomats in the Prussian service at this time whose names were so nearly alike as to produce confusion, Baron Werthern, and Werthner. The former was Minister in Munich, the latter Ambassador in Paris. The writer of this article knew them both well. The former was a man perfectly suited for the work he had to do, which required neither good taste nor subtlety of mind. The latter was one of the best men in the world, and was liked by every one who knew him.

draw her sword it was not from any love for Prussia. If at that time there had been any question or any attempt to precipitate intimate political union with North Germany, the Bavarian Ministers, Count Bray and General von Franckh, neither could nor would have taken the line they did in June 1870, when they urged their countrymen to form against the common enemy and march. The action of Bavaria on that occasion determined the conduct of Wurtemberg, as was openly stated by the Wurtemberg Ministers, Mittnacht and Varnbuler. It was only after Bavarians and Wurtembergers had stood shoulder to shoulder with the Pomeranian grenadiers in the great battles of the war that the memories of 1866 began gradually to fade in the German States south of the Maine.

The desire of Prussian statesmen to force on war with France in 1870 is further shown by the attitude of Prince Bismarck during the few days that immediately preceded his declaration. On the 12th of July it became known that the candidature of Prince Leopold had been practically withdrawn. Bismarck felt that the withdrawal was a grave mistake if it could be traced to the interference of King William. He determined to resign, and he communicated his intention to his Sovereign. He had hardly done so, when he heard that the French Government were not satisfied, and were making further demands. He at once saw his opportunity. On the 13th of July he telegraphed to Baron Werther, the Prussian Ambassador at Paris, to go on leave. He could not recall him without the permission of the King, but to order the Ambassador to quit his post at such a critical moment was very much like telling him to ask for his passports. On that same day he had a most remarkable conversation with Lord Augustus Loftus, the English Ambassador at Berlin, and told him that he did not consider the relations with France had become better since the announcement that Prince Leopold would not accept the Spanish crown; that Prussia must make use of the present opportunity to obtain guarantees for her own safety, as it was not improbable that a plan was being formed to fall suddenly upon her and terminate her existence as a great Power.

In the evening of that same 13th of July Roon and Moltke dined with Bismarck. During dinner a telegram came, which the King had ordered Abeken, who was in attendance, to send from Ems. It gave an account of a demand made by Benedetti, that the King should bind himself for the future to forbid, in any circumstances, a Hohenzollern from accepting the crown of Spain. It stated also, that the King refused peremptorily to make

any such promise. Bismarck had been much troubled during the previous days at the prospect of the dispute with France ending in the humiliation of Prussia. He now resolved to put this, at all events, out of the question. In the concluding sentence of the telegram the King suggested to his Minister to communicate its contents to the press, and to inform the representatives of Prussia at Foreign Courts of the new demands made by France and of their rejection. There was no instruction to publish the exact words of the telegram. Bismarck took a pencil and composed a summary of it, in which he described what had taken place at Ems in terse and vigorous language. He ordered this to be inserted at once in an extra edition of the '*Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.' Before sending this edition of the telegram from Ems out of the room, he read it to his two guests, and Moltke exclaimed, '*Vorher war's Chamade, jetzt ist's Fanfare.*' The three great men well understood the effect it would have on public opinion.

During the night it was telegraphed to the representatives of Prussia in foreign Courts, with instructions that they should communicate it to the Governments to which they were accredited. On the morning of the 14th of July, while the French Ministers in Paris were congratulating themselves on their triumph over Bismarck in the immediate future, the German Ambassador appeared, and said that he had orders to leave the city. They received shortly after this announcement a telegram from the French *Chargé d'Affaires* at Berlin containing the news of the communication which had appeared the night before in the official newspaper, and its effect on public opinion. Then came messages from all the capitals of Europe to say that a similar communication had been made to the various Governments, and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs also learned from Vienna the purport of the conversation which Prince Bismarck had with Lord Augustus Loftus. The Austrian Embassy at Berlin had heard of it, and it was telegraphed to Vienna during the night. The French Ambassador in the latter city was told of it early on the 14th by the Austrian Government.

War was now inevitable; but although it would seem that the responsibility for it must rest on the shoulders of the Prussian statesman, it is only fair to say that he merely anticipated an attack on his country, which his conversation with Lord Augustus Loftus shows, and that he knew was being planned. The recently published *Memoirs of General Lebrun* prove beyond all question that a coalition against Prussia had been formed, of a character very similar to that of which Frederick the Great had to face in the Seven Years' War. In a very remarkable article

published

published in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' in 1878, by Prince Napoleon, his Imperial Highness stated that the secret of the War of 1870 would be known when the *Memoirs of Lebrun* were published. That General was deep in the confidence of the Emperor Napoleon. In June 1870 he was sent to Vienna to settle a plan of campaign against Prussia, in which France, Italy, and Austria were to join. Political preliminaries had been agreed to; and in case of success, Italy was to get Rome, Austria, Silesia—that old Province which Frederick the Great had held against Europe in arms; and France was to obtain Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine. The Treaty was drawn up. All it wanted was the signature of the three Powers. Lebrun, when he arrived at Vienna, was presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph by Arch-Duke Albrecht, and both discussed the situation freely. The Arch-Duke, who inherited the talents of his father, the Arch-Duke Charles of the Napoleonic wars, pointed out that Austria, on account of her backward military organization and undeveloped railway system, could not possibly mobilize an army as rapidly as France or Prussia. On the other hand, he was of opinion that France could mobilize very much more rapidly than Prussia. He calculated that the French could have their Army on the frontier in sixteen days: that the Prussians, on the other hand, would require from fourteen days to three weeks to mobilize their troops in their respective districts, and that then it would take at least a week for each Army Corps to get to the frontier. It would take, he said, five weeks to unite five Army Corps on the Saar, and six weeks to concentrate a similar force on the Upper Rhine. He formed this opinion from the time it took the Prussians to mobilize in 1866. In these circumstances, he proposed that as soon as possible after the declaration of war a French Army should move on Würzburg and Nuremberg, and separate North and South Germany.

The Italians were as soon as possible to cross the Brenner and advance on Munich; the Austrians were to be concentrated—not in Moravia, which was their great error in 1866, but in Bohemia. The Allies were then to march to the north. A decisive battle would probably be fought on the historic plains of Leipzig. The Prussians, overwhelmed by numbers, could hardly escape defeat, and the victorious army should at once move on Berlin and Stettin, thereby cut the Prussian monarchy in two, and dictate peace before Russia could come to its assistance. The Arch-Duke urged most strongly, however, that the war should be put off till April or May 1871. This he considered essential to the success of
the

the allied armies. The details of this plan were, of course, unknown to Bismarck at the time, but he knew that some such coalition was being formed, and he can hardly be blamed for waiting for the hour when it would have been most convenient for his enemies to strike. Such a combination against his country would have been almost irresistible. It is possible, of course, that if the storm had been allowed to gather, names as glorious as Rossbach and Luthen might be inscribed in Prussian history; but when Prussia once before resisted a similar coalition in the Seven Years' War, her fortunes were bound up with those of Frederick the Great.

The War of 1870 broke out. The German armies were concentrated with a rapidity which surprised both French and Austrians. They placed on the frontier in three weeks not three Army Corps, as Arch-Duke Albrecht had calculated, but thirteen, with three more close upon their heels. The scheme for the invasion of Germany fell through, and France was hopelessly defeated before either Austria or Italy was able to render any assistance.

The alliance between France, Austria, and Italy, though practically concluded, was not actually signed when the war broke out. That it was not so was the fault of the Emperor Napoleon. His cousin, Prince Napoleon, tells us that the cause of his hesitation was, the intense feeling which existed in the clerical party in France against handing over Rome to the Italians. This contention of Prince Napoleon is no doubt supported by some letters and despatches of Count Beust. But the difficulty as regards Rome was not the only or even perhaps the principal reason why this treaty was not formally ratified. The Emperor calculated that by rapidity of concentration he would gain some advantage over the Prussians, and perhaps even win an important battle. In that case he undoubtedly intended to offer peace to the King of Prussia, on the terms of an alliance against England, assistance to conquer Belgium, and the cession to France of the left bank of the Rhine; Prussia, in return, to receive a perfectly free hand in Germany. The governing idea in the mind of the Emperor Napoleon and French statesmen was to form an alliance against England. This is proved by various documents; and the Diary of the Emperor Frederick shows conclusively that Napoleon III. did not abandon it even after Sedan.

When the War of 1870 came to an end, the statesmen charged with the foreign affairs of Germany had to consider what was to be the attitude of the new Empire towards the various European Powers. There were a few prominent men who
would

would have liked to see Germany and England bound in close alliance. They were, however, generally speaking, without political talents or commanding influence. They were what Lord Beaconsfield would call superior persons, and by untimely and uncritical praise of England and her institutions made themselves odious to their countrymen. England was not popular in Germany. She had deeply offended the mercantile community in Prussia by her refusal some years before to assist in obtaining the neutrality of the Baltic, and had infuriated the whole nation by her attitude in the question of the Elbe Duchies. From the commencement to the end of the war which was just over, her policy had been wanting in consistency and strength. Russia, on the other hand, showed clearly that she intended to maintain her old alliance with Prussia. Prince Bismarck and his venerable Sovereign were equally desirous to stand well with the Empire of the Tsar, and one of the first results of the German victories in France was the abrogation of the treaty restrictions on Russian armaments in the Black Sea.

The idea of an alliance with Austria was in the mind of Bismarck for a long time. Before the sun set on the field of Königgrätz, the subtle and vigorous intellect of the great statesman was actively at work to bring it about. The victories of 1870 rendered the task easy. There was not a true German in any part of the world whose heart did not beat quicker when he was brought the tidings of Gravelotte and Sedan, and the large German population of the Austrian Empire rendered it impossible to persevere in the anti-Prussian policy of Beust. That statesman was forced to withdraw from the direction of public affairs, and he was replaced by Count Andrassy, a brilliant Hungarian nobleman, and a sincere but discriminating advocate of the German alliance. Bismarck was soon able to come to an understanding with Austria as well as Russia, and the combination known in history as the League of the Three Emperors was formed. The leading idea of Bismarck in this combination was, by satisfying as much as possible the interests of Austria and Russia in the Balkan Peninsula, to prevent a collision between those Powers, and then with their help to dominate the rest of Europe. This policy was for some years most successful. More than one of the counsellors of William II ardently desire at this moment to recur to it. The difficulties, however, are great. It was Bismarck who abandoned it when, partly out of personal pique at what he considered a slight to himself and his country, he broke away from the old alliance with Russia during the Congress of Berlin. The breach with
Russia

Russia came about in the following manner, and has a most important bearing on the actual situation.

The rapidity with which France was repairing the disasters of the war, and the ease with which she met the financial obligations it imposed on her, astonished Europe and perturbed the statesmen at Berlin. Her military force was being judiciously reconstructed, and it seemed also as if the calculation of Prince Bismarck, as regards the constitution of her internal government, might be falsified. The German Chancellor desired to see established what a Russian diplomatist happily described as a *république dissolvante*. Notwithstanding his efforts to bring this result about, and the impracticable character of the Comte de Chambord which rendered the restoration of monarchy for a time impossible, there were indications that a stable system of government would be founded, which would enable France to recover a strong position in the community of nations. Prince Bismarck was resolved this should not be, and suddenly, in May 1875, Prince Hohenlohe, the present Chancellor of the German Empire, who was then Ambassador in Paris, appeared at the French Foreign Office and asked for explanations regarding the scheme for the reconstruction of the French Army. The Duc de Broglie, in his interesting account of the embassy of M. de Gontaut-Biron to Berlin, describes the consternation which followed this attempt to provoke another quarrel with France. Another war seemed inevitable. England and Russia interfered to prevent it. Prince Bismarck could easily have disregarded the remonstrances of both. England would certainly not take up arms if he paid no attention to her representations, and Russia would have thought twice before incurring the hostility of Germany in view of coming events in the Balkan Peninsula.

The fact, though not generally known, is that the greatest influence in preventing war was that of the Grand Duke of Baden. While the relations with France were becoming complicated, the Emperor William happened to be staying at the Meinau, the seat of the Grand Duke of Baden, on the lake of Constance. One morning the Grand Duchess, who was the Emperor's daughter, came into her father's study and showed him a number of extracts from the press. He perceived at once that the country was drifting into war, and, after a consultation with his son-in-law, who was strongly opposed to provoking a war, which however successful for the moment would have been most disastrous to the name and character of Germany, the aged monarch went off that very evening to Berlin, and Prince Bismarck had to beat a retreat.

Prince

Prince Gortchakoff endeavoured to take credit for Russia for having preserved peace, and one day the papers announced that he sent a telegram to the Queen of Wurtemberg, not in cypher, but written in French in these terms: '*L'empire de Berlin donne des assurances formelles de paix.*' The indignation all over Germany was naturally great. Prince Gortchakoff offered an explanation, no doubt true, of what appeared most discourteous conduct. He said the telegram really was, (*L'empire de Berlin assurances formelles de paix.*)

Prince Bismarck, however, never forgave the Russian Chancellor for sending an uncyphered telegram in which he seemed to claim over him a triumph. Some little time afterwards there was a dinner at Prince Bismarck's, at which Prince Gortchakoff was present, and among the company was an English gentleman. When the hour came for Prince Gortchakoff to leave, his host, of course, conducted him to his carriage. The Englishman was going at the same time. As the carriage drove away, Bismarck shook his clenched hand after it, and turning to his English friend announced, in vigorous but hardly parliamentary language, his determination to pay off the Russian Chancellor. He kept his word, when the Congress of Berlin assembled, and when he forced Russia to surrender the advantages she won by the Treaty of San Stefano. In doing so, however, he broke down the old alliance between Russia and Germany, and, from a German point of view, the Triple Alliance which has since been formed has not been quite a satisfactory substitute.

The foreign policy of the German Empire began at this time to be deeply influenced by the German Colonial movement. German statesmen considered Colonial expansion absolutely necessary for the future of their country. The idea of establishing German settlements in Africa is by no means new. It was entertained by the Prince who may be considered the founder of the modern Prussian State, known in history as 'The Great Elector,' and who had more influence in shaping the character and destiny of his house and nation than perhaps any other Hohenzollern, not even excepting his great-grandson, the famous Frederick. He founded the Brandenburg African Company in the year 1681. Like his descendant, the present Emperor William, he was most anxious to establish German influence beyond the seas. A station was built in 1683 on the West Coast of Africa, near Cape Three Points, and called 'Gross Friedrichsburg.' Expeditions were sent into the interior of the country, and a busy trade was set up between Prussia and a large stretch of West Africa. The Great Elector died in

1688, and the West African affairs were neglected by his son and grandson. About 1720, the Prussian flag disappeared from the West African Coast; but immediately after the unity of the German nation had been attained, the old idea again took definite shape, and Germany acquired territories on the African continent.

When this colonizing zeal became again apparent, the British Foreign and Colonial Offices were perplexed and astonished, and at the present moment some prominent persons in England seem not to understand what it all means. The urgent problem which German statesmen have to solve is to find fresh markets for German produce, and some means to relieve the pressure of population in the towns, while at the same time keeping it within the limits of the Empire. The acquisition which Germany has made of 900,000 square miles in Africa, has not been done in a manner to give any just cause of offence to any other Power. Although Germany and France have possessions marching together in Africa, there has not been any great friction between the French and German Governments, but, on the contrary, fairly good relations so far as African policy is concerned. Neither can it be said that the Germans have failed in Africa. The Cameroons, for instance, has been extremely well administered; its revenue, which was insignificant in 1890 and had to be supplemented by a large grant from the Mother Country, is now ample, and no subsidy is required from the Imperial Government at home. Germany has struggled with fair success with the difficulties which have to be faced by every European Power that tries to develop Equatorial Africa. The result of her annexations there has not, as yet, produced an appreciable difference in her commerce and trade, but before the close of the century she ought to be able to tell a very different tale. At all events, we have now to deal with Germany in Africa. Up to the present moment, it is only fair to say, that she has had no reason to be particularly satisfied with the conduct of Great Britain. When Prince Bismarck first made proposals with reference to Damaraland and Namaqualand, the British Government neglected to deal with them. It refused to follow the advice of Sir Bartle Frere, and it is now plain that our present troubles in South Africa arise from the fact that we did not adopt pertinaciously the policy of that vigilant Warden of the Marches.

The object of Germany at the present moment is to connect her Eastern and South-Western African possessions. To do this she desires to possess the forests in the basin of the Upper Congo—a region which is rich in copper. If she could obtain

this territory from the Congo State, and a narrow strip of land from Portugal, she would realize her aim; and if she got possession of the forests on the Lualaba, and the Katanga copper mines, her Colonies may become to her a great source of wealth. England should definitely make up her mind as to the attitude she will assume towards this policy. If she opposes it, Germany will become a persistent enemy. On the other hand, if she supports it, Germany should agree not in any way to interfere with England south of the Zambesi, and support her heartily in Egypt. The increase of German prosperity at home is also an advantage to us. As Germany becomes richer, she will become a better customer and less jealous of our political position. The wages of German artisans must go up, and consequently Germany will be less able to undersell us in the open markets of the world.

We have now come to a state of things as regards the German Empire, when we must either come to terms with it or drift into a position which will certainly lead to danger. The Germans, if they are to maintain their possessions beyond the sea, must either be sure of the friendship and goodwill of England, or else they will endeavour to break down her power on the ocean. Since the beginning of this year every corner of the Empire has rung with the most violent denunciations of this country. The newspapers, with almost the solitary exception of the 'Weser Zeitung,' have given expressions to feelings of bitter hostility. Organs of opinion, usually the most opposed, have vied with each other in their violence of language. This ill feeling to Great Britain, as we have said, has not been a growth of recent times. It is now strengthened by a growing conviction that the position of England in the world is undeserved, artificial, and cannot be maintained if it is seriously menaced. This view has been fostered by distinguished historians and men of letters, who exercise a powerful influence on the youth of the country, on the guides of public opinion, on writers in the principal periodicals and journals, who indirectly shape the policy of the cheap newspaper, which is the Gospel of the village inn. The late Emperor Frederick suffered on account of it. It was in consequence of his known friendship for Great Britain that the people, as a whole, regarded him with strange suspicion, notwithstanding that he possessed in an eminent degree qualities which appeal to the noblest feelings of his nation. This attitude of the German mind was of course well known to the statesmen of Berlin; and although they did not quite calculate on the outburst of indignation which their conduct, as regards the Transvaal, produced in England, it is

while considering why they should have deliberately refrained from doing anything to allay the popular passion. Their object was to prepare the mind of their countrymen for entering into combinations in themselves disagreeable. The feeling of hostility to England had to be encouraged with a view of gradually leading the nation to view with satisfaction an alliance with Russia, and even with France.

To remake the German and Russian alliance there is no man more suitable than the present German Chancellor. He has always been in favour of it, and he has never missed an opportunity for promoting his views. An opportunity was furnished by events in the far East. Russia was steadily pushing forward her Siberian Railway towards the Pacific Coast when war broke out between China and Japan. The defeat of the Chinese alarmed the Government at St. Petersburg lest Japan should acquire territory on the Asiatic Continent, and thereby hinder Russia from realizing her desire of a harbour on the Pacific which would be free from ice all the year round. She invited England to join her in keeping the Japanese from the Asiatic mainland. Our Government declined to do so. She then turned to Germany, who instantly met her wishes, and rendered her valuable service. This was a great step towards the renewal of the old alliance, and quite recently overtures have been made by the German Government to reconstruct it. The negotiations have failed for the moment, partly because Nicholas II. is anxious, as far as possible, to adhere to the policy of his father, and partly owing to the influence of his mother, who is at present one of the most powerful persons in the Russian Empire. Although these efforts of German statesmen have so far not been successful, it is significant that a newspaper like the '*Petit Journal*,' which has the largest circulation of any journal in France, and which receives its inspiration from the Russian Embassy in Paris, has been advocating as strongly as any of the German newspapers an alliance for the purpose of overthrowing the sea-power of Great Britain.

As regards an alliance between Germany and France, it may seem to many people unlikely, or indeed impossible. Nevertheless men acquainted both with French and German statesmen must know well that such a project has been present to their minds for years past, and there is no man more likely to succeed in bringing it about than Prince Hohenlohe, more particularly if assisted by Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Chancellor. The basis of such a combination might be, that France and Germany should agree to military and naval conventions respectively
with

with Belgium and Holland; to the Customs' Unions with those countries; to the acquisition of their railways, on a similar plan to that of Napoleon III. in 1868, and possibly to a rectification of frontier between the two great Powers. The advantages to Germany from such an arrangement are obvious and great. She would acquire, through the alliance with Holland, a great position on the ocean. France might then turn her attention vigorously to prosecute the old policy of Talleyrand, to establish a vast Colonial Empire with its centre of gravity in Northern Africa, become supreme in the Mediterranean, acquire possession of Syria, drive England out of Egypt, occupy that country, and then strive for the hegemony of the Latin races.

As to the position of England, nobody who knows what is going on in Europe can doubt for a moment that it has become critical. The guides whom she has followed for thirty years and more have preached the gospel of indifference to all European affairs. The result which many have long foreseen is, that she is threatened with a coalition which may compass the destruction of her power.

Critical, however, as are the times, there is the more reason for a calm, courageous view of the situation. It will not help us to go with indecent haste to this or that Power seeking friendship and sympathy. Italy is the country whose fortunes are most bound up with those of England. She has a vital interest in preventing the Mediterranean from becoming a French lake, and this would be the inevitable result of the defeat of England at sea. Firm alliances are the outcome of interests, and our efforts to form an understanding with Italy are sure to be crowned with success if prosecuted with perseverance and intelligence. We may then proceed further. Spain also has an interest in resisting French supremacy in the Mediterranean. Austria, too, for the present would desire to maintain the *status quo*. It would, moreover, be easy for England to come to a good understanding with Holland. The sympathies of the Dutch are at present strongly aroused for the Boers in South Africa, but they dread greatly coming under the sphere of German influence in Europe, and England has an obvious interest in the complete independence of Holland. All this, of course, involves a consistent scheme of foreign policy. It is sometimes said at home, and generally believed abroad, that a consistent foreign policy is now impossible for England. If this opinion be correct, the British Empire will soon be a thing of the past. But surely there have been signs enough recently that the people of England are prepared to make a sacrifice which is shown to be necessary for the maintenance

the Empire. There is every reason then to believe that they will adopt and vigorously prosecute a foreign policy which is made clear and intelligible to them ; but the statesmen who formulate it must be perfectly frank with their countrymen, and resist the temptation, for the sake of a momentary advantage in Parliament, to have recourse to quibble, chicanery, and intrigue.

In the meantime we seem to be agreed at last that our armaments have been insufficient, that our Navy must be strong enough to meet any possible combination of Powers, and that our Army must be made thoroughly efficient for any work it may have to do. The obvious determination of England to assert herself and resent gratuitous insult has already done something to arrest the feeling that was running against her. She certainly commands more general respect and confidence than she did at the opening of the year, and men perceive that she will not renounce without a struggle the sovereignty of the seas and the great Empire which depends upon that supremacy.

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